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EDITED BY F. ELRINGTON BALL

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OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

EDITED BY

F. ELRINGTON BALL

HONORARY LITT.D., DUBLIN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE RIGHT REV. J. H. BERNARD, D.D.

BISHOP OF OSSORY, FERNS AND LEIGHLIN

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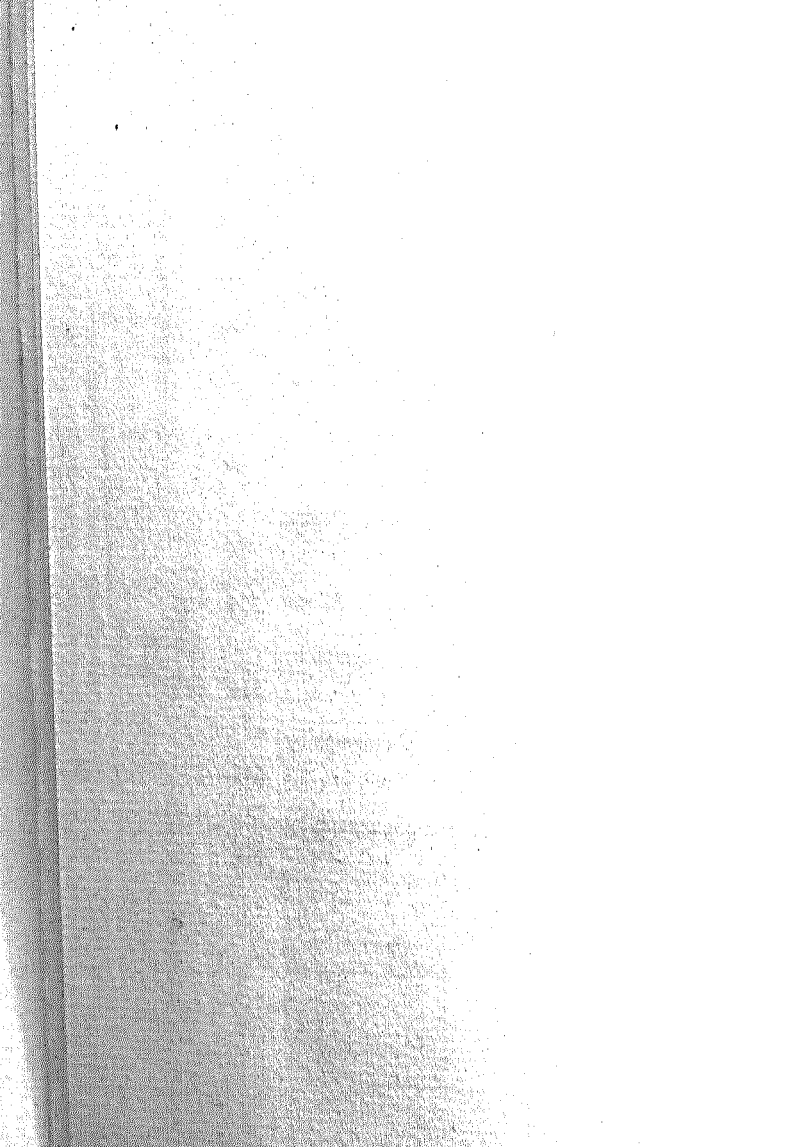
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CORRESPONDENCE OF JONATHAN SWIFT

CDXIX. [*Original.*¹]

THE MARQUESS OF WHARTON TO SWIFT

Monday morning [*January 7, 1717-18*].

DEAR DEAN,

I SHALL embark for England to-morrow.² It would be necessary for me to take leave of Lord Molesworth on many accounts;³ and as Young⁴ is engaged in town, I must infallibly go alone, unless your charity extends itself to

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Philip, second Marquess of Wharton, the writer of this letter, had succeeded on his father's death (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 275) to both an English and Irish marquise, which had been conferred successively on his father by George I, and although only nineteen years of age he had been allowed to take his seat in the Irish House of Lords at the opening of the last session (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 399), and had been a constant attendant at the debates. The session had just concluded, and on the next day the Marquess set out with the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Bolton (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 390), for London. Some surprise has been expressed that Swift should have made friends with the son of the subject of the "Short Character," but the second Marquess did not display the same consistent devotion to the Whig party as his father, whom he outrivalled in licentiousness, and had already shown a tendency to join the followers of the Pretender, as he subsequently did. But on his return from Ireland his support was secured for a time to the Ministry by the grant of a dukedom.

³ Two years after the accession of George I, Robert Molesworth had been compensated for the indignities which he suffered in the last year of Queen Anne's reign (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 111), by his elevation to the Irish peerage as Viscount Molesworth. He had probably been known to Wharton in England, where he occupied a seat in the House of Commons. Although apparently in Ireland he had not attended the Irish House of Lords during the session that had just concluded.

⁴ Wharton was accompanied to Ireland by the author of the "Night

favour me with your company there this morning.¹ I beg
you would send me your answer, and believe me sincerely
Your faithful friend and servant,

WHARTON.

If you condescend so far, come to me about eleven of the
clock.²

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St.
Patrick's.

CDXX. [*Original.*³]

JOSEPH ADDISON TO SWIFT

March 20, 1717-18.

DEAR SIR,

MULTIPLICITY of business and a long dangerous fit of
sickness have prevented me from answering the obliging
letter you honoured me with some time since;⁴ but, God
be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at
present, being entirely free both of my office⁵ and my
asthma. I dare not, however, venture myself abroad yet,

Thoughts," on whose relations with that peer much light has been
thrown by Sir Leslie Stephen ("D. N. B.," vol. lxiii, p. 368). It was
during this visit that Swift told Young he would die first at the top like
a tree under which they were standing at the time (Sheridan's "Life,"
p. 280).

¹ Lord Molesworth's Irish seat, Brackenstown, lay about seven miles
to the north of Dublin, near Swords (*supra*, vol. i, p. 119, n. 1). Swift,
who was on friendly terms with him, appears to have been wont to
ride in his demesne ("Prose Works," iii, 236; vi, 175).

² As Swift had gone to the county of Meath on 27 December and
did not return to Dublin until 10 January (Forster Collection, No. 510),
Wharton cannot have enjoyed his company on that occasion. Accord-
ing to Delany ("Observations," p. 146) Swift had a great admiration
for Wharton's talents, and advised Wharton, when he was boasting of
his mad exploits, "to take a frolic to be virtuous," which he said would
do him more honour than all the other frolics of his life (*cf.* Sheridan's
pedantic criticism, "Life," p. 466).

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ This reference must be to Swift's letter of the preceding July
(*supra*, vol. ii, p. 394), but from what Addison says subsequently it was
evidently not the only letter that Swift had written him.

⁵ Addison had been obliged to resign the office of a Secretary of
State owing to ill health on 10 March 1717.

but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine—for he is very much so, though he is my successor—who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentlemen whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices for those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colours that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honoured you for your good-nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eye of the world, I should be glad if I could any way concur with you, in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must here condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man, the Bishop of Derry, who has scarce left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning.¹ We have often talked of you with great pleasure; and, upon this occasion, I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have been always interrupted by some impertinence or other; and to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent, had I deferred writing, till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk together in laconic? Whenever you see England, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland House,²

¹ Bishop Ashe had died on 27 February, when only in his sixtieth year. Notwithstanding the panegyrics upon him, Ashe laid himself open to criticism in regard to the discharge of his episcopal duties. From Archbishop King's Correspondence it appears that he remained in England from 1712 to 1716, and was, in popular opinion, supposed to be ruled by his wife (*supra*, vol. i, p. 376, n. 4). Archbishop King wrote him several letters (26 February and 23 May 1715) in a style very characteristic of that prelate, disclaiming any suspicion on his own part of the truth of Ashe's plea that his absence was unavoidable and was caused by his wife's health, but at the same time letting him know that others were not so charitable, and that they quoted against him Zechariah's denunciation of "the idol shepherd that leaveth the flock," or as the Revised Version renders it, "worthless shepherd."

² Which had become Addison's London residence on his marriage

where you are highly esteemed by Lady Warwick, and the young Lord; though by none anywhere more than by, Sir,

Your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

CDXXI. [*Hawkesworth.*]

LORD HARLEY TO SWIFT

April [24], 1718.

YOUR sister is obliged to go to Bath; presents her humble service, and desires you to accept of a little étui.¹ I beg you will not deny me the favour to take the snuff-box² which comes along with it, to supply the place of that which was broke by accident some time ago. I am, with true respect,

Your most humble servant and brother,
HARLEY.

CDXXII. [*Original.*³]

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT

May 1, 1718.

DEAR SIR,

A PRETTY kind of amusement I have been engaged in: commas, semicolons, italic, and capital, to make nonsense more pompous, and furbelow bad poetry with good printing.⁴ My friend's letters, in the mean time, have lain un-

¹ This is evidently the concluding sentence of a belated reply to the letter which Swift wrote to Lord Harley three years before (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 269). It is said that in the opening sentences Lord Harley expressed the hope that he would see Swift at Wimpole that year, and told him that Lord Oxford was well and talked of going into Herefordshire.

² In bequeathing this snuff-box to Mrs. Whiteway's daughter, Swift describes it as a "square tortoise-shell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold" ("Prose Works," xi, 411).

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

answered, and the obligations I have to them, on account of the very book itself, are unacknowledged. This is not all; I must beg you once more to transfer to us an entire list of my subscribers, with their distinct titles, that they may, for my honour, be printed at the beginning of my book.¹ This will easily be done by revising the list which we sent to you. I must pray of you, that it may be exact the money I receive of Mitford² as intimated in your last.

The Earl of Oxford has not at all disappointed my expectations. He is *semper idem*, and has as much business to do now, as when he was governing England, or impeached for treason. He is still in town, but going in a week or ten days into Herefordshire.³ Lord and Lady Harley are at the Bath, and as soon as I shall have settled my affairs of the printing-press—sad business, as you very well call it—I shall go into the country to them.

My health, I thank you, is pretty good. My courage better. I drink very often to your health, with some of our friends here; and am always, with the greatest truth and affection, dear Sir,

Your obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PRIOR.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's at Dublin, Ireland.

lished by Jacob Tonson and Swift's friend, John Barber, is a noble folio of exceptionally large size ($18\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{4}$), comprising more than five hundred pages through which the type flows as a rivulet in a meadow of paper. It is a very fine specimen of the typography of the period, and a frontispiece and a number of vignettes were specially designed for it by a well-known artist of the time, Louis Chéron, and engraved on copper by skilled craftsmen named Baron and Beauvais.

¹ The subscribers' names cover twenty pages, and their number tends to confirm the statement that Prior realized four thousand guineas by the publication of the work. Swift subscribed for five copies.

² He was probably Samuel Mitford of the county of Dublin, who in his will, made a few years later, describes himself as the son of a merchant and citizen of London, and desires his estate to be divided into three equal parts "pursuant to the ancient and laudable custom" of that city.

³ *Supra*, p. 4, n. 1.

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour and favour of a very kind letter from your Lordship of the 24th of April, which has given me the only pleasure I ever received since I left you in Oxford.¹ To be remembered in so friendly a manner, and after so long an absence, by that person of the world for whom I have the greatest love and esteem, is a happiness which no mortification of life can hinder me from relishing. Yet perhaps it is but justice, that persons like you, who are in the years of good nature, should now and then condescend to comfort us, who are arriving to the age of sourness and morosity; not that I would have your Lordship think this any way concerns me, for my servants tell all our neighbourhood that I grow gentler every day, and am content only to call my footman a fool, for that which when you knew me first I would have broke his head. But this is to be able to give a good answer to Horace's question: *Levior ac melior fis accedente senectâ?*

Your Lordship and my Lady Harriette have given me more disquiet for some days past, than I care to reproach you with. I have sent five or six orders and counter orders about a safe conveyance for my étui and snuff-box, and shall have no peace of mind till I feel them in my pockets, and I think in conscience your family ought to give me some annuity for repairing my pockets worn out in carrying your presents. There is my Lord Oxford's table-book,² my Lady Harriette's former snuff-box, of melancholy memory,³ besides these new acquisitions. I say nothing of

¹ In the possession of the Duke of Portland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2).

² *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 190.

³ The purchase of this book is recorded in a curious account which Swift sent in the year 1711 to Oxford (see Appendix I). The items were evidently presents which Oxford had from time to time promised Swift, and include such dissimilar possessions as Shakespeare's Works and a pair of steel snuffers. The table or memorandum book, which cost £5, is described as similar to one which Oxford himself used.

⁴ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 269.

two drawings, one of them Lady Dupplin's¹ handiwork, which I am assured will in some years put me to the charge of new painting the panel against which they hang.

I was told that my Lord Oxford intended to write to me before he went to Herefordshire; I always thought I had some business with him if he got there, and resolved to pay him a visit, but he has delayed or forgot it, or altered his resolutions of going. I have sent Mr. Prior all the money which this hedge country would afford, which for want of a better solicitor is under two hundred pounds.² I believe he is the first person in any Christian country that ever was suffered to starve after having been in so many great employments. But among the Turks and Chineses it is a very frequent case, and those are the properest precedents for us at this time. My Lord Primate of Ireland is with you at the Bath.³ He is a very worthy gentleman, hath great obligations to my Lord Oxford,⁴ and I hope your Lordship lets him visit you.

I desire you will present my most humble respects to my sister Henrietta,⁵ and tell her I have something by me, that I value more than a thousand of her étuis, but which I dare not trust to my pocket. It is a letter directed to brother Swift, after which I could do no less than own her for a sister, and as Captain Fluellen told Harry the Fifth, I am not ashamed of her, since she is an honest woman.⁶ I pray God continue health and happiness to you both, for the sake of your friends and country, as well as your own, and in the mean time I expect the justice to be ever believed.

Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged humble servant and brother,

J. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Lord Harley at his lodgings at Bath, England.

¹ Harley's sister (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 270).

² *Supra*, p. 5.

³ On 7 April a Whig Bishop chronicles: "Our Primate is gone to Bath in great state, sixteen horses, two chaplains, and a proportionable retinue" (Archbishop Wake's Correspondence in Christ Church, Oxford).

⁴ As his Grace had himself acknowledged (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 89). Swift includes Primate Lindsay amongst his grateful friends. Nichols is mistaken ("Works," xxiv, 184) in attributing the allusion to Narcissus Marsh.

⁵ This was Lady Harley's real name.

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT

May 29, 1718.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received yours of the 6th,² with the list corrected. I have two colon and comma men. We correct, and design to publish, as fast as the nature of this great, or sorry work, as you call it, will bear; but we shall not be out before Christmas, so that our friends abroad may complete their collection till Michaelmas, and be returned soon enough to have their names printed and their books got ready for them. I thank you most heartily for what you have been pleased to do in this kind. Give yourself no farther trouble; but if any gentleman, between this and Michaelmas, desires to subscribe, do not refuse it. I have received the money of Mr. Mitford.

I am going to-morrow morning to the Bath, to meet Lord Harley there. I shall be back in a month. The Earl of Oxford is still here. He will go into Herefordshire some time in June. He says he will write to you himself. Am I particular enough? Is this prose? And do I distinguish tenses? I have nothing more to tell you, but that you are the happiest man in the world; and if you are once got into *la bagatelle*, you may despise the world. Beside contriving emblems, such as cupids, torches, and harts for great letters,³ I am now unbinding two volumes of printed heads, to have them bound together in better order than they were before.⁴ Do not you envy me? For

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Swift's letter was doubtless a reply to Prior's of 1 May (*supra*, p. 4).

³ There are fourteen large capital letters of figurative design used in the volume. The same design appears only in a single instance more than once, and an attempt is made to secure relevancy to the subject of the poems in the selection of the figures. In the case in which the same design is used more than once, the figure is a cupid with a torch.

⁴ The greater portion of the volume consists of poems which had

the rest, matters continue *sicut olim*. I will not tell you how much I want you, and I cannot tell you how well I love you. Write to me, my dear Dean, and give my service to all our friends.

Yours ever,

M. PRIOR.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, Ireland.

CDXXV. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *September 2, 1718.*

I RECEIVED your first of August 13th when I was just leaving Gaulstown; ² from whence I went to a visitation at Trim.³

de luxe. The dedication to the Duke of Dorset, which had been first issued nine years before (*supra*, vol. i, p. 135), forms the introduction to the volume.

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² Swift was that year with the Rochforts at Gaulstown (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 280) from 19 July to 16 August (Forster Collection, No. 510). Chetwode's letter had been doubtless written from France and dated new style.

³ It was on this occasion that Swift made, in a speech which is said to have entitled him to a high place as an orator (Delany's "Observations," p. 147), his famous attack upon Bishop Evans, who had succeeded to the see of Meath on the death of Bishop Moreton (*supra*, vol. i, p. 192, n. 1). Evans, who was one of the political bishops sent to Ireland in the eighteenth century to maintain the English interest, was a man little calculated to find favour with Swift. In India, where his early clerical life was spent, he had earned the designation of "the merchant parson"; while holding the bishopric of Bangor, from which he was translated to Meath, he had been conspicuous in altercations with members of the High Church party ("D. N. B.," xviii, 64); and in Meath he distinguished himself by his contemptuous treatment of the clergy of his diocese (Deane Swift's "Essay," p. 286). It is evident from letters which he addressed to Archbishop Wake, and which are preserved in the library of Christ Church, Oxford, that he was inspired with bitter animosity to Swift, notwithstanding much civility shown to him by the Dean (*infra*, p. 37). A report that Swift was to be Prolocutor, if Convocation was revived in Ireland, is accompanied by the interjection, "*proh! dedecus*," and a sermon which Swift preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral before the Lords Justices on Ash Wednesday,

I saw Dame Pliant.¹ I stayed two days at Laracor, then five more at a friend's, and came thence to this town, and was going to answer your letter when I received the second of August 23rd.³ I find it is the opinion of your friends that you should let it be known as publicly here as can be done, without overacting, that you are come to London, and intend soon for Ireland, and since you have set⁴ Woodbrooke, I am clearly of opinion that you should linger out some time at Trim, under the notion of staying some time in order to settle.⁵ You can be conveniently enough lodged there for a time, and live agreeably and cheap enough, and pick up rent as you are able; but I am utterly opposite to your getting into a figure all on a sudden, because everybody must needs know that travelling would not but be very expensive to you, together with a scattered family, and such conduct will be reckoned prudent and discreet, especially in you whose mind is not altogether suited to your fortune. And therefore though I have room enough in an empty coach-house which is at your service, yet I wish you would spare the expenses, and in return you shall fill the coach-house with anything else you please.

I fear you will return with great contempt for Ireland, where yet we live tolerably quiet, and our enemies seem to let us alone merely out of weariness. It was not my fault that I was not in England last June. I doubt you will make a very uneasy change from Dukes to Irish squires and parsons, wherein you are less happy than I,

pride and humiliation" to have contained so free a criticism of "Lords, Bishops, and men in power," that a peer who was present told Swift in the Cathedral, "Turpe est doctori," etc.

¹ Chetwode's wife (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 259, n. 1).

² Notwithstanding Parvisol's perverseness (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 387) accommodation for Swift had once more been provided at Laracor. He was staying there at the beginning of the preceding January and again in April and in June (Forster Collection, No. 510).

³ Probably it had been written from London and dated old style.

⁴ *I.e.*, let; a use of the verb not uncommon in Ireland.

⁵ Chetwode had evidently disregarded Swift's advice (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 300), and had spent the greater portion of the time since he left Ireland in dangerous proximity to the Pretender. To what extent he had been concerned in the various designs for the invasion of England there is no certainty, but as subsequent letters show he narrowly escaped a prosecution on account of his connection with the Jacobite party. Apparently Mrs. Chetwode's

who never loved great company, when it was most in my power, and now I hate everything with a title except my books, and even in those the shorter the title the better; and—you must begin on the other side for I began this letter the wrong way—whenever you talk to me of Regents or grantees, I will repay you with passages of Jack Grattan and Dan Jackson.¹ I am the only man in this kingdom who is not a politician, and therefore I only keep such company as will suffer me to suspend their politics, and this brings my conversation into very narrow bounds. Joe Beaumont is my oracle for public affairs in the country,² and an old Presbyterian woman in town.³ I am quite a stranger to all schemes and have almost forgot the difference between Whig and Tory, and thus you will find me when you come over. Adieu. My true love to Ben.⁴

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at Mr. Tooke's shop at the Middle-Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, London.

CDXXVI. [*Deane Swift.*]

PETER LUDLOW TO SWIFT

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the enclosed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common post; for it is a melancholy circumstance we are now in, that friends are afraid

¹ The Rev. Daniel Jackson, to whom allusion is made, was a cousin-german of the Grattans, and his grandfather, father, and brother had been successively vicars of Santry, the parish in which Belcamp is situated (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 262). His character is portrayed in Swift's verses on Ford ("Poetical Works," i, 147), where Swift speaks of him and his brother the Rev. John Jackson, the vicar of Santry, and his cousins, the Rev. Robert Grattan and the Rev. John Grattan, as:

"Fellows of modest worth and parts,
With cheerful looks and honest hearts."

² Joe was presumably once more in his right mind (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 368).

to carry on even a bare correspondence, much more to write news, or send papers of consequence, as I take the enclosed to be, that way.¹ But I suppose I need make no apology for not sending it by post, for you must know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundless. For your friend, Mr. Manley,² has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it so happened that they were of no consequence, but secrets of state, secrets of families, and other secrets, that one would by no means let Mr. Manley know, might have been discovered. Besides a thousand, nay, for aught I know, more than a thousand calamities might have ensued. I need not, I believe, enumerate them to you; but to be plain with you, no man nor woman would, with their eyes open, be obliged to show all they had to Mr. Manley. These I think sufficient reasons for sending it in the manner I do; but submit them and myself to your candour and censure.

The paper, I believe, you will find very artfully written,³ and a great deal couched under the appearance, I own, at first of blunders and a silly tale. For who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that by the old woman's being drowned at Ratcliff Highway, and not dead yet, is meant the Church, which may be sunk or drowned, but, in all probability, will rise again. Then the man, who was followed, and overtaken, is easily guessed at. He could not tell, the ingenuous author says, whether she was dead; true, but maybe he will tell soon. But then the author goes on, who must be supposed a High-Churchman, and inquires of a man riding a horseback upon a mare. That is preposterous, and must allude to a great man who has been guilty, or he is foully belied, of very preposterous

¹ Swift had become very intimate with Ludlow (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 400). As his account-book shows (Forster Collection, No. 510) he had stayed with him that year for six days in January, for four days in April, for three weeks in June and July, and for five days in August. Delany includes ("Observations," p. 65) Ludlow amongst the friends of Swift distinguished as men of fortune, of parts, and of virtue, and says that Mrs. Ludlow, who was one of Swift's devoted admirers, occupied a high place in the social world of that day.

² Isaac Manley, the postmaster (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 262 *et passim*).

actions. When the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a robber, or Tory, and ran from him, but you find he pursued him furiously. Mark that, and the horse. This is indeed carrying a figure farther than Homer does—he makes the shield or its device an epithet sometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the person—but there is a figure for this in rhetoric, which I own I do not remember, by which we often say, he is a good fiddle, or rather as by the gown is often meant particular parsons. Well then, you find the horse, seeing himself dead, or undone, ran away as fast as he could, and left the preposterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author, whom I cannot mention without a profound respect, calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only inquires after the welfare of the Church. Ah! dear Sir, this is the true character of the Tories. And here I cannot but compare the generosity and good-nature of the one, with the sullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horse gone, and they footing it give a surly answer, while the other, though a conqueror, offers his friendship, and asks the question with a “Pray inform me.”

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to show you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and must beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and send me your animadversions upon the whole, which I am confident you will not refuse me, when you consider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, maybe, to this day, have read over these sheets with too superficial an understanding; and especially since it is the request of, learned Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient humble servant,

SIR POLITIC WOULD-BE.

I submit it to your better judgement, when you make a more curious inquiry into the arcana of this piece, to consider whether, by Sir John Vangs, who you find lives by the water-side, must not be meant the Dutch; since you find too, that he eats bag-pudding freezing hot. This may seem a paradox, but I have been assured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many winters

convinces me that by Sir John the Dutch must be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a stopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I must observe too, that gammer Vangs had an old woman to her son. That is a bob for Glorious.¹ But I am under great concern to find so hard a sentence passed upon poor Swift, because he is little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to see him greater.

CDXXVII. [*Original*.²]

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT

London, *September 25, 1718.*

MY DEAR DEAN,

I HAVE now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, have called wretched work.³ My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle* as you pretend to be, you will find more pleasure in it than you imagine. We are going to print the subscriber's name: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray send them over by the next post. If you have not, pray send me word of that too, that, in all cases, I may at least hear from you. The Earl of Oxford has been in town all this summer, is now going into Herefordshire, and says I shall see you very soon in England. I would tell you with what pleasure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me a word of this too, for upon it I would order my matters so, that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour, for, I assure you we are all so changed that there is very little choice of such company as you would like, and, except about eighteen hundred that have subscribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation that have common sense. My cousin, Pennefather,⁴ and Will Phillips,⁵ drink your health. I cough, but am

¹ *I.e.*, William III.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ *Supra*, p. 8.

⁴ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 61.

⁵ Probably the *attaché* of Sir Thomas Hanmer, mentioned in the Preface.

otherwise well; and, till I cease to cough, *i.e.* to live, I am, with entire friendship and affection, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,
M. PRIOR.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's at Dublin, Ireland.

Endorsed by Swift—*Levanda est enim paupertas eorum hominum qui diu reipublicae viventes pauperes sunt, et nullorum magis.*

CDXXVIII. [*Original.*¹]

JOSEPH ADDISON TO SWIFT

Bristol, October 1, 1718.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received the honour of your letter² at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be trusted in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir Ralph Gore,³ that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my Lady Ashe⁴ with a letter to the same effect, which, I hope, has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London, I will farther inquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I live still in hopes of seeing you in England, and if you

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² This letter concerned evidently the friend for whom Swift sought Addison's assistance (*supra*, p. 3). As appears from Addison's subsequent references, Bishop Ashe's family were interested in the

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would take my house at Bilton¹ in your way—which lies upon the road within a mile of Rugby—I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days. The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge, who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops;² I would say clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you, and when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem of you, even to those who are not of the Bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a sincere and zealous friendly behaviour distinguishes you as much as your many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

CDXXIX. [*Original.*]³

JOHN ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT

London, *October 14, 1718.*

DEAR SIR,

THIS serves for an envelope to the enclosed; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this side. In your last, I think, you desired me to let you alone to enjoy your own spleen.⁴ Can you purchase your

¹ Which Addison had purchased, together with an estate, some years before.

² Smalridge (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 106) had been appointed Bishop of Bristol on the promotion of Robinson to London. The excellent man to whom Swift had alluded was no doubt Ashe.

nity pound a year in wages as yet! I can tell you, beforehand, Lewis scorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greatest, and is principal governor in many families.¹ I have been in France—six weeks at Paris, and as much at Rouen²—where I can assure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clutter about sending some impertinent *presidents du parlement* to prison, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was asked for Monsieur Swift by many people, I can assure you; and particularly by the Duke d'Aumont.³ I was respectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. Law.⁴ Amongst other things, I had the honour to carry an Irish lady to Court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty.⁵ She had great honours done her. The hussar himself was ordered to bring her the King's cat to kiss.⁶ Her name is Bennet. Among other folks I saw your old friend Lord Bolingbroke, who asked for you. He looks just as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their sentiments towards you. I left my two girls⁷ in France with their uncle, which was my chief business. I do not know that I have any friends on your side,

¹ It is said that after Oxford's fall Lewis served him as a kind of steward ("D. N. B.," xxxiii, 176), but his chief occupation appears to have been that of a newsmonger.

² Arbuthnot's two younger brothers were living in France, where they combined business with Jacobitism. The brother next to Arbuthnot was known as "the philanthropic Robert of Rouen" (see Aitken's "Life of Arbuthnot," *passim*).

³ The ambassador to St. James's at the close of Queen Anne's reign who was wont to compliment Swift "like a dragon" ("Prose Works," ii, 417).

⁴ John Law the projector of the Mississippi and other speculative schemes (see "Prose Works," vii, 32).

⁵ Miss Nelly Bennet, on whose visit to France a ballad, which is generally attributed to Arbuthnot himself, was composed (Scott's "Works," xiii, p. 334).

⁶ "The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buss her."

beside Mr. Ford,¹ to whom give my service, and to Dr. Parnell² and Mr. Jervas.³

If it be possible for you, obey the contents of the enclosed, which, I suppose, is a kind invitation. The Dragon⁴ is just as he was, only all his old habits ten times stronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me; for I can never cease to love and esteem you, being ever,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

Addressed—For the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

CDXXX. [*Original.*⁵]

SWIFT TO THE REV. PATRICK DELANY

Deanery House, *November 10, 1718.*
Nine in the morning.

SIR,

I ALLOW in all justice you ought to be ten times more a friend to Mr. Sheridan⁶ than to me; and yet I can demand

¹ Ford was evidently again paying a visit to Ireland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 335). He resided chiefly in London.

² Parnell had been in London that summer, and had begun the journey to Ireland on which he died. The record of his burial in Trinity Church, Chester, bears a date only ten days later than this letter. He had been appointed by his friend, Archbishop King (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 23, n. 3), to the living of Finglas on the death of Dilly Ashe (*ibid.*, p. 380, n. 6), but notwithstanding his being near him, probably did not see much of Swift, who regarded him as a political renegade.

³ Jervas (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 351) had returned to Ireland in the summer of 1717, and possibly had remained there from that time as two months after Arbuthnot's letter was written Pope expresses the fear that his dear friend would die in that country.

⁴ *I.e.*, Oxford (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 150, n. 4).

⁵ In the Forster Collection, No. 541.

⁶ "The David of the clerical Saul" is here for the first time mentioned in the Correspondence. Although twenty years Swift's junior, a young man of little more than thirty, the Rev. Thomas Sheridan was then at the height of his fame as a schoolmaster in Dublin. After completing his early education under Dr. Jones, of Tripos memory (*supra*, vol. i, p. 45), Sheridan had entered Dublin University in the autumn of 1707. He graduated at the spring commencements of 1711.

of the enclosed, nor show it him, though in confidence.² But you are to know that I have long thought several of his papers, and particularly that of the Funeral,³ to be out of all the rules of raillery I ever understood; and if you think the same, you ought to tell him so in the manner you like best, without bringing me into the question, else I may be thought a man who will not take a jest. To avoid which censure with you, I have sent you my thoughts on that subject in rhyme;⁴ but why in rhyme, I know not, unless because it gave me an opportunity of expressing my esteem

of his name who occupied a distinguished place in Church and State in Jacobean and earlier times; but as Mr. Sichel, the most recent authority on the subject says ("Sheridan," i, 215), the precise place of Swift's friend in the family tree has never been authoritatively determined.

¹ Swift appears to have been introduced to Delany, then a junior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, by Sheridan. When the famous friendship between Swift and the latter began is uncertain. The first indication of it is a note in Swift's accounts for the previous December (Forster Collection, No. 510), which records his attendance at a Greek play, probably performed by Sheridan's scholars. Their acquaintance possibly dated only from that time, and it was certainly during the year that was drawing to a close that Sheridan had become his

"partner so dear
With three hundred and sixty-five poems a year."
("Poetical Works," ii, 319.)

² The enclosure was the poem (which is dated 10 October, 1718, nine in the morning) beginning:

"To you whose virtues I must own
With shame, I have too lately known."
(*Ibid.*, i, 93.)

³ This piece, which was a long poem, was considered by Swift nothing less than a lampoon, and gave him the greatest offence. All that is known of its contents is that it described Swift's "muse to be dead," and made "a funeral solemnity with asses, owls, etc." At the time the poem was written Swift had only known Sheridan three months, and resented so new a friend not only writing but distributing "among all his acquaintance" a composition of the kind ("Prose Works," xi, 153).

⁴

"Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend of yours and mine;
Who full of humour, fire, and wit,
Not always judges what is fit."

("Poetical Works," i, 95.)

for you, which is greater than I care to tell you whatever
I may do to others. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
J. S.

Addressed—To the Reverend Mr. Delany, at his chambers
in the College.

CDXXXI. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *November 25, 1718.*

I HAVE had your letters, but have been hindered from writing by the illness of my head and eyes, which still afflict me.² I have not been these five³ months in the country, but the people from Trim tell me that yours are all well.

I do not apprehend much consequence from what you mention about informations, etc.⁴ I suppose it will fall to nothing by time. You have been so long in the *grand monde* that you find it difficult to get out. I fear you mistook it for a compliment, when you interpret something that I said as if you had a spirit above your fortune. I hardly know anybody but what has the same, and it is a more difficult virtue to have a spirit below our fortune, which I am endeavouring as much as I can, and differ so far from you, that instead of conversing with Lords, if any Lord here would descend to converse with me, that I wholly shun them for people of my own level, or below it, and I find life much easier by doing so; but you are younger and see with other eyes. The epigram you mention is but of two lines. I have done with those things. I desired a young gentleman to paraphrase it, and I do not

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² Swift appears to have suffered that year much from vertigo. Under date May 3 the following note is inserted in his account-book (Forster Collection, No. 510): "Terrible fall; God knows what may be the event; better towards the end."

³ *Recte* three (*supra*, p. 10).

⁴ Chetwode had evidently shown hesitation in accepting the

much like an performance, but if he mends it I will send it to Ben,¹ not to you.

I think to go soon into the country for some weeks for my health, but not towards Trim, I believe. Mr. Percival is dead,² and so is poor Parvisol.³ This is a bad country to write news from. Lord Archibald Hamilton is going to be married to one Lady Hamilton the best match in this kingdom.⁴ Remember me to Ben and John⁵ when you see them. Neither my head nor eyes will suffer me to write more, nor if they did, have I anything material to add but that I am,

Yours etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., to be left at Mr. Tooke's shop at the Middle-Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, London.

CDXXXII. [*Original.*⁶]

JOHN ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT

London, *December* 11, 1718.

DEAR BROTHER,

FOR so I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans. I find you wish both me and yourself to live to be old and rich.⁷ The second goes in course along with the first; but you cannot give seven, that is the tithe of seventy, good reasons for either. Glad

¹ *I.e.*, Tooke.

² Percival's (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 364) will was proved a few days later. Notwithstanding his Tory opinions he retained his seat as member for Trim until his death.

³ The concluding reference to Parvisol is further confirmation of my view that the denunciations of him in the letters to Walls are not to be always taken in their literal sense.

⁴ Lord Archibald Hamilton, seventh son of William, first Duke of Hamilton, married then, as his second wife, the widow of Sir Francis Hamilton of Killough, baronet. She had a great jointure, "a part whereof for perpetuity upon condition of not marrying except one of the name of Hamilton" ("Portland Manuscripts," v, 572).

⁵ *I.e.*, Tooke and Barber.

⁶ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁷ Swift's wish is alluded to in Arbuthnot's letter of 14 October

at my heart should I be, if Dr. Helsham¹ or I could do you any good. My service to Dr. Helsham; he does not want my advice in the case. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and castor, made up into boluses with confect of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar, but trying it amongst other things, my friend found good of this prescription. I had tried the castor alone before, not with so much success. Small quantities of *tinctura sacra*, now and then, will do you good. There are twenty Lords, I believe, would send you horses, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their word. Mr. Rowe, the Poet Laureate, is dead,² and has left a damned jade of a Pegasus.³ I will answer for it, he will not do as your mare did, having more need of Lucan's present,⁴ than Sir Richard Blackmore. I would fain have Pope get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in Durfey⁵ his deputy.

I sent for the two Roseingraves,⁶ and examined the matter of fact. The younger had no concern in the note of twenty pounds. The elder says that he thought the twenty pounds due to him, for the pains and some expenses he had been at about the young fellow; and his master Bethel,⁷ who had given Mr. Roseingrave, the elder, ten guineas before, thought the same reasonable. He says, he did not take it by way of bribe, but as his due; and did never intend to make use of it but when the young fellow was in

¹ With Richard Helsham, a distinguished medical Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Swift had doubtless become acquainted through either Delany or Sheridan. His good qualities were not confined to the practice of his profession:

"And then if friend Dick will but ope your back-door, he
Will quickly dispel the black clouds that hang o'er ye."

("Poetical Works," ii, 307.)

² Nicholas Rowe died on the 6th of that month.

³ Possibly his successor Laurence Eusden.

⁴ *I.e.*, a pair of spurs. See "The Battle of the Books" ("Prose Works," i, 180).

⁵ Tom Durfey, whose works are now fortunately rare.

⁶ The organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral and his son (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 59). Arbuthnot was himself a musician, and composed an anthem.

circumstances to pay him. The younger Roseingrave was begged and entreated both by Bethel and the young fellow, who would not go without him, to accompany him to Ireland; and did believe that bearing his expenses, which was done by Bethel, was the least he could take. There is one thing in the fellow's paper that I know to be a lie, his being used by Roseingrave at Lord Carnarvon's¹ for his own instruction or trial, and Lord Carnarvon gave him a guinea. He went sometimes to hear the music for his improvement. This is what they told me, however. I have reprimanded the elder Roseingrave for taking the note. When this fellow came first to town, I thought his voice might do, but found it did not improve. It is mighty hard to get such a sort of a voice. There is an excellent one in the King's chapel, but he will not go. The top one of the world is in Bristol choir—and I believe might be managed—though your Roseingrave is really much improved; so do not totally exclude the young fellow till you have more maturely considered this matter.

The Dragon² is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reasons of state that kept him from appearing at the beginning, etc., when I did believe at the same time, it was only a law of nature, to which the Dragon is most subject, *remanere in statu in quo est, nisi deturbetur ab extrinseco*. Lord Harley, and Lady Harley give you their service. Lewis is in the country with Lord Bathurst,³ and has writ me a most dreadful story of a mad dog that bit their huntsmen; since which accident, I am told, he has shortened his stirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord Oxford presented him with two horses. He has sold one, and sent the other to grass, *avec beaucoup de sagesse*. I do not believe the story of Lord Bolingbroke's marriage;⁴ for I have been consulted about the lady, and, by some defects in her constitution, I should not think her appetite lay much toward matrimony. There is some talk of reversing his attainder; but I wish he may not be dis-

¹ This title was the one first conferred on James Brydges (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 193, n. 12), afterwards Duke of Chandos. His famous musical establishment at Canons was then under the direction of Handel.

² *I.e.*, Oxford (*supra*, vol. ii, n. 150, n. 4).

³ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 193

appointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They say the Pretender is like to have his chief minister¹ impeached too. He has his wife² prisoner. The footmen of the House of Commons choose their Speaker, and impeach, etc. I think it were proper, that all monarchs should serve their apprenticeships as Pretenders, that we might discover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to see the Duke of Ormond fighting against the Protestant succession, and the Duke of Berwick fighting for it; [and] France in confederacy with England, to reduce the exorbitant power of Spain? I really think there is no such good reason for living till seventy, as curiosity. You say you are ready to resent it as an affront, if I thought a beautiful lady a curiosity in Ireland;³ but pray is it an affront to say that a lady hardly known or observed for her beauty in Ireland, is a curiosity in France? All deans naturally fall into paralogisms. My wife gives you her kind love and service, and, which is the first thing to occur to all wives, wishes you well married. I have not clean paper more than to bid you adieu.

Addressed—For the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

CDXXXIII. [*Original*.⁴]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

March 17 [O.S. 6], 1718-19.

I HAVE not these several years tasted so sensible a pleasure, as your letter of the 16th of January and 16th of February gave me;⁵ and I know enough of the tenderness of your heart to be assured, that the letter I am writing will produce

¹ The Earl of Mar, who had pronounced the affairs of the Pretender to be desperate, and had retired to Italy.

² *I.e.*, Lady Mar.

⁴ In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ *Supra*, p. 17.

⁵ Swift had begun his letter to Bolingbroke on 16 January, but as appears from a postscript to this reply, had been unable owing to illness to complete it for a month. The idea of writing to Bolingbroke had no doubt occurred to him on hearing the rumour that his friend's attainder was to be reversed.

I feel yours. The truest reflection, and at the same time, the bitterest satire, which can be made on the present age, is this, that to think as you think, will make a man pass for romantic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness, are rarely to be found. They are so much out of use, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greatest part of those who pass for such are, properly speaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, since Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendship can subsist *non nisi inter bonos*. At that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inspires, and the experience of other men's destroys, I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable instances of friendship to produce, as the Scythian, in one of Lucian's Dialogues,¹ draws from his nation. Into these misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious stars have not disappointed my expectations. The rest have almost entirely failed me. The fire of my adversity has purged the mass of my acquaintance; and the separation made, I discover, on one side, a handful of friends, but on the other, a legion of enemies, at least of strangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me some amends. I have found less resource in other people and more in myself, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto² which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to list again under the conduct of a man³ of whom nature meant to make a spy, or, at most, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, made a general.

I enjoy at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am sure, hear this with satisfaction; and sure it is, that I tell it you without the least affectation. I live, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever; but I think in a larger. When I look back on what is past, I observe a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which Caelius gave to Cicero: *Id melius statuere quod tutius sit*;⁴ and I

his letters to the same Cicero: *Satisfactum est jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: satisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicae, quam tu probabas. Reliquum est, ubi nunc est respublica: ibi simus potius, quam, dum illam veterem sequamur, simus in nulla.*¹ What my memory has furnished on this head, for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs, is writ with great truth, and with as much clearness as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours absolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to assure you of beforehand, which is, that you will think I never deserved more to be commended, than whilst I was the most blamed; and, that you will pronounce the brightest part of my character to be that which has been disguised by the nature of things, misrepresented by the malice of men, and which is still behind a cloud. In what is passed, therefore, I find no great source of uneasiness. As to the present my fortune is extremely reduced; but my desires are still more so. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants beyond those which a very moderate income will supply, are purely imaginary; and that his happiness is greater, and better assured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his, who feels them, and has wherewithal to supply them. Hor., epist. i, lib. 1:

Vides, quae maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites, &c.

Which I paraphrased thus, not long ago, in my post-chaise:

Survey mankind, observe what risks they run,
What fancied ills, thro' real dangers, shun;
Those fancied ills, so dreadful to the great,
A lost election, or impair'd estate.
Observe the merchant, who, intent on gain,
Affronts the terrors of the Indian main;
Tho' storms arise, and broken rocks appear,
He flies from poverty, knows no other fear.
Vain men! who might arrive, with toil far less,
By smother paths at greater happiness,
For 'tis superior bliss not to desire,
That trifling good which fondly you admire,
Possess precarious, and too dear acquire. }

17/10 1953 J. C. B. O. W. 11 27
What hackney gladiator can you find,
By whom the Olympic crown would be declin'd?
Who, rather than that glorious palm to seize,
With safety combat, and prevail with ease,
Would choose on some inglorious stage to tread,
And, fighting, stroll from wake to wake for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it; on which subject I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen, but, I think, it better to own frankly to you, that upon a principle which I have long established, we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow. I have familiarized the worst prospects to my sight; and, by staring want, solitude, neglect, and the rest of that train in the face, I have disarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of somebody, who, while he was in the Tower, used every morning to lie down on the block, and so act over his last scene.

Nothing disturbs me, but the uncertainty of my situation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to pass the remainder of my life in exile, the more sensibly shall I feel the pleasure of returning to you, if his Majesty's unconditional favour, the offers of which prevented even my wishes, proves at last effectual.¹ I cannot apply to myself, as you bid me do, *non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum est*, and what follows;² and, if ever we live in the same country together, you shall not apply to me, *quod si frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses*. I have writ to you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleasure of breaking so long a silence transports me, and your sentiment is a sufficient excuse. It is not so easy to find one for talking so much about myself, but I shall want none with you upon this score. Adieu.

This letter will get safe to London, and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you. For God's sake, no more apologies for your quotations, unless you mean, by accusing yourself,

¹ After Bolingbroke's dismissal by the Pretender (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 312) there had been considerable communication between Bolingbroke and the English ambassador at Paris. According to Boling-

to correct me. There never was a better application than yours of the story of Picrochole.¹ The storks will never come, and they must be porters all their lives. They are something worse; for I had rather be a porter than a tool, I would sooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are at this time the instruments of a saucy gardener, who has got a gold cross on his stomach, and a red cap on his head.² A poor gentleman,³ who puts me often in mind of one of Scandal's pictures in Congreve's play of "Love for Love," where a soldier is represented with his heart where his head should be, and no head at all,⁴ is the conductor of this doughty enterprise; which will end in making their cause a little more desperate than it is. Again, adieu.

Let me hear from you by the same conveyance as brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 16th of January to the 16th of February is a long course of illness.

¹ Swift had evidently applied to the position of the Pretender and his party the following passage from "Les Œuvres de Rabelais" (I, xlix): "Ainsi s'en alla le pauvre cholerique [Picrochole]; puis, passant l'eau au Port Huault, et racontant ses males fortunes, fut advisé par une vieille lourpidon que son royaume luy seroit rendu à la venue des coquecigrues: depuis ne sait on qu'il est devenu. Toutesfois, l'on m'a dit qu'il est de present pauvre gaigne denier à Lyon, cholere comme devant. Et tousjours se guemente à tous estrangieres de la venue des coquecigrues, esperant certainement, selon la prophetie de la vieille, estre à leur venue reintegré en son royaume."

² The allusion is to the prime minister of Spain, Cardinal Alberoni, who was the son of a gardener, and was then launching against England the Spanish expedition in the cause of the Pretender, which was shattered by a tempest before reaching its destination.

³ Dissensions which arose between Ormond, who is the subject of this reference, and Bolingbroke were made the ostensible reason for the dismissal of the latter from the Pretender's service. Their relations were not improved by the fact that Ormond was deputed by the Pretender to demand from Bolingbroke his papers and seals.

⁴ "*Scan.* I have some hieroglyphics too; I have a lawyer with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face; a divine with two faces, and one head; and I have a soldier with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be. *Mrs. Frail.* And no head? *Scan.* No head."—Act i, sc. 2.

SWIFT TO MATTHEW PRIOR

Dublin, *April* 28, 1719.

I THOUGHT to have had the happiness of seeing you before this time, because my health required a journey; but whether I fancy my head is something better, or that little paltry impediments stop me, or the sang-froid of fifty, I cannot tell; but so it is that I have passed the time and cannot be at Aix-la-Chapelle in May, as I intended, and writ to my friends in London that I would. But I am going to try a more lazy remedy of Irish country air, and as my return is uncertain, I thought fit to let you know that your subscribers want their books,² and that your bookseller is a blockhead for not sending them. I spoke to one Mr. Hyde, a bookseller here, who has been employed that way; and they must be sent in quires consigned to Mr. Hyde, bookseller, at his shop in Dame's Street, Dublin.³ Pray order that they may be sent as soon as possible, and care shall be taken to have them delivered to the subscribers, and receive the second guinea. I am just getting on horseback, and have only time to desire you will please to present my humble service to the Earl of Oxford, etc.

SWIFT TO VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

May, 1719.MY LORD,⁴

I FORGET whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have observed in Cicero, that in some of his letters, while

¹ Hist. MSS. Com., vol. iii, p. 464.² *Supra*, p. 14.³ Dame Street, which was formerly the approach to a gate of ancient Dublin known as "Sainte Marie del Dam," is one of the chief business streets in the Irish metropolis, and was in the eighteenth century the home of the booksellers.

be, that in those circumstances of life there is more leisure for friendship to operate, without any mixture of envy, interest, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him, because common distress is a great promoter both of friendship and speculation; for, I doubt, prosperity and adversity are too much at variance, ever to suffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendship, we say, is created by a resemblance of humours. You allow that adversity both taught you to think and reason much otherwise than you did; whereas, I can assure you, that those who contrived to stay at home, and keep what they had, are not changed at all, and if they sometimes drink an absent friend's health, they have fully discharged their duty. I have been, for some time, nursing up an observation, which, perhaps, may be a just one, that no men are used so ill, upon a change of times, as those who acted upon a public view, without regard to themselves. I do not mean from the circumstance of saving more or less money, but because I take it, that the same grain of caution which disposes a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preserve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the Duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to lose his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; because I have been taught to believe there is little good-nature to be had from that quarter; and if the offer were sincere I know not why it has not succeeded, since everything is granted that can be asked for, unless there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with a relation to Sir Roger,¹ I imagine a youth of sixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; she decays every year, while he grows up to his prime, and when it is too late, he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of. I am told, he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him.

xvii, 140). It is not clear how it became possible to include the text in the Correspondence.

¹ *I.e.*, Oxford.

I do not think, that leisure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom has given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the most difficult and weighty part; and I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England than that which made up the four last years of the late Queen. Neither do I think anything could be more entertaining, or useful, than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors, is, because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet such persons will read Tacitus and Commynes with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things; first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and secondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians, than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness, pride, or incapacity of great men, that has given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to pester us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a Minister of State, he desires no more to furnish out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, despairing ever to see anything of what you tell me, have been some time providing materials for such a work, only upon the strength of having been always amongst you, and used with more kindness and confidence than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of so good a reason to think no farther that way, although I could say many things which you would never allow yourself to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract,¹ and a sketch of it in another.² But I am sensible that when Caesar describes one of his own battles we con-

¹ "An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry" ("Prose Works," v, 430).

² There is a short account of Bolingbroke in the "Examiner" (*ibid.*,

ceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praises any other writer can give him.

I read your paraphrase with great pleasure; and the goodness of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philosophy.¹ I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary, yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A King deprived of his kingdom would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thousand a year; and the case is parallel in every degree of life. When I reason thus on the case of some absent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or take satisfaction in anything, while those who presided in councils or armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble solicitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign Courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno*. My health, a thing of no moment, is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi*, etc.

CDXXXVI. [Original.²]

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT

Westminster, May 5, 1719.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendship, and wish you all the happiness of life, health especially, the chiefest, you will pardon my being a little peevish, when I received yours of the 28th past, which told me I must not expect to see you here, and that you were not perfectly well at Dublin. I hope there is a little spleen mixed with your distemper, in which case your horse may be your physician, and your physician may have the happiness of being your companion, an honour which many here would envy him. As to the sang-froid of fifty, who has it not, that is worth conversing with, except Harley and Bathurst?³ At least, make no more that sort of complaint

¹ *Supra*, p. 26.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ Lord Harley was the

to me, *isthaec commemoratio est quasi exprobratio*; for fifty, as Mr. Locke observes, is equal to fifty, and a cough is worse than the spleen. My bookseller is a blockhead; so have they all been, or worse, from Chaucer's scrivener,¹ down to John and Jacob;² Mr. Hyde³ only excepted, to whom my books in quires are consigned, and the greatest care taken that they are rightly put up. Several of the subscribers to you, requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you; or entreat your favour for Alma and Solomon. I shall perform your commands to the Earl of Oxford, *semper idem*; and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this distance, till your particular order enjoins me anything, by which I may show you, that I am, and desire always to continue, with the greatest truth and regard, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Gaulstown, Trim.⁴

CDXXXVII. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTIER VANHOMRIGH

May 12, 1719.

ON vous a trompé en vous disant que je suis parti pour trois jours; des affaires assez impertinentes m'ont tirée

¹ "So oft a day I moke thy werke renew,
It to correct and eke to rubbe and scrape,
And all is thorow thy negligence and rape."
Chaucer to his Scrivener.

² *I.e.*, Barber and Tonson, his own publishers (*supra*, p. 4, n. 4).

³ *Supra*, p. 29.

⁴ The original address, which was "in Dublin, Ireland," has been erased. It is evident from what Swift says in the next letter that he

sitost,¹ et je viens de quitter cette place pour aller voir quelques amis plus loin, purement pour le retablissement de ma santé.² Croyez moi, s'il y a chose croyable au monde, que je pense tout ce que vous pouvez souhaiter de moy, et que tous vos desirs seront obeï, comme de commandmens qu'il sera impossible de violer. Je pretends de mettre cette lettre dans une ville de poste où je passeray. J'iray en peu de tems visiter un seigneur; mais je ne sçay encore le nom de sa maison, ni du pais où il demeure.³ Je vous conjure

¹ *I.e.*, to Trim (*supra*, p. 33, n. 4). It has been thought best to follow the original orthography, and to print the letter exactly as it is given by Scott.

² The relations between Vanessa and Swift during the four years that had elapsed since she came to Ireland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 252) are veiled in much obscurity, but some undated letters which will be found in the supplements to the last and present volumes indicate that their intercourse, although far less than Vanessa desired, had been considerable. About the time that the marriage ceremony with Stella is supposed to have taken place (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 332, n. 2), Swift is said to have become "abundantly more sparing in his visits" to Vanessa, and to have endeavoured to induce her to accept an offer of marriage from a brother dignitary (Deane Swift's "Essay," p. 275). This coolness may have given rise to an intention of returning to London, which it would appear from a passage in one of Archbishop King's letters she entertained at a subsequent period. The passage, which occurs in a letter dated 6 January, 1717/18, to one of Archbishop King's London correspondents, George Tollet, is as follows: "I have seen Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her sister several times, and gave them the best advice I could. It seems to me there has been a great deal of ill management in the family, and that the consideration thereof should make them more cautious for the future. I confess I did not approve their resolution of selling their estate and turning it into money in order to their living in London, which seemed the notion and design; that way of living succeeded so ill with their mother that in my opinion it was advisable for them to change it; an estate in land will make money at any time, sticks more closely to the possessor than money, and therefore I judged it an ill exchange. I cannot say whether my advice will weigh with you. Perhaps it might not be amiss to part with a concern they have near Dublin under Mr. Conolly, and for which I think they pay him ten shillings an acre of land, and if the payment of debts requires it, the house in Dublin, but for the *terra firma* it is, I judge, the surest inheritance we mortals have in this world."

³ This visit was possibly one which Swift is said by Sheridan ("Life," p. 411) to have paid to an eccentric ancestor of the Earls of Llandaff at Thomastown, the family seat of the Mathew family, in the county of Tipperary. That extraordinary individual, we are told, considered self-effacement on the part of the host to be an essential of real hospitality.

de prendre garde de votre santé. J'espere que vous passerez quelque part de cet été dans votre maison de campagne, et que vous promenez à cheval autant que vous pouvez.¹ Vous aurez vos vers à revoir quand j'aurai mes pensées et mon tems libre; la muse viendra.² Faites mes complimens à la mechante votre compagnone,³ qui aime les contes et le Latin. J'espere que vos affaires de chicane sont en un bon train.⁴

Je vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoisse: il faut vous connoître long-tems de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroissent des nouvelles qui estoient auparavant cachées. Il est honteux pour moy de ne savoir que le Gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y rien à

Swift was so delighted with the conduct of his host that he remained four months as his guest.

¹ From what Swift says here it seems probable that Vanessa had lived principally in Dublin, and from subsequent letters it will be seen that he had never visited her at Celbridge.

² The allusion is no doubt to "Cadenus and Vanessa." In the opinion of Sir Henry Craik ("Life," ii, 28) that poem was then revised, and in the form known to us, includes verses which were inserted at that time.

³ *I.e.*, her sister Moll.

⁴ Vanessa's father (*supra*, vol. i, p. 299, n. 1) had bequeathed all his property, both personal and real, for the benefit of his four children in equal shares. Great difficulty had arisen in the execution of the trust, and special powers of sale had to be obtained in the year 1712 by means of an Act passed in the Parliament of Great Britain. A further complication had been caused by the deaths of Vanessa's two brothers. Her elder brother, Ginkel, who appears only once in the year 1709 as the promulgator of the decree with regard to Mrs. Long ("Prose Works," xi, 386) had apparently died intestate. But her younger brother, Bartholomew, had made a will. It is dated 3 March, 1713-14, and was proved 6 July, 1715. After directing that he should be buried either near his father in the church of St. Andrew's, Dublin, or near his mother and brother in the church of St. James's, Westminster, and bequeathing some small legacies, he desires that the residue of his property should be held by Provost Pratt and Peter Partinton, who had been one of the executors of his father's will, for his sisters, and after the death of the survivor for a son of Partinton, who was called Bartholomew, and was a godchild of his own father. The latter devise was conditional, however, on the beneficiary and his descendants taking the name of Vanhomrigh, and in event of non-compliance the estate was to be devoted to the erection of a building, to which the name of Vanhomrigh was to be attached, in the University of Dublin. Bartholomew Vanhomrigh died at Rathcormack in the county of Cork.

redire dans l'orthographe, la propriété, l'elegance, le douceur, et l'esprit, et que je suis sot, moy de vous repondre en même langage, vous qui estes incapable d'aucune sottise; si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plait d'avoir pour moy; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucune preuve de mon bon goût de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée à un mortel, je vous dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrement, et la fermeté d'ame, mais en vous cachant, comme vous faites, le monde ne vous connoît pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'avois l'honneur de vous connoitre, j'ay toujours remarqué, que, ni en conversation particulière ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche que pouvoit etre mieux exprimé; et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus severe critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions, ni en vos parolles: la coquetrie, l'affectation, la pruderie, sont des imperfections que vous n'avois jamais connu.

Et avec tout cela, croyez-vous qu'il est possible de ne vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain? Quelles bestes en jûppes sont, les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous; en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent foix le jour,—ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misrables. Sont ce du même sexe—de même espece de creatures? Quelle cruauté! de faire mepriser autant de gens, qui, sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables. Mais il est tems de vous delasser, et de vous dire adieu. Avec tout le respect, la sincerité, et la estime de monde, je suis, et seray toujours.¹

For Madame Hester Vanhomri.

CDXXXVIII. [*Nichols.*]

SWIFT TO BISHOP EVANS

May 22, 1719.

I HAD an express sent to me yesterday by some friends, to let me know that you refused to accept my proxy, which I think was in a legal form, and with all the circumstances

it ought to have.¹ I was likewise informed of some other particulars, relating to your displeasure for my not appearing. You may remember, if you please, that I promised last year never to appear again at your visitations; and I will most certainly keep my word, if the law will permit me, not from any contempt of your Lordship's jurisdictions, but that I would not put you under the temptation of giving me injurious treatment, which no wise man, if he can avoid it, will receive above once from the same person.

I had the less apprehension of any hard dealing from your Lordship, because I had been more than ordinary officious in my respects to you from your first coming over.² I waited on you as soon as I knew of your landing. I attended on you in your first journey to Trim. I lent you a useful book relating to your diocese;³ and repeated my visits, till I saw you never intended to return them. And I could have no design to serve myself, having nothing to hope or fear from you. I cannot help it, if I am called of a different party from your Lordship; but that circumstance is of no consequence with me, who respect good men of all parties alike.

I have already nominated a person to be my curate, and did humbly recommend him to your Lordship to be ordained, which must be done by some other bishop, since you were pleased, as I am told, to refuse it;⁴ and I am apt

¹ As the Irish Parliament was to meet in June, Bishop Evans had held his visitation that year at an earlier date than in the previous one (*supra*, p. 9). Swift can only have left Trim for Gaulstown, where he was no doubt writing (*supra*, p. 33, n. 4), a day or two before it took place.

² Bishop Evans was translated from Bangor to Meath by letters dated 19 January, 1715-16.

³ Accounts of the diocese had been compiled by two of Bishop Evans's predecessors, the illustrious James Ussher and Anthony Dopping. Possibly it was a copy of one of these that Swift lent him.

⁴ This was not the first person whom Swift had nominated in room of Warburton (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 366). Writing on 24 June, 1717, Bishop Evans says: "Dr. Swift has two rectories here, without dispensation. One of his curates was lately preferred by the Primate, and he would put upon me a curate to be licensed who has a great living in the diocese of Clogher, which I have absolutely refused to do. I hope law, reason, and practice will support me in it. This man is a free-liver, and assisting to the Dean in keeping up the spirit of the Faction

to think you will be of opinion, that when I have a lawful curate, I shall not be under the necessity of a personal appearance, from which I hold myself excused by another station. If I shall prove to be mistaken, I declare my appearance will be extremely against my inclinations. However, I hope that in such a case your Lordship will please to remember in the midst of your resentments that you are to speak to a clergyman, and not to a footman. I am,

Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

CDXXXIX. [Original.¹]

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT

Westminster, December 8, 1719.

SIR,

HAVING spent part of the summer very agreeably in Cambridgeshire with dear Lord Harley,² I am returned without him to my own palace in Duke Street, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring Court of Requests,³ and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worse than this yet: I have treated Lady Harriot at Cambridge⁴—good God! a fellow of a college treat—and spoke verses

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² At Wimpole, Lord Harley's own seat.

³ The Court of Requests was at Whitehall. Possibly St. James's Palace is meant.

⁴ Prior, who had never relinquished the fellowship which he had won as a young man at St. John's College, Cambridge, had induced Lord Harley's wife to visit just a month before his alma mater, and had greeted her in the library of his college with the verses beginning:

"Since Anna visited the Muses' seat,
(Around her tomb, let weeping angels wait!)
Hail! thou the brightest of thy sex and best,
Most gracious neighbour, and most welcome guest
Not Harley's self, but G—

to her in a gown and cap. What! the plenipotentiary so far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht; the man, that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the Committee,¹ speaking verses. *Sic est, homo sum*; and am not ashamed to send those very verses to one, who can make much better. And now let me ask you: How you do, and what you do? How your Irish country air agreed with you,² and when you intend to take any English country air? In the spring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will, but I believe the best rendezvous will be Duke Street, and the fairest field for action Wimpole; the Lords of both those seats agreeing, that no man shall be more welcome to either than yourself.

It is many months since the complaints of my subscribers are redressed, and that they have ceased to call the bookseller a blockhead,³ by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. Hyde, but expect that at his leisure he will signify to Tonson what may relate to that whole matter, as to the second subscriptions.⁴ In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any mistake, and shall only repeat to you, that I am sensible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain prose. Earl of Oxford, *pro more suo*, went late into the country, and continues there still. Our friends are all well; so am I, *nisi cum pituita molesta est*, which is at this present writing, and will continue so all the winter. So, with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

M. PRIOR.

Service to Matthew Pennefather⁵ and all friends. Adieu.

¹ The Committee of Secrecy (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 285).

² Swift's letter of 28 April (*supra*, p. 29) was evidently the last that Prior had received from him.

³ *Supra*, p. 33.

⁴ Of the subscription of two guineas and sixpence to be paid on

CDXL. [*Original.*¹]

SWIFT TO CHARLES FORD

Dublin, *December 8, 1719.*CDXLI. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE

*December 19, 1719.*MY LORD,²

I FIRST congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true, *Omne solum diti patria*. Euripides makes the Queen Jocasta ask her exiled son, how he got his victuals.³ But who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks?⁴ I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer; but *diis aliter visum*. It may be with one's country as with a lady; if she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But, in this case, we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto, for want of a better, of Aristippus, in my drawing-room. The motto at the top is, *Omnis Aristippum, etc.*,⁵ and at the bottom, *Tanta foedus cum gente ferire, commissum juveni*. But, since what I heard of Mississippi,⁶ I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandise three years, to show he knew how to grow rich, as well as to be a philosopher; and I guess, Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians prescribe for being wise, in order to be rich at fifty. *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.*

¹ This letter was a few years ago in the possession of Mr. Sabin of 172, New Bond Street.

² This letter is a substitute for the reply which miscarried (*supra*, p. 29) to Bolingbroke's letter of 17 March.

³ πῶθεν δ' ἐβόσκει, πρὶν γάμοις εὐρεῖν βίον (Phoenissae, 411).

⁴ During that winter the speculative scheme of which John Law was the promoter attained its zenith (*supra*, p. 17). Shares issued at 500 livres reached 18,000 livres, and enormous fortunes were made in a few hours.

I have known something of Courts and Ministers longer than you, who knew them so many thousand times better, but I do not remember to have ever heard of, or seen, one great genius, who had long success in the Ministry; and recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, those who had the smoothest time, were, at best, men of middling degree in understanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great minister's life, he should begin it as Aristippus has done; then be sent into exile, and employ his leisure in writing the memoirs of his own administration; then be recalled, invited to resume his share of power, act as far as was decent; at last retire to the country, and be a pattern of hospitality, politeness, wisdom, and virtue. Have you not observed, that there is a lower kind of discretion and regularity, which seldom fails of raising men to the highest stations, in the Court, the Church, and the law? It must be so; for Providence, which designed the world should be governed by many heads, made it a business within the reach of common understandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never observe one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? Whereas, if he had used a razor, or a penknife, he had odds against him of spoiling a whole sheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement, to those talents that thrive best at court. Think upon Lord Bacon, Williams,¹ Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shaftesbury, the last Duke of Buckingham; and of my own acquaintance, the Earl of Oxford and yourself, all great geniuses in their several ways, and, if they had not been so great, would have been less unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was Lord Somers, whose timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the consciousness of a mean extraction,² had taught him the regularity of an alderman, or a gentleman-usher. But of late years I have been refining upon this thought; for I plainly see, that fellows of low in-

¹ John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln and afterwards Archbishop of York, who succeeded Bacon as Lord Keeper.

² Swift refers more than once to Somers as a man of humble birth ("Prose Works," *passim*), but Lord Campbell (*op. cit.*, v, 55) takes some pains to show that his ancestors "by no means sprung from the

sally into the highest exorbitances, with much more safety, than a man of great talents can make the least step out of the way. Perhaps it is for the same reason, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettlesome horse; but I rather think it owing to that incessant envy, where-with the common rate of mankind pursues all superior natures to their own. And I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an ass, he would rather be kicked by one of his own species, than a better.

If you will recollect that I am towards six years older than when I saw you last, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty speculations. I can now express in a hundred words, what would formerly have cost me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty distichs, which might be squeezed into one. I have gone the round of all my stories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how significant a person I have been, and nobody believes me. I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to desire I would show them some things I have written, but cannot succeed; and wreak my spite, in condemning the taste of the people and company where I am. But it is with place, as it is with time. If I boast of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more use than if I told how handsome I was when I was young. The worst of it is, that lying is of no use; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on anyone to personate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is sure to have the first glass out of the bottle, and the best bit I can carve. Nothing has convinced me so much that I am of a little subaltern spirit, *inopis, atque pusilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the most trifling amusements, to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and present objects. Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or why did not you leave a shred of it with me when you were snatched from me? You see I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands, besides

safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantialia. I tax you with two minutes a-day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried¹ was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation, at seeing you so much better a philosopher than myself; a trade you were neither born nor bred to. But I think it is observed that gentlemen often dance better than those that live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, etc.

CDXLII. [*Manuscripts of the Marquis of Bath.*²]

SWIFT TO MATTHEW PRIOR

Dublin, *January 25, 1719-20.*

I HAVE been long pursued with one or two disorders, which, though not very painful, are so incommodious that they quite disconcert me, and among other effects make me so lazy and listless that I can hardly mind the affairs of my friends, much less my own.

Since I begun this letter I have been so pursued with a giddy head that I could not finish it. I had yours of the 10th of last month, with your verses on my sister Harriet enclosed.³ I have more obligations to her than you, and yet never gave her any verses, because it is not in my power to say as you *carmina possumus donare*. I begun some when I was in England, but it being not quite six years, I could never finish them since. No thanks to you for your good verses with such an advantage, when your Muse was your subject, and was present. Send her over here to St. Patrick's, and you shall see me *quoque vatem*. What do you tell me of a plenipotentiary? All that is a parenthesis. The Muses found you at St. John's, and there they meet you again. If you write no better verses than your enemies do

wish your subscribers in this kingdom could as well answer your complaints as you have done theirs; but I find them much backwarder in acquitting themselves of their second payment than their first. But it is the disease of the country; first they show vanity and good will, and secondly poverty. *Ut Gallorum subita sunt ingenia*. But my ill health is a good deal in fault; though all methods of advertisements and solicitations of friends have been employed. Two remedies I shall apply; one is a little more time, and the other that if they will not pay their second subscription, their first shall be disposed of to others, who come at the tenth hour of the day. And in the mean time I will take care of the most convenient season to return you what we have already mustered up. As to myself, I have not yet health enough to go to England for more; I have been a month subject to a deafness, and it is with hearing as it is with riches; and a philosopher would have it though he despises it, only to have it in his power to make use of it when he pleases. I extremely long for Lord Oxford's picture, which he promised me a hundred times. His Lordship is poor, but has rich friends and may give me his, if ever he performed one promise he made in his life. I beg you will no further solicit him than by reading this to him, and desire his answer; but Kneller or Dahl¹ shall be the painters.

You are to understand that the French pistole you sent me from Paris above six years ago to drink with your cousin² is now safe in my cabinet with my other rarities; and that I never spoke to him in my life but once, in the Castle of Dublin. I have upon second thoughts blotted out his name as you see, because he is a person in office, but very obnoxious, I suppose chiefly for being related to you, and durst never drink a bottle of wine with me; and so that pistole and meeting are reserved to other junctures. I hear he is well and is a very honest gentleman.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Auditor Harley³

¹ Michael Dahl, by whom, as well as by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Prior was himself painted.

² *I.e.*, Matthew Pennefather. The despatch of the pistole or Louis d'or is mentioned by Prior in his letter of 16 August 1710 (*Autogr.*

upon a most important affair of recommending a singing man to my Cathedral, which, if you see him, you will please to say, I will answer soon. I wish he had spent a line or two to tell me of the health of the family, it would have been more like a Nathaniel.¹

You are bound to present my most humble service particularly to your two favourites, and my two brothers my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst.²

CDXLIII. [*Manuscripts of Captain Loder-Symonds.*"]

SWIFT TO EDWARD HARLEY

Dublin, February 9, 1719-20.

SIR,

I WAS twice disappointed with your letter.⁴ When I saw your name on the outside I thought it had been a civility you had done to some friend to save me postage; when I saw the same name after opening I was in hopes to hear something of you and your family, my Lord Oxford, Lord Harley, and your son,⁵ and I wish you had said something on that head by way of postscript. I desire you will ask my Lord Oxford whether his brother Nathaniel understands music; if he does and recommends Mr. Love-

tained his office of Auditor of the Imprests, which was held for life, and his seat in Parliament for Leominster.

¹ The point of this allusion is that Oxford had another brother called Nathaniel. He had been for more than thirty years established as a merchant at Aleppo in Syria, and notwithstanding that he had never returned home during that time, he continued to entertain for his family undiminished affection which was reciprocated by them. "It is a melancholy thing," observes one of his relations, "to be always in expectation of seeing one so much beloved, and the longer one lives to find the time still at a greater distance" ("Portland Manuscripts," iv, 514). There are many letters from him preserved amongst the correspondence at Welbeck, and a copy of one, breathing unbounded affection, written to him by Oxford from the Tower. From Swift's reply

lace particularly from his own knowledge, something may be said.¹ I have the honour to be captain of a band of nineteen musicians, including boys, which are I hear about five less than my friend the Duke of Chandos,² and I understand music like a Muscovite; but my choir is so degenerate under the reigns of former Deans of famous memory that the race of people called gentlemen lovers of music tell me I must be very careful in supplying two vacancies, which I have been two years endeavouring to do. For you are to understand that in disposing these musical employments, I determine to act directly contrary to Ministers of State, by giving them to those who best deserve. If you had recommended a person to me for a church-living in my gift, I would be less curious; because an indifferent parson may do well enough, if he be honest; but singers, like their brothers the poets, must be very good, or they are good for nothing. I wish my Lord Oxford had writ to me on this subject, that I might have had the pleasure of refusing him in direct terms.

If you will order Mr. Lovelace to inquire for one Roseingrave, my organist, now in London,³ and approve his skill to him, on his report I shall be ready to accept Lovelace which is the short of the matter that I have made so many words of, in revenge for your saying nothing of what I would desire to know; and I must desire you to put my Lord Oxford in mind of sending me his picture, for it is just eight years last Tuesday since he promised me.⁴ I you had said but one syllable of my sister Harriette,⁵ I could have pardoned you. Pray believe that there is no man who can possibly have a greater respect for you and your family than myself. Nothing but a scurvy state of health could have hindered me from the happiness of once more seeing you all. I am with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JO. SWIFT.

¹ Lovelace does not appear amongst the Vicars Choral of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

² *Supra*, p. 23, n. 1.

³ *Supra*, p. 22.

⁴ Swift mentions in the Journal to Stella having seen Oxford

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, *February* 16, 1719-20.

I WAS surprised to hear of a domestic of your Lordship's in this country, who was so kind to call upon me, and give me an account of your health, but I could not gather from him that he had any orders to do so, and therefore his kindness is the greater. I live such a stranger to intelligence, that I had not heard of your passing so long a time in the country, otherwise it would have been a great temptation for me to have been one of your family for some months. I think this is the first letter of form that ever I writ to your Lordship, and consequently will be the worst. I was so well-pleased with Mr. Minet's company,² and the informations he gave me, that I did not remember my ill-health while he was with me. He assures me that yours is in very good order, for which no man can be gladder than myself. I never complained of your neglect when you were the greatest and busiest Minister in Europe, but I am afraid your sufferings have made you proud and forgetful of your friends. I have long begged your picture, and continue to do so, and it is the only thing I ever begged of you for myself.³ But I shall order my brother Harley and sister Harriette to be my solicitors, who have shown their remembrance of me in so obliging a manner, as I never can express my acknowledgements for it. Your servant, the bearer, has so little relish for this fine country that I could hardly get time to write this. Your Lordship and family have my constant prayers, and I shall ever remain with the greatest respect and truth,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

¹ In the possession of the Duke of Portland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2).

² Minet had for many years been a member of Oxford's household ("Portland Manuscripts," *passim*).

³ *Supra*, p. 46.

Dublin, *March 24, 1719-20.*

THE person who delivers you this is the son of Sir Theobald Butler;² the father is one of the most eminent lawyers among us, and hath an appeal before the House of Lords to be heard on the 6th of April. His adversary is one Lady Prendergast, sister of Cadogan,³ and the greatest widow Blackacre⁴ now in Christendom. I desire the favour of you to speak to some Lords of your acquaintance to attend the hearing, because it is of very great consequence to Sir Theobald's fortune, and he is very confident of the justice of his cause. He is one of my flock upon the deanery,⁵ a gentleman universally beloved, and therefore I could not refuse him this good office.

¹ Hist. MSS. Com., vol. iii, p. 481.

² Sir Toby, as he was generally called, was a Roman Catholic, and had been Solicitor-General for Ireland under James II. In the negotiations which resulted in the treaty of Limerick he was prominent, and was a chief instrument in terminating the war—a good deed which it has remained for an author of to-day to bring to light (see Dr. Robert Murray's "Revolutionary Ireland and its Settlement"). His liberal views, as well as genial disposition, may be gathered from his telling one of the judges that the clergy of the Established Church might have many Roman Catholics "for the asking;" but "by my soul," added the old lawyer, "our priests are their curates to do their drudgery for them, and they think of little else than receiving money for their tithes," and in confirmation he mentioned that he had wished to rebuild his parish church, but was prevented by the rector, who dreaded the expense of a curate (Bishop Evans to Archbishop Wake, 20 May, 1718). Although Sir Toby had adhered to the Roman Catholic Church, being in his own words "too old to turn," his son had become a Protestant.

³ The mother of Sir Thomas Prendergast, whom Swift lampoons so unmercifully in his verses "On Noisy Tom" ("Poetical Works," ii, 260). She was a sister of Lord Cadogan (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 391):

"Though by the female side, you proudly bring,
To mend your breed, the murderer of a king."

⁴ The litigious woman in Wycherley's "Plain Dealer."

⁵ Sir Toby occupied a house in the parish of Clondalkin (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 350, n. 5) called Ballymount, which had been in the seventeenth century a residence of the ancestors of the Earls of Rosse.

CDXLVI. [*Original*.¹]

THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND TO SWIFT

April 18, 1720.

SIR,

YOU would have great reason to be angry with me, if my long silence had been occasioned by anything but my care of you; for having no safe hand to send by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be construed a sort of treason—misprision at least—for you to receive a letter from one half of a proscribed man.² I inquire of everybody I see, that I imagine has either seen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happiness I do not suppose you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honest as you are. I thank God our Parliament has taken them to task, and finding how ill a use they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to trust them with it any longer.³ I hope the next thing will be to tax Ireland from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for else young Hopeful⁴ might have been in danger. They were so good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reason or not, or, as Prince Butler said,⁵ crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price set upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of Great Britain; for all your relations⁶ here want much to see you, where are strange changes every day. You remember, and so do I, when the South Sea was said to be my Lord Oxford's brat, and must be starved at nurse.⁷ Now the King has adopted

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² It is probable that the Duchess had not written to Swift since the year 1716 (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 330). See Appendix II.

³ On the 26th of March the Irish House of Lords had been deprived of their right of appellate jurisdiction by the passage in the British Parliament of the "Bill for the Better Security of the Dependency of Ireland on the Crown of Great Britain." See Archbishop King's reference to this question, *supra*, vol. i, p. 321.

it, and calls it his beloved child; though, perhaps, you may say, if he loves it but better than his son, it may not be saying much, but he loves it as well as he does the Duchess of Kendal,¹ and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it. I wish you were so too. I believe, by this time, you are very sorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this scrawl; but the strong must bear with the infirmities of the weak, and therefore, Brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinency of your poor sister, whose brain may be reasonably thought turned with all she had met with.² But nothing will hinder her from being as long as she lives, most sincerely

Your very humble servant, and faithful friend.

CDXLVII. [*Original*.³]

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT

Westminster, May 4, 1720.

SIR,

FROM my good friend the Dean I have two letters before me,⁴ of what date I will not say, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance; or, as other readings have it, for an answer. You told me in one of them that you had been pursued with a giddy head, and I presume you judge by my silence, that I have laboured under the same distemper. I do not know why you have not buried me as you did Partridge, and given the wits of the age, the Steeles and Addisons, a new occasion of living seven years

p. 266, n. 4), obtained at that time the enormous enlargement of its scope which led to the frenzy for speculation in its stock.

¹ Walpole said that her interest then did everything.

² It was more than once reported that Ormond had returned to the British dominions. About the time that Cardinal Alberoni was fitting out his expedition against England (*supra*, p. 28), rewards for Ormond's apprehension were proclaimed in England and Ireland, and search was made for him by the government in Dublin, where he was supposed to be concealed by the aid of ex-Judge Nutley, and a Mr. Ingoldsby, a son-in-law of Sir Constantine Phipps (Primate Lindsay to Dr. Charlett, 31 January, 1718-19, Bodleian MS. 10,794, f. 113). But so far as is known he never left foreign territory, and never again saw his wife, who had to endure not only separation from her husband, but

upon one of your thoughts. When you have finished the copy of verses which you began in England, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell seven years longer.

Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week?

Dimanche, une esclanche;
Lundi, froide et salade;
Mardi, j'aime la grillade;
Mercredi, hachée;
Jeudi, bon pour la capillotade;
Vendredi, point de gras;
Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens se
creveront des restes de mon mouton.

We can provide such sort of cookery, if you will but send us the *esclanche*; but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord Oxford has been a twelvemonth in Herefordshire, as far from us, literally, though not geographically, as if he had been with you in Ireland. He has writ no more to us, than if we were still Ministers of State. But, in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have Lord Harley at London; and have either lived with him at Wimpole, or upon him here, ever since his father left us. I know no reason why you should not expect his picture, but that he promised it to you so often. I wrote to him six months since, and instead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compendious way of sending a gentleman to Lady Harriot, in Dover Street; and bid him call in at Westminster, to know if I had anything to say to his Lord. He was here to-day, when he was sure the scaffold was ready and the axe whetted; and is in Herefordshire, when the consent of all mankind either justifies his Ministry, or follows the plan of it. The South Sea Company have raised their stocks to three hundred and fifty, and he has not sixpence in it.² Thou art a stranger in Israel, my good friend; and seemest to know no more of this Lord, than thou didst of the Condé de Peterborough,³ when first I construed him to thee at the coffee-house.

¹ The suggestion is that not only the "Tatler," but all the serials for which Steele and Addison were responsible owed their origin to

I labour under the distemper you complain of, deafness; especially upon the least cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my own or not;¹ but am now syringing, and I hope to profit by it. My cousin is here,² and well; I see him sometimes, but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from Court, and is justifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have seen Mr. Butler,³ and served him to the utmost of my power with my *amici potentiores*; though he had a good cause, and a strong recommendation, he trusted wholly to neither of them, but added the greatest diligence in his solicitations. Auditor Harley thanks you for remembering him and his singing man.⁴ As to the affair of subscriptions, do all at your leisure, and in the manner you judge most proper; and so I bid you heartily farewell, assuring you, that I am ever,

Most truly yours,
M. P.

Friend Ford⁵ salutes you. Adieu. Richardson,⁶ whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me;⁷ from whence Lord Harley, whose it is, has a stamp taken by Vertue.⁸ He has given me some of them for you to give to our friends at or about Dublin. I will send them by Tonson's canal⁹ to Hyde at Dublin, in such a manner, as that, I hope, they may come safe to you.

¹ *I.e.*, whether he would be brought to the block for his part in the peace.

² *I.e.*, Matthew Pennefather (*supra*, p. 44).

³ *Supra*, p. 48.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 18, n. 1.

⁶ Pope's friend, Jonathan Richardson.

⁷ There is a copy by Thomas Hudson of this portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

⁸

"With manners gentle, and a grateful heart,
And all the genius of the Graphic Art,
His fame shall each succeeding artist own
Longer by far than monuments of stone."

⁹ *I.e.*, by means of a canal.

SWIFT TO ROBERT COPE

Dublin, *May* 26, 1720.

IF all the world would not be ready to knock me down for disputing the good-nature and generosity of you and Mrs. Cope, I should swear you invited me out of malice;¹ some spiteful people have told you I am grown sickly and splenetic, and, having been formerly so yourself, you want to triumph over me with your health and good humour, and she is your accomplice. You have made so particular a muster of my wants and humours, and demands and singularities, and they look so formidable, that I wonder how you have the courage to be such an undertaker. What if I should add, that once in five or six weeks I am deaf for three or four days together;² will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl to me, or let me mope in my chamber till I grow better? *Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes.* I hunted four years for horses, gave twenty-six pounds for one of three years and a half old, have been eighteen

¹ Cope had evidently invited Swift to visit him again at Loughgall (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 392).

² Swift's ears had given him trouble, as will appear from a subsequent letter, for more than half his life. Writing to Stella nine years before, he observes that his "ears have been, these three months past, better than any time these two years, but now they begin to be a little out of order again," and refers in another place to an oil which had been prescribed for them ("Prose Works," ii, 43, 166). But about the date of this letter the attacks became apparently more acute and frequent. Swift and his earlier biographers believed the deafness to be a distinct ailment from the giddiness (*supra*, vol. i, p. 129, n. 2), but Dr. Bucknill explains in the enlightened article, to which there has been reference, that the affection known as *labyrinthine vertigo*, which was discovered by a French physician named Ménière, arises from disease of the auditory organ and that deafness is one of the symptoms of the disorder. A passage cited by Bucknill may be here quoted: "Dans la forme bénigne [of which Swift's was an example] les accès ne se produisent quelquefois qu'à des distances très éloignées. E. Ménière cite une malade qui eut une rémission de onze mois. Pendant ces périodes d'accalmée la surdité persiste avec une intensité variable, et elle s'accompagne souvent des sensations subjectives inter-

months training him, and when he grew fit to ride, behold my groom gives him a strain in the shoulder, he is rowelled, and gone to grass. Show me a misfortune greater in its kind.

Mr. Charleton has refused Wadman's living—why, God knows—and got the Duchess to recommend his brother to it; the most unreasonable thing in the world. The day before I had your letter, I was working with Mr. Nutley and Mr. Whaley, to see what could be done for your lad, in case Caulfeild should get the living which Mr. Whaley, the Primate's chaplain, is to leave for Wadman's; because, to say the truth, I have no concern at all for Charleton's brother, whom I never saw but once. We know not yet whether Whaley's present living will not be given to Dr. Kearney; and I cannot learn the scheme yet, nor have been able to see Dr. Stone. The Primate is the hardest to be seen or dealt with in the world. Whaley seems to think the Primate will offer Caulfeild's living to young Charleton. I know not what will come of it.¹ I called at Sir William Fownes's;² but he is in the county of Wicklow. If we could have notice of anything in good time, I cannot but think

¹ It would appear that Cope had asked Swift to use his influence with Primate Lindsay on behalf of a young clergyman named Barclay. An important benefice in the Primate's diocese, Donoughmore in the county of Tyrone, which had been held by Thomas Wadman, an ex-headmaster of Armagh Royal School, was then vacant. It had been offered to the Duchess of Ormond's chaplain, Arthur Charleton (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 366), who had declined the preferment but who had endeavoured to secure it for his younger brother, Francis Charleton, who was a curate in the Primate's diocese. On account probably of his youth the latter was not eligible, and the benefice had been given to the Primate's chaplain, Nathaniel Whaley (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 272). By Whaley's promotion another good benefice, Loughgilly in the county of Armagh, became vacant, and Swift hoped that a son of the Lord Charlemont of that time, the Hon. Charles Caulfeild, might be appointed to it, and that a benefice which he held, Tartaraghan in the same county, might fall to Barclay. Finally, however, an ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, John Kearney, whom Swift also mentions, was given Loughgilly (*cf.* Leslie's "Armagh Clergy and Parishes," *passim*). From these transactions it is evident that the Primate's diocese was as close a borough for Tories as Archbishop King's was for Whigs, and it is also evident from an allusion which Swift makes to ex-Judge Nutley and Richard Stone, an ex-Master of Chancery, that the Primate sought legal advice only from lawyers whose fidelity to his own party was beyond

upon any occasion write to him very freely, and I believe my writing would be of some weight; for they say he is not wholly governed by Crosse.² All this may be vision; however, you will forgive it.

I do not care to put my name to a letter; you must know my hand. I present my humble service to Mrs. Cope; and wonder she can be so good to remember an absent man, of whom she has no manner of knowledge, but what she got by his troubling her. I wish you success in what you hint to me, and that you may have enough of this world's wisdom to manage it. Pray God preserve you and your fireside. Are none of them yet in your lady's opinion ripe for Sheridan?³ I am still under the discipline of the bark, to prevent relapses. Charles Ford comes this summer to Ireland.⁴ Adieu.

¹ One of the Primate's brethren, who was anxious that the choice of a successor should not be left to the last moment, wrote at the beginning of that year: "The Primate is not in a condition to go abroad unless he is carried out; being thought by some to be going out of the world. This is certain, that for this fortnight past he has had another violent shock in a paralytic way, and though the answer to those that send to inquire after him is that he is better, yet few believe it; and most think him to be still in great danger" (Bishop Nicolson's Letters, ii, 502).

² In the opinion of Faulkner the reference was to a clergyman of that name who was then Dean of Lismore, and became shortly afterwards also Rector of St. Mary's Church in Dublin, but Deane Swift, who could have made his case even stronger if ecclesiastical records had in his time been accessible, shows that this identification is not likely to be well founded, and suggests that "by Crosse" is "no more than a pun" (Nichols: "Works," xvi, 213). The allusion is, I believe, to Silvester Crosse, a graduate of Oxford and student of the Middle Temple, who was a native of the county of Cork but resided in Dublin, where his will by a curious coincidence was made within a few weeks of the date of this letter.

³ *I.e.*, for his school.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 52.

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

[July 22, 1720.]

I AM now writing on Wednesday night, when you are hardly settled at home,¹ and it is the first hour of leisure I have had, and it may be Saturday before you have it, and then there will be Governor Huff,² and to make you more so, I here enclose a letter to poor Molkin,³ which I will command her not to show you, because it is a love-letter. I reckon by this time, the groves and fields and purling streams have made Vanessa romantic, provided poor Molkin be well.

Your friend⁴ sent me the verses he promised, which I here transcribe:

Nymph, would you learn the only art,
To keep a worthy lover's heart;
First, to adorn your person well,
In utmost cleanliness excel:
And though you must the fashions take,
Observe them but for fashion's sake:
The strongest reason will submit
To virtue, honour, sense, and wit:
To such a nymph, the wise and good
Cannot be faithless, if they would,
For vices all have different ends,
But virtue still to virtue tends;
And when your lover is not true,
'Tis virtue fails in him, or you:
And either he deserves disdain,
Or you without a cause complain;
But here Vanessa cannot err,
Nor are those rules applied to her:

¹ At Celbridge (*supra*, p. 35, n. 1) whither Vanessa had evidently gone from Dublin only a few days before.

² This nickname had no doubt been given to Vanessa by Swift in consequence of the temper which she displayed when she had reason to think that he had forgotten her.

³ The delicacy of Vanessa's sister (*supra*, vol. i, p. 306), who died in the following year, had then increased to an alarming extent. There seems ground to think that she had remained at Celbridge until

For who could such a nymph forsake,
Except a blockhead, or a rake;
Or how could she her heart bestow,
Except where wit and virtue grow.

In my opinion, these lines are too grave, and herefore, may fit you, who, I fear, are in the spleen; but that is not fit either for yourself, or the person you tend,¹ to whom you ought to read diverting things. Here is an epigram that concerns you not:

Dorinda dreams of dress a-bed,
'Tis all her thought and art;
Her lace hath got within her head,
Her stays stick to her heart.

If you do not like these things, what must I say? This town yields no better. The questions which you were used to ask me, you may suppose to be all answered, just as they used to be after half an hour's debate: *Entendez vous cela?* You are to have a number of parsons in your neighbourhood, but not one that you love, for your age of loving parsons is not yet arrived.² What this letter wants in length, it will have in difficulty, for I believe you cannot read it. I will write plainer to Molkin, because she is not much used to my hand. I hold a wager, there are some lines in this letter you will not understand, though you can read them; so drink your coffee,³ and remember you are a

¹ *I.e.*, her sister.

² It is possible that there is here a covert allusion to her rejection of offers of marriage from clerical quarters (*supra*, p. 34, n. 2). According to Deane Swift ("Essay," p. 276) in addition to the offer of marriage already mentioned, which came from a member of a Meath family, the Rev. Sankey Winter, then Archdeacon of Killala and afterwards Dean of Kildare, Vanessa might have had one from the vicar of Celbridge in her time, an ecclesiastic who became eventually Archbishop of Cashel. If Bishop Evans's account of Vanessa's last moments ("Prose Works," xii, 95) is to be believed, the future prelate found, however, before her death, that he had set his affections on a very unworthy object. Speaking of the rumour that she lived "without God in the world," the Bishop says: "When Dean Price, the minister of her parish, offered her his services in her last minutes, she sent him word, 'no Price, no Prayers,' with a scrap out of the 'Tale of a Tub.'"

³ In the remaining letters from Swift to Vanessa coffee is a topic that repeatedly recurs. To "the sinister interpretation" placed upon

desperate chip, and that the lady who calls you bastard, will be ready to answer all your questions. It is now Sunday night before I could finish this.

CDL. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

[August 4, 1720.]

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel;¹ but since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather choose to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I was in great apprehension that poor Molkin was worse, and till I could be satisfied in that particular, I would not write again; but I little expected to have heard of your own ill health, and those who saw you since made no mention to me of it. I wonder what Molkin meant by showing you my letter; I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years, and since I have such ill success, I will write no more. Never was a *belle passion* so defeated, but the Governor² I hear is jealous, and upon your word you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping, do your duty, and leave off your huffing.

One would imagine you were in love, by dating your letter August 29th, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your

p. xxv), and has given reasons for holding an opposite opinion. On the one hand it cannot be denied that there are references which it is very difficult to dissociate from a bad meaning, and which, as Dr. Lane-Poole says ("Fortnightly Review," lxxxvii, 331), "would read very damagingly in the Divorce Court," and on the other hand it is to be recollected that Swift delighted in mystery, and especially in evolving sentences to which more than one explanation may be given.

¹ As appears subsequently Vanessa had sent Swift a reply to the preceding letter on 29th July. In it she had apparently taken him to task for not writing sooner. The difficulties arose, of course, from Swift's desire to conceal their intimacy. See Appendix III.

thoughts to make my letter difficult. Sure Glassheel is come over, and gave me a message from J[ohn] B[arber] about the money on the jewels,³ which I will answer. Molkin will be so glad to see Glassheel; ay Molkin? Yesterday I was half way towards you, where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place.⁴ I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke thus — signifies everything that may be said to Cad, at the beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that anything written by Cad should be difficult to Skinage. I must now leave off abruptly, for I intend to send this letter to-day, August 4th.

To Miss Essy.

¹ The letter appears to have been no less difficult in regard to the handwriting than in regard to the composition (*supra*, p. 57).

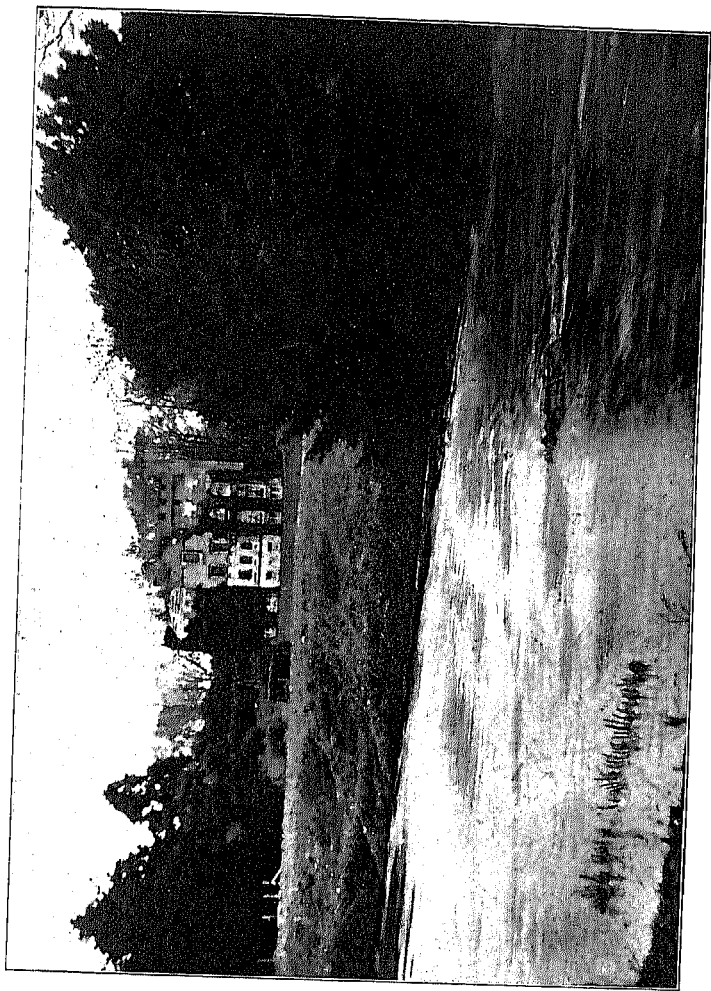
² From subsequent letters it is evident that Charles Ford (*supra*, p. 55) is the person to whom Swift alludes under this pseudonym. Like Achilles Ford was believed to be invulnerable save in an unimportant place. Of Swift's friends he was the only one who knew Stella and Vanessa equally well, and he was the one on whom Swift relied in the most trying moments of his life, those in which Stella learned that she had a rival.

³ According to Lord Orrery ("Remarks," p. 107) Vanessa and her sister had great difficulty in escaping from London owing to the state of embarrassment in which their mother had left her affairs, and only avoided bailiffs, who were watching them, by setting out on a Sunday. Before her departure Vanessa had probably acted on Swift's suggestion (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 173) as far as was possible, and had made such use of Barber that she was obliged to give her jewellery as security for the money which she had borrowed.

⁴ As will be seen subsequently it was not until after that time that Swift visited Vanessa at Celbridge.

— CAD, you are good beyond expression,¹ and I will never quarrel again if I can help it; but, with submission, it is you that are so hard to be pleased, though you complain of me. I thought the last letter I wrote you, was obscure and constrained enough. I took pains to write it after your manner; it would have been much easier for me to have wrote otherwise. I am not so unreasonable as to expect you should keep your word to a day, but six or seven days are great odds. Why should your apprehensions for Molkin hinder you from writing to me? I think you should have wrote the sooner to have comforted me. Molkin is better, but in a very weak way. Though those who saw me told you nothing of my illness, I do assure you I was for twenty-four hours as ill as it was possible to be, and live. You wrong me when you say, I did not find that you answered my questions to my satisfaction; what I said was, I had asked those questions as you bid, but could not find them answered to my satisfaction. How could they be answered in absence, since Somnus is not my friend? We have had a vast deal of thunder and lightning; where do you think I wished to be then, and do you think that was the only time I wished so, since I saw you? I am sorry my jealousy should hinder you from writing more love-letters; for I must chide sometimes, and I wish I could gain by it at this instant, as I have done, and hope to do. Is my dating my letter wrong the only sign of my being in love? Pray tell me, did not you wish to come where that road to the left would have led you? I am mightily pleased to hear you talk of being in a huff; it is the first time you ever told me so. I wish I could see you in one. I am now as happy as I can be without seeing — Cad. I beg you will continue happiness to your own Skinage.

¹ As will be seen this letter is an answer to the preceding one.



A VIEW IN THE GROUNDS OF VANESSA'S HOUSE AT CELBRIDGE

From a photograph by Mr. Thomas J. Westropp, M.A. Dubl.

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

August 13, 1720.

I APPREHENDED, on the return of the porter I sent with my last letter,¹ that it would miscarry, because I saw the rogue was drunk; but yours² made me easy. I must neither write to Molkin, nor not write to her. You are like Lord Pembroke, who would neither go nor stay.³ Glassheel talks of going to see you, and taking me with him, as he goes to his country house.⁴ I find you have company with you these two or three days; I hope they are diverting, at least to poor Molkin. Why should Cad's letters be difficult? I assure you [Vanessa]'s are not [at] all. I am vexed that the weather hinders you from any pleasure in the country, because walking, I believe, would be of good use to you and Molkin. I reckon you will return a prodigious scholar, a most admirable nurse-keeper, a perfect housewife, and a great drinker of coffee.

I have asked, and am assured there is not one beech in all your groves to carve a name on, nor purling stream for love or money, except a great river⁵ which sometimes roars, but never murmurs, just like Governor Huff.⁶ We live here in a very dull town, every valuable creature absent, and Cad says he is weary of it, and would rather drink his coffee on the barrenest mountain in Wales, than be king here:

A fig for partridges and quails—
Ye dainties, I know nothing of ye;
But on the highest mount in Wales
Would choose in peace to drink my coffee.

¹ *Supra*, p. 58.

² *Supra*, p. 60.

³ The allusion is possibly to the neutral position which Swift's old friend had occupied in political life since his retirement from the Admiralty (*supra*, vol. i, p. 177). He was suggested by Archbishop King (25 August, 1715) as a possible successor to Sunderland in the viceroyalty.

⁴ Ford's residence, Wood Park, in the county of Meath, has been already mentioned in the annotation (*supra*, vol. i, p. 339), and is described by Sir Frederick Falkiner in his "Essay on the Portraits of Swift" ("Prose Works," xii, 68). Although not on the direct road from Dublin, Celbridge lay in the same direction.

⁵ *I.e.* the Liffey (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 253, n. 4).

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And you know very well that coffee makes us severe, and grave, and philosophical.

What would you give to have the history of Cad[enus] and [Vanessa], exactly written, through all its steps, from the beginning to this time? I believe it would do well in verse, and be as long as the other. I hope it will be done. It ought to be an exact chronicle of twelve years from [December 1707], the time of spilling of coffee, to drinking of coffee, from Dunstable to Dublin, with every single passage since.¹ There would be the chapter of Madame going to Kensington;² the chapter of the blister;³ the chapter of the Colonel going to France;⁴ the chapter of the wedding, with the adventures of the lost key; of the sham; of the joyful return; two hundred chapters of madness; the chapter of long walks; the Berkshire surprise;⁵ fifty chapters of little times; the chapter of Chelsea;⁶ the chapter of swallow and cluster;⁷ a hundred whole books of myself, etc.; the chapter of hide and whisper; the chapter of who made it so; my sister's money.

Cad bids me tell you, that if you complain of difficult writing, he will give you enough of it. See how much I have written without saying one word of Molkin; and you

¹ It was evidently when the Vanhomrigh family were travelling from Dublin to take up their residence in London (*supra*, vol. i, p. 390) that the coffee was spilt by Vanessa at Dunstable for traces of which Swift had afterwards sought in vain (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 45). The accident appears to have been considered a premonition of the friendship between Vanessa and Swift in which coffee plays so large a part (*supra*, p. 57, n. 3). Although it does not seem to me possible that they can have met at Dunstable, the fact that Swift went to England about the same time as the Vanhomrighs is worthy of notice (*supra*, vol. i, p. 63).

² Possibly this may be an allusion to a visit which Vanessa paid Swift while he was at Kensington in the summer of 1712 (*supra*, vol. i, p. 329).

³ This incident may have occurred also at that time when Swift was in bad health.

⁴ To the visit of Vanessa's brother to France there has been more than one reference (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 60).

⁵ *I.e.*, the expedition which Vanessa made to Letcombe (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 234).

⁶ As Swift appears now to retrace his steps and treat of passages of minor importance, there is a possibility that this is a reference to his

desire him to be in no pain about his money.¹ I will take not one word of notice of his riches, on purpose to vex him. If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.² I delivered your letter, enclosed, to our friend,³ who happened to be with me when I received it. I find you are very much in his good grace, for he said a million of fine things upon it, though he would let nobody read a word of it but himself, though I was so kind to show him yours to me, as well as this, which he has laid a crown with me you will not understand, which is pretty odd for one that sets up for so high an opinion of your good sense. I am ever, with the greatest truth,

Yours, etc.

CDLIII. [*Scott.*]

MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH TO SWIFT

Celbridge [*August 14*], 1720.

— CAD, is it possible that you will come and see me?⁴ I beg for God's sake you will; I would give the world to see you here, and Molkin would be extremely happy. Do you think the time long since I saw you? I did design seeing you this week, but will not stir in hopes of your coming here.⁵ I beg you will write two or three words by the bearer, to let me know if you think you will come this week. I shall have the note to-night. You make me happy beyond expression by your goodness. It would be too much once to hope for such a history; if you had lain a thousand pounds that I should not understand your letter, you had lost it. Tell me sincerely did those circumstances crowd on you, or did you recollect them only to make me happy?

¹ *Supra*, p. 59.

² This reflection is introduced into Arbuthnot's epitaph on Charteris, and was probably borrowed from Swift.

³ *I.e.*, Charles Ford.

⁴ Although undated, there can be no doubt that this letter is an answer to the preceding one.

⁵ It is evident from this sentence that Vanessa used to come to Dublin for the purpose of seeing Swift.

SWIFT TO SIR THOMAS HANMER

Dublin, *October 1, 1720.*SIR,²

THERE is a little affair that I engaged some friends of mine to trouble you about, but am not perfectly informed what progress they have made. Last term, one Waters, a printer, was accused and tried for printing a pamphlet persuading the people here to wear their own manufactures exclusive of any from England, with some complaints of the hardships they lie under.³ There was nothing in the

¹ "The Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer," edited by Sir Henry Bunbury, London, 1838, p. 190. The original letter was a few years ago in the possession of Messrs. Maggs, 172, Strand.

² Hanmer (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 205) had been deposed from the Speaker's chair after the accession of George I, but retained a seat in the House of Commons.

³ The "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture" ("Prose Works," vii, 15), which was the first of the series of pamphlets that gained for Swift fame as an Irish patriot, had been issued about five months before this letter was written. It was represented by Swift as an economic treatise, but it was in reality a contribution to the political controversy of the hour in Ireland. One need go no farther than the title to find an incitement to party passion: "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture in Cloaths and Furniture of Houses, etc., utterly Rejecting and Renouncing Every Thing wearable that comes from England." Swift believed that as there was no prospect of the return of his own friends to power the proceedings of the legislature no longer possessed interest for him, but he had only transferred his attention from the questions which divided Whig and Tory to those which separated the Irish interest from the English interest. It was impossible for one to whom politics were as the breath of his nostrils not to concern himself in the government of the country in which he lived, and Delaney, who is the best informed authority as to that period of Swift's life, says ("Observations," p. 72) that the subjects of which the Proposal treats had for a considerable time been the topic of Swift's conversation and even of his sermons. The political importance of the pamphlet was further increased by the moment selected for its appearance. Discontent was then general in Ireland. During the last session of her Parliament, through the influence of the English interest, a bill granting a measure of toleration to the

pamphlet either of Whig or Tory, or reflecting upon any person whatsoever; but the Chancellor, afraid of losing his office¹ and the Chief Justice, desirous to come into it,² were both vying who should show their zeal most to discountenance the pamphlet.³ The printer was tried with a jury of the most violent party men, who yet brought him in not guilty, but were sent back nine times, and at last brought in a special verdict, so that the man is to be tried again next term.⁴

The Whigs in general were for the pamphlet, though it be a weak, hasty scribble, and generally abominated the proceeding of the Justice, particularly all the Bishops ex-

a few weeks before the pamphlet was published the British Parliament had determined, to use the words of Archbishop King, "the enslavement of Ireland" in the act withdrawing from her House of Lords all right of appellate jurisdiction.

¹ During the ten years that he occupied the Irish woolsock, Lord Midleton (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 370, n. 2) was denounced perpetually either by one party or the other, and according to popular rumour was in momentary danger of being superseded. Apart from the difficulty of reconciling his Irish friends to the measures of the government, his position was a complicated one owing to the fact that he was in the anomalous circumstances of being as well as Chancellor of Ireland a member of the British House of Commons, which involved him in the controversies of that assembly.

² Notwithstanding the very unfavourable light in which he appears in connection with Swift, William Whitshed, who had been appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland on the accession of George I, was held in high esteem by many of his contemporaries, and is represented by them as a man of judgement, eminent in virtue and knowledge, and possessed of social charm. He had many friends amongst the bishops, who sought his advice on ecclesiastical as well as civil affairs, and as one of Archbishop Wake's correspondents says, was hand in glove with Archbishop King. It had long been rumoured that he was undermining Lord Midleton, to whom an unbiassed observer considered, however, he was by no means equal.

³ The treatise was presented, Swift says ("Prose Works," vii, 193) by the grand juries of the City and County of Dublin as a scandalous, seditious, and factious libel. Writing on 11 June the Duke of Bolton tells the authorities in Dublin that the King is very well pleased with the commendable spirit which appeared in the treatment of so infamous a pamphlet (Departmental Correspondence in P. R. O. of Ireland).

⁴ On 7 July Bishop Evans wrote to Archbishop Wake: "Waters, the printer's jury, after being sent back eight times, brought in a special verdict though he owned the printing and publishing the vile

cept the late ones from England,¹ the Duke of Wharton,² Lord Molesworth, and many others. Now if the Chief Justice continue his keenness, the man may be severely punished; but the business may be inconvenient, because I am looked on as the author, and my desire to you is that you would please to prevail on the Duke of Grafton³ to write to the Chief Justice to let the matter drop, which I believe his Grace would easily do on your application, if he knew that I truly represented the matter, for which I appeal both to the Duke of Wharton and Lord Molesworth. I have the honour to be many years known to his Grace, and I believe him ready to do a thing of good nature as well as justice, and for yourself I am confident that you will be ready to give me this mark of your favour, having received so many instances of it in former times. I beg you will excuse the trouble I give you, and believe me to be with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

To the Honourable Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart., at his house in the Pall Mall, London.

¹ Since the accession of George I, in addition to Bishop Evans, Timothy Godwin, William Nicolson, and Henry Downes had been appointed to the Irish episcopal bench, as bishops respectively of Kilmore, Derry, and Killala, direct from the English Church, and were unceasing in their efforts to promote the English interest.

² The Duke of Wharton (*supra*, p. 1) had again visited Ireland that summer for the purpose of selling his Irish estate, which he had derived through his mother, who was a Loftus. It was reported that he had in two days sold the entire estate for a hundred and thirty thousand pounds which was calculated to be nearly forty years' purchase (Bishop Nicolson's "Letters," ii, 528).

³ Charles, second Duke of Grafton (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 318) was about to return to Ireland in the capacity of Lord Lieutenant. As Hanmer was his stepfather it was possible for him to approach the Duke when others could not. Swift's reference to the Duke's mother as a lady who wore a high headdress, and looked like a mad woman in it, will be recalled ("Prose Works," ii, 285).

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

October 15, 1720.

I SIT down, with the first opportunity I have, to write to you,¹ and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send the letter; for all the mornings I am plagued with impertinent visits or impertinent business below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad; and in walking to —; and to avoid spleen as far as I can; so that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be Governor,² but to impute it to my situation; and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect, esteem, and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve, because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind, and the talents that nature has given you.

I had a letter from your friend J[ohn] B[arber] in London, in answer to what I told you that Glassheel said about the money.³ J[ohn] B[arber]'s answer is, that you are a person of honour; that you need give yourself no trouble about it; that you will pay when you are able, and he shall be content till then. These are his own words, and you see he talks in the style of a very rich man, which he says he yet is, though terribly pulled down by the fall of stocks.⁴ I am glad you did not sell your annuities, unless somebody were to manage and transfer them while stocks were high.

I am in much concern for poor Molkin, and the more, because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can for both your sakes, and read pleasant things, that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with

¹ As appears from a subsequent paragraph, Swift had visited Vanessa at Celbridge since his last letter was sent (*supra*, p. 63).

² *Supra*, p. 56.

³ *Supra*, p. 63.

⁴ The value of South Sea stock had fallen in three months from £1,000 to £150. Barber was one of those who had done business for

your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Molkin more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm clothes be provided; and so it would to you, and if you lose any skin, you know Job says, Skin for skin will a man give for his life;¹ it is either Job or Satan says so, for aught you know.

October 17.

I had not a moment to finish this since I sat down to it. A person was with me just now, and interrupted me as I was going on, with telling me of great people here losing their places,² and now some more are coming about business. So adieu, till by and by, or to-morrow.

October 18.

I am getting an ill head in this cursed town for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about the garden, and then — drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Glassheel takes up abundance of my time in spite of my teeth. Everybody grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic, which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.³ I had a thousand times hear the Governor chide two hours without reason.

October 20.

The Governor was with me at six o'clock this morning, but did not stay two minutes, and deserves a chiding, which you must give when you drink your coffee next. I

¹ "And Satan answered the Lord, and said, Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life" (Job, ii, 4).

² The allusion is probably to a rumour of the removal of Lord Middleton (*supra*, p. 65, n. 1), who had opposed the English Government in regard to the Peerage Bill, and expected himself to be dismissed.

³ In his September letter Boyer (*op. cit.*, xx, 199) had thus summed up the history of the bubble: "In the compass of eight months, we have seen the rise and progress of that mighty fabric, which, being wound up by mysterious springs and artful machines to a stupendous height, had fixed the eyes and expectations of all Europe, but whose

hope to send this letter to-morrow. I am a good deal out of order in my head, after a little journey I made; ate too much I suppose, or travelling in a coach after it. I am now sitting at home alone, and will go write to Molkins. So adieu.

CDLVI. [*Original*.¹]

SIR THOMAS HANMER TO SWIFT

Mildenhall near Newmarket in Suffolk,²

October 22, 1720.

SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of a letter from you about ten days since,³ at which time the Duke of Grafton was at London; but as he was soon expected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it best, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of speaking to him, and yesterday I went over to his house,⁴ on purpose to obey your commands. I found he was not a stranger to the subject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the story very perfect, and told me, my Lord Arran had spoke to him concerning it.⁵ I added my solicitations, backed with the reasons with which you had furnished me, and he was so kind to promise, he would by this post write to the Chief Justice; how explicitly or how precisely I cannot say, because men in high posts are afraid of being positive in their answers; but I hope it will be in such a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be best that the means should be a secret by which it is brought about, and for this reason you will excuse me, if I avoid putting my name

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Mildenhall was inherited by Hanmer through his mother, and still remains in the possession of members of Hanmer's family. An extension added by him for the purposes of a library is said to mar what would be otherwise a picturesque, venerable looking mansion.

³ *Supra*, p. 64.

⁴ *I.e.*, Euston Park.

⁵ Although in communication with active Jacobites, Arran seems

to the outside of my letter, lest it should excite the curiosity of the post-office. If this affair ends to your satisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cause of hearing from you, and an occasion of assuring you that I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

THO. HANMER.

CDLVII. [*Original.*¹]

SIR CONSTANTINE PHIPPS TO SWIFT

Ormond Street, *January* 14, 1720-21.

SIR,²

HAVING been a little indisposed, I went at Christmas into the country, which prevented me from sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to Waters's case, I was informed of it; and the last term I spoke to Mr. Attorney-General about it;³ but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal case, without direction from the King; so that Waters is not likely to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have some hopes it will drop in Ireland. I think the Chief Justice should have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off so; for I believe the oldest man alive, or any law-book,

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Phipps had left Ireland immediately after his removal from office. His departure took place under circumstances which showed that his unpopularity in that country was not confined to one class or creed, and that the high-flying bishops and clergy were almost his only supporters. On the day that he was superseded as Lord Justice (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 238, n. 2) he was obliged to take refuge in the Castle of Dublin from an infuriated mob which surrounded his house, and when he was relieved of the great seal a month later, in order to avoid a repetition of this unpleasant experience, he embarked at once for England (Boyer, *op. cit.*, viii, 246, 340). After receiving from the University of Oxford an honorary degree in recognition of his devotion to the Church, Phipps resumed his practice at the English bar, but judging by his conduct of the defence of the Earl of Wintoun and Bishop Atterbury, he did not subsequently add to his reputation.

³ Evidently Swift had asked Phipps to induce the English Attorney-General to intervene on behalf of his unfortunate printer (*supra*, p. 65). Sir Robert Raymond, who had shortly before been appointed to that office, had been Solicitor-General in the reign of Queen Anne, and was

cannot give an instance of such a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the prosecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I shall be in everything, wherein I can be serviceable to that gentleman, for whom nobody has a greater esteem, than

Your most faithful humble servant,
CON. PHIPPS.

Addressed—For the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, Ireland.

CDLVIII. [*Scott*.¹]

SWIFT TO DEAN MOSSOM

Dublin, *February* 14, 1720-21.

SIR,

WHEN I had the favour of yours of the 8th instant, I was in very ill health, and am since but slowly recovering.² About five years ago I had some disputes with my Chapter, upon this occasion of my negatives,³ which was never contradicted before, nor did the members directly do it then, but by some side ways of arguing the ill consequences which might follow if it had no exceptions. This they were spirited to by the Archbishop of Tuam,⁴ who incited the Archbishop of Dublin, and who said he had long entertained an opinion against my negative. Since that they never contradicted it; and the point is, as you say, perfectly absurd. I then writ to the Bishop of Rochester, and [the] Dean of Sarum, who had been my old friends. The former distinguished between deaneries of the old and new establish-

¹ The letter was printed by Sir Walter Scott from the original, which was then in the possession of Leonard Macnally, a well-known Irish advocate at the time of the Union.

² Mossom, who was then Dean of Ossory and consequently head of Kilkenny Cathedral, had evidently been involved in disputes with his chapter, and had written to Swift for advice. He is said by Archbishop King about the same time to have been under the frowns of his Bishop owing to their disagreement "in matters relating to the public" (Archbishop King's Correspondence, 12 November, 1720).

ment, and both of them advised me to make as little stir as I could. The Dean of Sarum said positively that he had no more power in the chapter than a senior prebendary; that when he was absent, the next senior presided of course, and had only a vote. In this case, without doubt, [time] hath made it, that things may be [done] by the dean and chapter, whether the former consents or no.

But you are to understand, that the privileges and powers of the Dean of St. Patrick depend upon subsequent grants and confirmations of Popes, Parliaments, Kings, and Archbishops. Now, if your charter be much older than Edward the Fourth's time, for aught I know you may be on the foot of St. Patrick's, as that was upon the foot of Sarum, before the subsequent [grants, etc.]. There is a French Act of Parliament, Edward the Fourth, where it is recited, that whereas the Dean of St. Patrick is ordinary, etc., and has such and such privileges, etc., so that then they were known. This deanery is five hundred and three years old, and several of the dean's powers were granted in the first, second, and third century after; and the error of my opponents lay in thinking this deanery was like that of Sarum, without considering what came after. I believe your best argument will be, to insist, in general, that you copy after St. Patrick's, and if they allow that, I will provide you with power and privilege enough. It is an infallible maxim, that not one thing here is done without the dean's consent. If he proposeth, it is then left to the majority; because his proposal is his consent.

This is as much as I can send you at present, from a giddy aching head. If you command any further particulars from me, of my practice here, or any other point wherein I can do you service, you shall find me ready to obey; and I think there are few older acquaintances than you and I.¹ Believe, with great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Rev. Dr. Robert Mossom, Dean of Ossory, at Kilkenny.

¹ Mossom, who had been a fellow of Trinity College and Professor of Divinity.

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

Monday [*February 27, 1720-1.*]

I AM surprised and grieved beyond what I can express. I read your letter twice before I knew what it meant, nor can I yet well believe my eyes. Is that poor good creature dead?¹ I observed she looked a little ghastly on Saturday, but it is against the usual way for one in her case to die so sudden. For God's sake get your friends about you to advise, and to order everything in the forms. It is all you have to do. I want comfort myself in this case, and can give little. Time alone must give it you. Nothing now is your part but decency. I was wholly unprepared against so sudden an event, and pity you most of all creatures at present.

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT

Westminster, *February 28, 1720-21.*

DEAR SIR,

IF I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon that I have not writ to you, is a question, for our correspondence has been so long interrupted, that I swear I do not know which of us wrote last.³ In all cases, I assure you of my continual friendship, and kindest remembrance of you; and with great pleasure, expect the same from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminish:

¹ The long illness of Vanessa's sister (*supra*, p. 56) had evidently ended. She died probably on the day this letter was written at their Dublin residence. From the register of St. Andrew's Church in that city it appears that on the following Friday, 3 March, she was buried with her father in the churchyard. Her will, by which she bequeathed all her property to her sister, is not dated or witnessed, but was proved on 11 May following.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

I am tired with politics, and lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people, were justly put together.¹ I can send you no sort of news, that holds either connection or sense. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream; and the *bagatelle* is more solid than anything that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend, Oxford, is not well, and continues in Herefordshire. John of Bucks died last week,² and Coningsby was sent last [night] to the Tower.³ I frequently drink your health with Lord Harley, who is always the same good man, and grows daily more beloved as more universally known. I do so too with our honest and good-natured friend Ford,⁴ whom I love for many good reasons, and particularly for that he loves you.

As to the subscriptions,⁵ in which I have given you a great deal of trouble already, to make the rest of that trouble less, I desire you to send the enclosed letter to Mr. Hyde, that he may raze out the names of those gentlemen who have taken out their books, and take what convenient care he can of the remaining books. And as to the pecuniary part, I find no better way than that you will remit it, as you did the former sum, by bill of exchange. Mr. Ford likewise judges this the best and securest method.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to see you this summer? Answer me these questions. Give my service

¹ The South Sea bubble had burst completely before then, and its victims were crying out for vengeance on all who had been concerned in its promotion.

² Apart from his unswerving adherence to the Tory party, the Duke of Buckingham (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 171), the first holder of the title in the Sheffield line, found doubtless favour with Prior as well as with Pope, from his authorship of the "Essay on Poetry." Whether the breach between the Duke and Swift had ever been healed does not appear.

³ The Tories now saw with pleasure the Earl of Coningsby conveyed to the Tower as retribution for the part which he had taken in the impeachment and persecution of Oxford (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 391). Coningsby's committal was in consequence of reflections which he had made upon the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Macclesfield.

⁴ Ford (*supra*, p. 68) had doubtless returned to London before the winter had set in.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 52.

to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and esteem, dear Sir,

Yours,
M. PRIOR.

CDLXI. [*Hawkesworth.*]

MATTHEW PRIOR TO SWIFT

Westminster, April 25, 1721.

DEAR SIR,

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question.¹ A letter from you sometimes is what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those you love less, and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women,² or construing *propria quae maribus* to the country curate.³ You and I are so established authors,

¹ Swift had evidently replied to the preceding letter, and had excused himself for not writing before on the ground of wanting a congenial topic.

² "The poverty of the kingdom," writes Archbishop King on the 8th of that month, "is not to be imagined. The cry of the weavers of all sorts, linen, woollen, and silk, was intolerable. They sold and pawned all they had for bread, household stuff, clothes, looms, and tools, and there remained nothing behind but to starve. They prepared a petition to the Government and Council, who ordered them a hundred pounds and a collection in the Church. The numbers of the families belonging to the weaving trade in this condition upon inquiry are found to be near seventeen hundred, and the persons near six thousand, and no doubt but the other trades have their proportion of poor. What will come of them only God knows. It is true everybody bestirred themselves to get them a supply, the Dissenters, the Roman Catholics, the Deans and Chapters, the College, nay the Play-house gave a play to this purpose which raised seventy-three pounds, so that we have got a fund which, I hope, will amount to near fifteen hundred, but what will this be amongst so many? The gentlemen and ladies did their part by clothing themselves in the manufactures of the country. I mean many of them, which has been a great help, but still

and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the bag ~~to anything else~~, we deserved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. Dan Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn. There is one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your last¹ has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you observe of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy: that he will not come up, till the public distractions force somebody or other—whom God knows—who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him in *statu quo prius*; that, in the mean time, he has foreseen all that has happened, checkmated all the Ministry, and to divert himself at his leisure hours, he has laid all those lime-twigs for his neighbour Coningsby, that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.²

Orders" ("Prose Works," iii, 197) is dated 9 January, 1719-20, but was not published until 1721. So far as is known the "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture" was the first tract from Swift's pen which had appeared since his return to Ireland. He seems to have been, however, then seized with fresh literary zeal and issued in quick succession the "Swearer's Bank" and the "Essay on English Bubbles," which is dated 10 August, 1720, the "Right of Precedence between Physicians and Civilians," and the "Letter of Advice to a Young Poet," which is dated 1 December, 1720, as well as the one to a young clergyman ("Prose Works," xii, 134-136). With the exception of some verses to Oxford and on the threatened remission of the Test his poetical muse seems to have been also for several years, as Sheridan said (*supra*, p. 19, n. 3), dead. But it had revived during the preceding twelve months, and amongst less important poems Swift had before then written the "South Sea Project" and an Epilogue for the benefit play mentioned above ("Poetical Works," i, 120, 133).

¹ *I.e.*, Oxford.

² Coningsby (*supra*, p. 74) was Lord Lieutenant of Herefordshire, the county to which his family belonged, and it was in connection with litigation concerning the presentation to the vicarage of Leominster that he had published the pamphlet in which he had reflected upon the Earl of Macclesfield. In spite of his having made an apology, he had not yet been pardoned. It is amusing to find Archbishop King in one of his letters suggesting that the misfortunes of Coningsby and the deaths of two members of the Ministry were a just judgement upon

Things, and the way of men's judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friends' actions. Roffen¹ is more than suspected to have given up his party, as Sancho did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre*.² His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of [*le*] *Lutrin*,³ is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the Ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men than he is; and I wish our friend Harcourt were higher than he is.⁴ Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness,⁵ than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis*; and Lady Harriette, *adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of mistakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it; of the Ministers I speak, for the most part as well ecclesiastical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that I am ever,

Your friend and your servant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend Shelton, commonly called dear Dick,⁶ is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

them for their violence against Ireland in the debates upon "the enslaving Bill" (*supra*, p. 64, n. 3).

¹ *I.e.*, Bishop Atterbury.

² Atterbury was then at law with Dr. Robert Freind, the head master of Westminster School, who had not found him so delightful an inspector as Swift prophesied he would be (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 58). The Tories suspected the Bishop of trying to secure judgement in his favour by intriguing with the Whigs, and at that moment Lord Harley and Prior were doing all in their power to thwart him ("Portland Manuscripts," vii, 290-294).

³ *I.e.*, the subject of Boileau-Despréaux's poem.

⁴ "Poor blind Harcourt stands ready at the pool," writes Lord Harley, "for the good angel to move the waters, but I believe he will find nobody to help him in" ("Portland Manuscripts," v, 616). Lord Harley was, however, mistaken. A few months later Harcourt appeared as a supporter of Walpole's administration and was promoted to a viscounty.

⁵ Lord Harley's whole career contradicts such a charge; he was

Dublin, April 29, 1721.

SIR,

YOUR servant brought your letter when I was abroad, and promised to come next morning at eight but never called; so I answer it by post. You have been horribly treated, but it is a common calamity.² Do you remember a passage in a play of Molière's, *Mais que Diable avait il à faire dans cette galere?*³ What had you to do among such company? I showed your letter yesterday to the Archbishop⁴ as you desire; I mean I read the greatest part to him. He is of opinion you should take the oaths;⁵ and then complain to the government if you thought fit. But I believe neither; nor anybody can expect you would have much satisfaction, considering how such complaints are usually received.

For my own part I do not see any law of God or man forbidding us to give security to the powers that be; and private men are not to trouble themselves about titles to crowns, whatever may be their particular opinions. The abjuration is understood as the law stands; and as the law stands, none has title to the crown but the present possessor. By this argument more at length, I convinced a young gentleman of great parts and virtue; and I think I could defend myself by all the duty of a Christian to take oath to any prince in possession. For the word lawful, means according to present law in force; and let the law change ever so often, I am to act according to law, provided it neither offends faith nor morality.

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² During the two years that had elapsed since Swift sent his last letter to him (*supra*, p. 20), Chetwode had returned to Ireland and taken up his residence again at Woodbrooke. As appears from a subsequent letter, while attending the spring assizes he had come into conflict with his Whig neighbours and had been challenged to fight a duel.

³ As Birkbeck Hill says ("Unpublished Letters," p. 88) Swift quotes incorrectly from "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*" (II, xi), where the sentence reads, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"

⁴ *I.e.*, Archbishop King.

⁵ Of allegiance and abjuration.

You will find a sickly man when you come to town; and you will find all parties and persons out of humour. I envy your employments of improving bogs; and yet I envy few other employments at present. My humble service to Mrs. Chetwode and believe me to be, ever,

Sincerely yours, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington.

CDLXIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

SWIFT TO MISS HESTER JOHNSON ¹

Deanery House, Sunday Morning, *April* 30, 1721.

JACK GRATTAN said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault, how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourselves may do well enough here, but pray send it soon.² I wish you would give a body more early warning, but you must blame yourselves. Delany says he will come in the evening, and, for aught I know, Sheridan may be here at dinner. Which of you was it that undertook this frolic? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure if there be a good bottle you shall have it. I am sure I never

¹ Although Stella signs her will as Esther Johnson and is generally so called, Hester is the Christian name which appears on her monument, and as the researches of Dr. Stanley Lane-Poole have shown ("Letters and Journals of Jonathan Swift," p. 287) was the one given to her in baptism.

² This letter, the only one from Swift to Stella, besides those comprised in the Journal to her, that survives, indicates that the shadow of Vanessa did not interrupt the intercourse between Swift and his earlier friend at that period. It is evident that before then Stella had become familiar with Swift's inner circle of Tory friends, and that meetings at dinner were constantly being arranged (cf. "Poetical Works," i, 96, n. 2). The present letter, which is a reply to an ima-

Margoose, and not Mergoose;¹ it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton. No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the Archdeacon got home safe, and I hope you took care of him.² It was his own fault; how could I know where he was, and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose, I told Delany I would.

Endorsed by Stella—An answer to no letter.

CDLXIV. [*Copy.*³]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, May 9, 1721.

SIR,

I DID not answer your last⁴ because I would take time to consider it. I told the Archbishop what you had done, that you had taken the oaths, etc., and then I mentioned the fact about Wall who brought a challenge, etc., though you did not tell from whom,⁵ and whether you should

¹ Swift doubtless knew that the famous Margaux was in no way allied to a goose, and subsequently makes use of the word simpleton to draw attention to his jest. He appears, however, to have been in the habit of spelling the word *Margoux*. See "Poetical Works," i, 131.

² This sentence would seem to imply that Stella and her companion were living with Archdeacon Walls and his wife as they were undoubtedly some years before (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 279).

³ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

⁴ A reply to Swift's letter of 29 April (*supra*, p. 78).

⁵ The challenge to fight a duel was probably brought to Swift by William Wall of Maryborough, a gentleman who displays in his will a militant spirit against even those of his own household. The challenger, as appears from an endorsement, was Colonel Robert Pigott, of Dysart, from whose family the Lords Carew trace descent. In a curious and interesting autobiography of a contemporary Queen's county magnate, Pigott is described ("Journal of the County Kildare Archaeological Society," v, 256) as "a most violent man in his friendships and enmities, and also violent in his principles," who would brook no contradiction. He is said to have been "a man of no learning nor knowledge in books," but to have seen much of the world,

apply to have him put out of the commission.¹ The Archbishop said he thought you ought to let the matter rest a while, and when you have done so, and get your materials ready and that it appears not to be a sudden heat, he did hope the Chancellor would do you justice.

As to the business of Sandes² going about for hands I know not what to say. That was rather a scoundrel than an illegal thing, and probably will be thought merit and zeal rather than a fault. I take your part to be only despising it; as you ought to do the bravery of his brother, and his manner of celebrating it. For my own part, and I do not say it as a divine, there is nothing I have greater contempt for than what is usually styled bravery, which really consists in never giving just offence, and yet by a general demeanour make it appear that we do not want courage, though our hand is not every hour at our hilt. I believe your courage has never been suspected, and before I knew you I had heard you were rather much too warm, and you may take what Sandes said as a compliment that his brother's bravery appeared by venturing to quarrel with you.

You are to know that few persons have less credit with the present powers than the Archbishop,³ and therefore the redress you are to expect must be from the justice of those who have it in their way to do you right; I mean those at the helm, or rather who have their little finger at the helm, which however is enough for your use, if they will

and to have been "a diverting companion and very agreeable when he pleased."

¹ Of the peace.

² Lancelot Sandes, of Kilkevan, who married a sister of Colonel Pigott. To him Pole Cosby, the author of the autobiography, thus refers (*op. cit.*, p. 254): "He was of no great parts or sense, but well enough; he was good-humoured to his own, but rough, unpolished, and always spoke whatever was uppermost, and a disobliging, shocking thing he would never fail telling even to a person's face; a mere county squire; I know no perfections, only that he did provide and manage very well for his family, and did increase his fortune very considerably to what it was, and lived very plentifully and hospitably, and did entertain his friends heartily and cheerfully."

³ Archbishop King had been omitted from the number of the Lords

but apply it. But in great matters of government the Lord-Lieutenant¹ does all, and these folks² cannot make a vicar or an ensign. I am,

Your etc.,

J. S.

My humble service to your lady.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington.

Endorsed—Upon the subject of my quarrel with Colonel Pigott about Maryborough Assizes.

CDLXV. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS WALLIS

Dublin, *May* 18, 1721.

SIR,³

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the Bishop's circular enclosed,⁴ for which I thank you, and yet I will not pretend to know anything of it, and hope you have not told anybody what you did. I should be glad enough to be at the visitation, not out of any love to the business or the person, but to do my part in preventing any mischief. But in truth my health will not suffer it, and you, who are to be my proxy, may safely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the Bishop would not be dissatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himself airs when he finds I am not there. I now employ myself in getting you a companion to cure your spleen. I am,

Your faithful humble servant,

J. S.

¹ *I.e.*, the Duke of Grafton.

² *I.e.*, the Lords Justices, Lord Midleton and Speaker Conolly.

³ The recipient was vicar of Athboy, a benefice which he held for thirty-three years from 1713 to 1746. It seems probable from a subsequent reference that both Swift and "the ladies" had been Wallis's guests before this letter was written.

⁴ Bishop Evans was again about to hold a visitation (*supra*, p. 37), and in connection with it had issued a circular which was, naturally,

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *June 10, 1721.*

SIR,

I RECEIVED both your letters ² and the reason why I did not answer the first was because I thought I had said all I had to say upon the occasion, both as to the Archbishop's opinion and my own. But if that reason had not been sufficient there was another, and a better, or rather a worse, for I have been this last fortnight as miserable as a man can possibly be with an ague, and after vomiting, sweating and Jesuit's bark,³ I got out to-day, but have been since my beginning to recover, so right seized with a daily headache, that I am but a very scurvy recovered man. I suppose you may write to the Chancellor and tell him the full story, and leave the rest to him.

As to your building I can only advise you to ask advice, to go on slowly, and to have your house on paper before you put it into lime and stone.⁴ I design in a very few days to go somewhere into the country, perhaps to Gaulstown. I have been seven years getting a horse and have lost a hundred pounds by buying without success. Sheridan has got his horses again, and I recovered one that my servant had lost. Everybody can get horses but I. There is a paper called *Mist* come out, just before May 29th, terribly severe.⁵ It is not here to be had. The printer was called before the

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² In answer to Swift's letter of 9 May (*supra*, p. 80).

³ Cinchona or Peruvian bark.

⁴ Chetwode had evidently once more embarked in building operations at Woodbrooke (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 272).

⁵ The reference is to "The Weekly Journal or Saturday's Post, with Freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic," which was published by Nathaniel Mist (*supra*, p. 12, n. 3). It is curious that Swift had not before heard of the journal or its publisher. The journal had been in existence for several years and the publisher had already expiated attacks on the reigning house, similar to the present one, by standing in the pillory. He afterwards reprinted Swift's "Short View of the

Commons. It applies Cromwell and his son to the present Court.¹ White roses we have heard nothing of to-day.²

I am your most obedient, etc.,

J. S.

My head is too ill to write or think.

Endorsed—Swift dated at Dublin June 10th, 1721; the Archbishop's and his own opinion of the prosecution³ against me.

CDLXVII. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

Gaulstown, near Kinnegad, *July 5, 1721.*

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had more than ordinary mind to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last, though I hope I left you in a better.⁴ I must here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences in the world to, if all the advantages in life can be any defence against it. Cad assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life, but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men in all ages have thought

¹ The application was not direct, but was no doubt intended. There was no ambiguity, however, about reflections on the throne in connection with the South Sea scandals.

² Swift was writing on the Pretender's birthday, when white roses were worn by the Jacobites. From an extract given by Birkbeck Hill (*op. cit.*, p. 98) it would appear that there were often conflicts in Dublin between the lower class Roman Catholics and Protestants on that day.

³ One was instituted in consequence of what had taken place at the assizes (*supra*, p. 80).

⁴ Swift had probably come to Gaulstown not long after writing the preceding letter. He had doubtless seen Vanessa several times since

fools and impertinents, to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking your coffee,¹ and [become] so low as to have no spirits.

I answer all your questions that you were used to ask Cad, and he protests he answers them in the affirmative. How go your law affairs?² You were once a good lawyer, but Cad hath spoiled you. I had a weary journey in an Irish stage coach,³ but am pretty well since. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulation, or else Cad shall know it and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deep employed in other folks' plantations and ditchings as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise to make Cad and yourself miserable. Settle your affairs and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire.⁴ I can say no more, being called away; *mais soyez assurée que jamais personne du monde a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous*. I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend till I see you again;⁵ there is none worth drinking but yours, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

¹ *Supra*, p. 57, n. 3.

² *Supra*, p. 35.

³ It was probably of most primitive construction. The allusion is the earliest which I know to the use in Ireland of a public conveyance by a man of Swift's rank.

⁴ From this sentence it may be concluded that Swift tried to keep alive the idea of Vanessa's returning to live in London, of which Archbishop King had so much disapproved (*supra*, p. 34, n. 2).

⁵ These words can hardly have an ulterior meaning (*supra*, p. 57, n. 3).

SWIFT TO BISHOP EVANS

July 5, 1721.

MY LORD,

I HAVE received an account of your Lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation,¹ with several circumstances of personal reflections on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the justice and Christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness, that since Friday the 26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to make use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time, I must be plain to tell you, that if this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago,² and the motives which occasioned it, because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren, or myself; and by the grace of God, I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasions, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your Lordship is in that diocese, and I a member of it, in which resolution I could not conceive but your Lordship would be easy, because, although my presence might possibly contribute to your real, at least future, interest, I was sure it could not to your present satisfaction.

If I had had the happiness to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the diocese, of your Lordship's principles, I should have desired him to represent me, with hopes of better success; but I wish you would sometimes think it convenient to distinguish men, as well as principles, and not to look upon every person, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if —³

I have the honour to be ordinary over a considerable

¹ No doubt from Wallis (*supra*, p. 82).

² *Supra*, p. 9, n. 3.

number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the same obedience as I owe to your Lordship, and are equally bound to attend my visitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predecessors, to my knowledge, did ever refuse a regular proxy.

I am only sorry that you, who are of a country¹ famed for good nature, have found a way to unite the hasty passion of your own countrymen, with the long, sedate resentment of a Spaniard; but I have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party, than complexion.² I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble servant.

CDLXIX. [*Scott.*]

MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH TO SWIFT

[*July, 1721*].

— CAD, I am, and cannot avoid being in the spleen to the last degree.³ Everything combines to make me so. Is it not very hard to have so good a fortune as I have, and yet no more command of that fortune, than if I had no title to

¹ *I.e.*, Wales.

² Bishop Evans was two months later caused much annoyance by an attack made upon him in a letter sent from Dublin to the London press, and believed that under the pseudonym of Thomas Strangways Swift's hand was concealed. The feeble attempt which Evans made, when writing to Archbishop Wake, to disprove the statements in the letter, the original of which he obtained from the publisher, shows what an easy target he was for one of Swift's powers: "I verily believe Jonathan Swift is the inditer of the letter, which is so full of falsities in fact that I am not much moved when I read the prints; only it grieved me that the villain said I changed my principles. I was Rector of a parish soon after I was in priest's orders, and bachelor of arts before, or about, the time Barrow was Bishop of St. Asaph; my father died nine years before I left school and my mother, though she had other children, never sent me less than thirty pounds for my maintenance in Oxford besides the charges of my degrees, without the assistance of anyone living. I will not trouble your Grace any more on these heads. The letter has many other things in it relating to my conduct here, which the whole town, etc., know to be scandalously untrue, and the printers would not put them in" (Archbishop Wake's Correspondence, 16 September, 1721).

³ This letter is evidently a reply to the one Swift had written to

it? One of the D[octo]rs¹ is — I do not know what to call him. He behaved himself so abominably to me the other day, that had I been a man he should have heard more of it. In short he does nothing but trifle and make excuses. I really believe he heartily repents that ever he undertook it, since he heard the counsel first plead, finding his friend more in the wrong than he imagined. Here am I obliged to stay in this odious town, attending and losing my health and humour. Yet this and all other disappointments in life I can bear with ease, but that of being neglected by — Cad. He has often told me that the best maxim in life, and always held by the wisest in all ages, is to seize the moments as they fly, but those happy moments always fly out of the reach of the unfortunate. Pray tell — Cad, I do not remember any angry passages in my letter, and I am very sorry if they appeared so to him. Spleen I cannot help, so you must excuse it. I do all I can to get the better of it; and it is too strong for me. I have read more since I saw Cad, than I did in a great while past, and chose those books that required most attention, on purpose to engage my thoughts, but I find the more I think the more unhappy I am.

I had once a mind not to have wrote to you, for fear of making you uneasy to find me so dull, but I could not keep to that resolution, for the pleasure of writing to you. The satisfaction I have in your remembering me, when you read my letters, and the delight I have in expecting one from — Cad, makes me rather choose to give you some uneasiness, than to add to my own.

CDLXX. [*Original*²]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

July 21 [O.S. 10], 1721.

I NEVER was so angry in all my life, as I was with you last week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of June. The extreme pleasure it gave me takes away all the excuses

¹ Probably Dr. John Smith.

which I had invented for your long neglect.¹ I design to return my humble thanks to those men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and earnestly to entreat them, instead of tossing you in the person of your proxy,² who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toss you in your proper person, the next time you offend, by going about to talk sense or to do good to the rabble. Is it possible that one of your age and profession should be ignorant, that this monstrous beast has passions to be moved, but no reason to be appealed to, and that plain truth will influence half a score men at most in a nation, or an age, while mystery will lead millions by the nose?

Dear Jonathan, since you cannot resolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and senates have decided to be orthodox, instead of what private opinion suggests, leave off instructing the citizens of Dublin. Believe me, there is more pleasure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendship, than in taking care of the State. Fools and knaves are generally best fitted for the last, and none but men of sense and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to pass, that you, who have sense though you have wit, and virtue though you have kept bad company in your time, should be so surprised that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after seven years absence?

*Anni prædantur euntes,*³ say you, and time will lop off my luxuriant branches; perhaps it will be so. But I have put the pruning hook into a hand which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some superfluous twigs are every day cut, and as they lessen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendship, shoots, swells, and spreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly said, when he told you that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have resolved to think two minutes a-day about stocks, to flatter Law⁴ half an hour a-week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved

¹ Presumably there had been no correspondence between them for two years (*supra*, p. 40).

nor valued, certain it is that I might have gained immensely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of these kinds, which France furnished, and which England sent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any secret, very negligently, and if I have secured enough to content me, it is because I was soon contented. I am sorry to hear you confess, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, sink into your heart, the proper seat of passions. Plato, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be desirable; but he declared, as you have read in Diogenes Laërtius: *Ea etsi non afuerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore sapientem*.¹ You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journeys into Sicily² with this maxim, especially since he got fourscore talents of the tyrant. But I can assure you, that he went to the elder Dionysius only to buy books,³ and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women, and children, to try his Utopia.⁴ Aristippus was in Sicily at the same time; and there passed some Billingsgate between these reverend persons. This philosopher had a much stronger fancy to grow rich than Plato; he flattered, he cracked jests, and danced over a stick to get some of the Sicilian gold,⁵ but still even he took care, *sibi res, non se rebus submittere*.⁶ And I remember, with great edification, how he reprov'd one of his catechumens, who blushed, and shrunk back, when his master showed him the way to the bawdy-house: *Non ingredi turpe est, sed egredi non posse turpe est*.⁷ The conclusion of all this is; *un honnête homme* ought to have *cent mille livres de rente*, if you please; but a wise man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuse riches, when they offer themselves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without suffering it to become necessary to us. And, to finish with one of Seneca's quaint sentences, let us place it so, that fortune may take it without tearing it from us.⁸

¹ Diogenes Laërtius: "De Vitis Clarorum Philosophorum," ed. Meibomius (Amsterdam, 1692), p. 213.

² He made three. The allusion is to the first two.

³ Diogenes, *op. cit.*, p. 127.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 178.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 125.

⁶ Hor., "Ep." i, 1, 19.

⁷ Diogenes, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

The passage you mention does follow that which I quoted to you,¹ and the advice is good. Solon thought so; nay, he went further; and you remember the reason he gave for sitting in the council of Pisistratus,² whom he had done his utmost to oppose, and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epistle is not writ by Cicero, as you seem to think. It is, if I mistake not, an epistle of Dolabella's to him. Cato, you say, would not be of the same mind. Cato is a most venerable name, and Dolabella was but a scoundrel with wit and valour, and yet there is better sense, nay, there is more virtue, in what Dolabella advises, than in the conduct of Cato. I must own my weakness to you. This Cato, so sung by Lucan in every page, and so much better sung by Virgil in half a line,³ strikes me with no great respect. When I see him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furnishes, I call to mind that image of him which Tully gives in one of his letters to Atticus, or to somebody else; where he says, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the senate, they made Cato rise to speak, and that he talked till the hour of proposing matters was over.⁴ Tully insinuates that they often made this use of him. Does not the moving picture shift? Do you not behold Clarke of Taunton-Dean,⁵ in the gown of a Roman senator, sending out the members to ****? The censor used sharp medicines, but, in his time, the patient had strength to bear them. The second Cato inherited this receipt without his skill; and like a true quack, he gave the remedy, because it was his only one,

is not to be found in the Excesses of Wine or of Women, nor in the Largest Prodigalities of Fortune. What she has given me, she may take away, but she shall not Tear it from me; and so long as it does not grow to me, I can part with it without Pain."

¹ Bolingbroke is referring to the quotation from Dolabella's letter to Cicero which he had sent to Swift two years before (*supra*, p. 26). The passage which Swift had mentioned is the following: "Quaecumque de tua dignitate ab imperatore erunt impetranda qua est humanitate Caesar, facillimum erit ab eo tibi ipsi impetrare."

² σὲ φημὶ πάντων τυράννων εἶναι βέλτιστον (Diogenes, *op. cit.*, p. 41).

³ "Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem" ("Aeneid," viii, 670), of which Pope says, "To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line."

⁴ "Atque erat dicturus, ad quem propter diei brevitatem perventum non est, heros ille noster Cato. Sic ego conservans rationem institutionemque nostram tueor" ("Ad Atticum," i, xvii, § 9).

when the master is a lunatic, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over Ireland with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulse, and I judge of your distemper as surely by the figures into which you cast your ink, as the learned doctor at "The Hand and Urinal" could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You say your memory declines: I believe it does, since you forget your friends, and since repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body; and what do you imagine that Plato, since you have set me upon quoting him, who thanked Heaven, that he was not a Boeotian, would have said of the *ultima Thule*?¹ Shake off your laziness, ramble over hither, and spend some months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life singular enough to hit your humour; so near the world, as to have all its conveniences; so far from the world, as to be strangers to all its inconveniences; wanting nothing which goes to the ease and happiness of life; embarrassed by nothing which is cumbersome. I dare almost venture to say, that you will like us better than the persons you live with, and that we shall be able to make you retrograde, that I may use a canonical simile, as the sun did on the dial of Hezekiah, and begin anew the twelve years which you complain are gone. We will restore to you the *nigros angusta fronte capillos*; and with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum*, *et inter vina fugam Cinaræ moerere protervae*.² *Haec est vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique*,³ and not yours.

I was going to finish with my sheet of paper; but having bethought myself, that you deserve some more punishment, and calling all my anger against you to my aid, I resolve, since I am this morning in the humour of scribbling, to make my letter at least as long as one of your sermons; and, if you do not mend, my next shall be as long as one

¹ Juv., xv, 112. ² Hor., "Ep.," i, 7, 26. ³ Hor., "Sat.," i, 6, 129.

of Dr. Manton's, who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a High-Churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You must know, that I am as busy about my hermitage, which is between the *château* and the *maison bourgeoise*, as if I was to pass my life in it, and if I could see you now and then, I should be willing enough to do so. I have in my wood the biggest and clearest spring perhaps in Europe, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows in Greek or Latin verse. I have a thousand projects about this spring, and, among others, one, which will employ some marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inscriptions; and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it shall be graved, and help to fill the table-books of Spons² and Missons³ yet to come:

Propter fidem adversus Reginam, et partes,
Intemeratè servatam,
Propter operam, in pace generali conciliandâ
Strenuè saltem navatam,
Impotentia vesanae factionis
Solum vertere coactus,
Hic ad aquae lene caput sacrae
Injustè exulat,
Dulcè vivit,
H. De B. An. &c.⁴

¹ Dr. Thomas Manton, a Presbyterian divine, who died the year before Bolingbroke was born. He has been described as a voluminous preacher, and a collection of his sermons filled six folio volumes.

² Jacques Spon was a pioneer in the exploration of the monuments of Greece, and author of many important works on archaeology.

³ Francis Maximilian Misson, who was a French refugee, accompanied the Duke of Ormond's brother on the *grand tour*. He is the author of several works which have been commended by Addison.

⁴ The merit of Bolingbroke's writings, as has been observed, lies much less in the thought than in the style and the expression, which never fail to give pleasure by their dignity and ease and often charm by their grace and animation. In that respect this inscription and one which follows are no exceptions, and justify Swift's remark, that Bolingbroke had not neglected to improve his talents by study. Although owing perhaps rather much to the poets, the inscriptions are said by a classical friend, who has read them for me, to give little occasion for emendation. In the present inscription he is of opinion that the addition of *bonas* to *partes* might more clearly express Bolingbroke's meaning, and that the substitution of *inviolata* for

Ob were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never please the ear.¹ In a proper place, before the front of the house, which I have new built, I have a mind to inscribe this piece of patchwork:

Si resipiscat patria, in patriam rediturus ;
Si non resipiscat, ubivis melius quam inter
tales cives futurus,
Hanc villam instauro et exorno :
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos casus
Et fortunae ludum insolentem
Cernere suave est.
Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens,
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate
Fruniscor.
Hic mihi vivam quod superest aut exilii
Aut aevi.²

If in a year's time you should find leisure to write to me, send me some mottoes for groves, and streams, and fine prospects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, etc. I have one for my greenhouse, and one for an alley which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The first is: *Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus aestas*. The other is: *Fallentis semita vitae*.³

You see I amuse myself *de la bagatelle* as much as you ; but here lies the difference, your *bagatelle* leads to something better, as fiddlers flourish carelessly, before they play a fine air, but mine begins, proceeds, and ends in *bagatelle*. Adieu : it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

phrases are fairly well conceived. It is evident from Swift's Latin verses (" Poetical Works," i, 142 ; ii, 302) that Bolingbroke was seeking the aid of a far less accomplished scholar, but he was no doubt impressed by the wide reading in classical literature which Swift's quotations displayed, and had no knowledge of his powers in composition.

¹ Whether *ob operam* would be cacophonous to a Roman is a question my friend will not undertake to answer, but he is not aware of any example of the collocation. He tells me that Lucretius has (i, 640) *clarus ob obscuram linguam*.

² In this inscription the only alterations my friend would suggest are the substitution of *renovo* for *instauro* and the omission of *et* before *felicis*, but he condemns the use, of the archaic word *fruniscor* as pedantry, Gellius (xvii, 2, 5) notwithstanding.

³ For the mottoes see p. 100.

I will take care that you shall have my picture, and I am simple enough to be obliged to you for asking for it. If you do not write to me soon, I hope it will fall down as soon as you have it, and break your head.

CDLXXI. [*Original*.¹]

THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND TO SWIFT

September 1, 1721.

SIR,

I DO not know how to account for your long silence,² unless your time has been taken up in making an interest with those in power here, for one of the two archbishoprics, that we heard were void,³ but I am very glad are not so. Set your heart at rest, for they are promised; and therefore you may as well write to a sister, when next you honour this kingdom with any dispatches, as to any greater people. It is a shame to think how you have neglected those of your own house. I had once determined to write to you no more, since no answer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was resolved to tease you, till at last, to be quiet, you will send me some plausible excuse at least, for never inquiring after brother or sister. I wonder when you will be good-natured enough to come and see how we do; but Ireland has such powerful charms, that I question whether you would leave it to be one of our archbishops. I was at your brother Arran's a good while this summer,⁴ and been much upon the ramble, or else you would have sooner had these just reproaches from me, whom you have no way of appeasing, but by a letter of at

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² From a subsequent letter it seems probable that Swift's reply to the Duchess's last letter to him (*supra*, p. 49) had miscarried.

³ With the exception of Tuam the Irish archbishoprics were held by prelates who either from infirmity or age were in a state to give rise to rumours as to early vacancies. There has been already reference to Primate Lindsay's ill-health (*supra*, p. 55, n. 1), Archbishop King was then often totally incapacitated from duty by the gout (*supra*, vol. i, p. 51) and Archbishop Palliser (*supra*, vol. i, p. 192, n. 1) who still held the see of Cashmere on the verge of four score years.

least four sides of paper; though I am so good a Christian, upon this occasion, as to be, notwithstanding all this ill-treatment, Sir,

Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

M. ORMOND.

CDLXXII. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Gaulstown, *September* 14, 1721.

SIR,

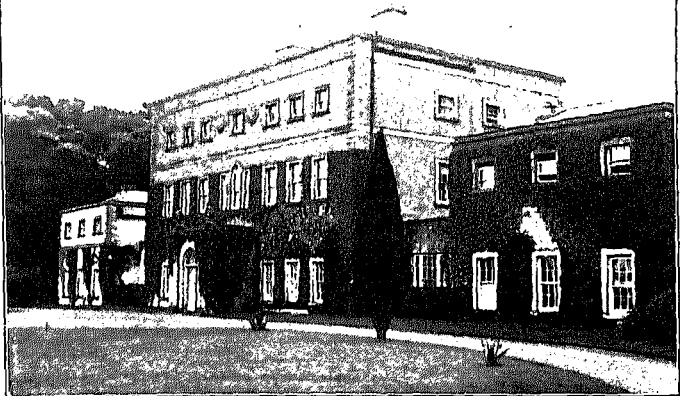
I HAVE been here these three months, and I either answered your former letter,² or else it required no answer. I left the town on a sudden, and came here in a stage coach³ merely for want of horses. I intend a short journey to Athlone,⁴ and some parts about it, and then to return to Dublin by the end of this month, when the weather will please to grow tolerable; but it hath been so bad for these ten weeks past that I have been hindered from several rambles I intended. Yours of the 5th instant was sent here last post. It was easy for you to conceive I was gone out of town considering my state of health, and it is not my talent to be unkind or forgetful, although it be my misfortune as the world runs, to be very little serviceable. I was in hopes that your affair⁵ by this time had come to some issue, or at least, that you who are a warm gentleman, like others of your temper, might have cooled by degrees. For my own part, I have learned to bear everything, and not to sail with the wind in my teeth. I think the folk in power,⁶ if they had any justice, might at least give you some honorary satisfaction, but I am a stranger

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

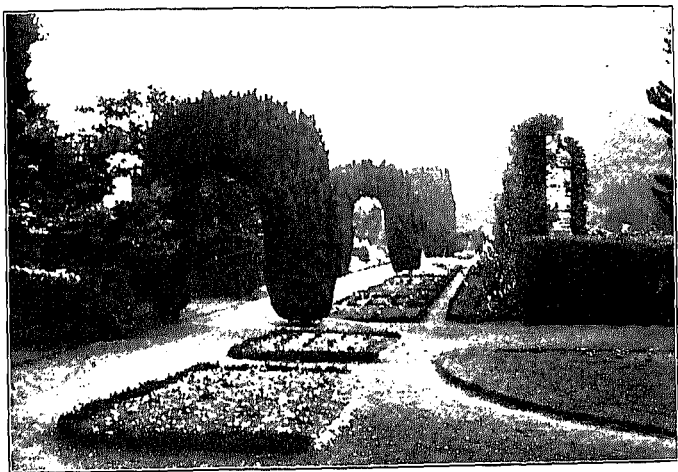
² Probably a reply to Swift's letter of 10 June (*supra*, p. 83). From a subsequent sentence it appears that Chetwode had again written to him nine days before the date of the present letter.

³ *Supra*, p. 85, n. 3.

⁴ Athlone, the scene of one of the engagements between the forces of William III and James II, is situated on the borders of the counties of Westmeath and Roscommon, and lies about ten Irish miles to the



GAULSTOWN HOUSE



THE GARDEN AT GAULSTOWN

From photographs by Mr. P. Shaw

to their justice and all their good qualities, having only received marks of their ill ones.

I had promised and intended a visit to Will Pole, and from thence would have called at Woodbrooke,¹ but there was not a single interval of weather for such an expedition. I hope you have good success with your drains and other improvements,² and I think you will do well to imitate our landlord here, who talks much of building, but is as slow as possible in the execution. Mr. Jervas is gone to England, but when I go to town I shall enquire how to write to him, and do what you desire.³ I know not a more vexatious dispute than that about meres and bounds, nor more vexatious disputants than those righteous. I suppose upon the strength of the text, that the righteous shall inherit the land. My humble service to your lady. I am,

Your most humble etc.,

J. S.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington.

Endorsed—A humorous pleasing letter.

¹ William Pole, who was a kinsman of the Devonshire baronets of that name, resided in the Queen's county at Ballyfin, which is now the seat of Sir Algernon Coote, and lies about six Irish miles to the south of Woodbrooke. He was married to a sister of Garret Wesley's cousin and heir (*supra*, vol. i, p. 180, n. 6), and had possibly become acquainted with Swift at Dangan. According to Pole Cosby (*supra*, p. 80, n. 5), who was his nephew, Pole was the first gentleman in his county, and carried out improvements at Ballyfin on a "great, grand, and expensive" scale. He is described by his nephew as a "tall and lusty bodied" man with "a large face and honest good humoured countenance," unassuming in manner and dress, of blameless life and good abilities, and of a hospitable, charitable, and affectionate disposition. His only fault in his nephew's eyes was that he did not accumulate money and allowed himself to be "too much governed by his wife who had not the best of judgements and not half his sense." If it had not been for her influence we are told he would have been "quite another sort of man" (*op. cit.*, pp. 81, 90, 176).

² *Supra*, p. 83.

³ As appears from his will, Jervas (*supra*, p. 18) was the owner of considerable property in Ireland, and stocked the lands himself. It is to some question connected with his country interests that Swift refers.

CDLXXIII. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRALL

Gaulstown, *September 14, 1721.*DEAR JACK,¹

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken shin, or falling into the lakes,² and several other trifling accidents.

Pray what have you done with the Lichfield man? Has he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his Christ Church preferment?³ I doubt Mrs. Brent will be at

¹ Since Swift wrote to Worrall eight years before (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 113) the friendship between them, to which Swift's early biographers devote so much attention, had been established. According to Delany ("Observations," p. 62), Worrall, although "the meanest man" with whom Swift conversed in Ireland, was an agreeable companion, but Deane Swift, who evidently thought it an insult to himself that his distinguished relation should have even recognized a mere "master of the song," fills eight pages ("Essay," pp. 308-316) with aspersions on Worrall, and anathemas on "The Observator" for presuming to say a single word in his favour, or to consider him in any light except that of Swift's slave. From the tone of this letter, as well as from the mode of address (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 209) it may be assumed that Worrall occupied the same place with Swift in Ireland that Barber had done in England, and that dinners in his vicar's house were a substitute for those in his printer's. Swift's former letter indicates that his acquaintance with Worrall had been only slight before he became dean, but it is to be noted that Worrall, who was a few years Swift's senior, had been in college with him, and that Swift's mother lodged at Leicester with a woman who bore the same name ("Prose Works," ii, 101; xi, 387). It is true, as Deane Swift says, that Worrall was, while in college, a sizar, but the statement that Swift called him Melchizedek because he was a foundling is not borne out by his matriculation entry, which is very explicit.

² From a subsequent reference (*infra*, p. 103) it will be seen that the water at Gaulstown was artificial, and no trace of a lake or canal is now to be found.

³ It would appear that a choice had been made between Lichfield and

a loss about her industry-books, for want of a new leaf, with a list drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey list, in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve till I come. Present my service to Mrs. Worrall. I wonder how you, and she, and your heir,² have spent the summer, and how often you have been at Dunleary,³ and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying in the country as much as ever. Desire Mrs. Brent, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatenings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them enclosed to the post-office.

I hear you have let your house to Mrs. Dopping,⁴ who will be a good tenant, if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. Worrall does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better then a boat at

¹ Swift's custom of lending money to necessitous tradespeople had begun during the great distress in Dublin in the early part of that year. His enemies, we are told by Delany ("Observations," p. 138), accused him of maintaining it for the purpose of keeping up his popularity with the weavers, but as Delany surmised, and as the letter from Prior shows (*supra*, p. 75), the fund was equally open to every other trade in the city. The interest which Swift charged was only sufficient to provide a gratuity for the accountant, who, it appears from this letter, was the universal Mrs. Brent (*supra*, p. 11), and the repayments were expected to be made out of the weekly profits of the trade "within a compass of fifty weeks." According to Dr. Johnson ("Works," Lond., 1816, xi, 32) the scheme soon dropped owing to Swift's severity and punctiliousness as a creditor, but according to Sheridan ("Life," pp. 270, 532) it lasted until Swift's reason became impaired, and was founded on too sound an economy to give occasion for such drastic measures as the man "of gigantic fame" suggests.

² A young man called Fairbrother to whom Worrall did *not* leave his money. The vials of Deane Swift's wrath ("Essay," p. 312) are poured out on that "little fox of a clergyman" for his treatment of his heir, but his account of their intercourse leaves the impression that they were a well-matched couple.

³ A seaside village to the south of Dublin, now incorporated in the modern Kingstown.

Dalkey.¹ I hope you have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town; if so, I have but an ill subdean. I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.
JON. SWIFT.

Tell Mrs. Brent, that if Lloyd agrees, I shall be glad one of his hogsheds was left unracked.

CDLXXIV. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO ARCHBISHOP KING

Gaulstown, near Kinnegad, *September 28, 1721.*

MY LORD,

I HAD the honour of your Grace's letter of the 1st instant,² and although I thought it my duty to be the last writer in corresponding with your Grace, yet I know you are so punctual, that if I should write sooner it would only be the

¹ Dalkey, which lies about three miles to the south of Kingstown and was the port of Dublin in mediaeval times, is separated by a narrow sound from a small island of the same name. In the eighteenth century the island was a favourite resort of Dublin citizens, and Worrall was evidently wont to take his wife there.

² The paragraph, of which these words are the commencement, is somewhat obscure, but it is to be inferred that Swift had written Archbishop King a letter which was not fully dated, that the Archbishop had on 1 September sent a reply which unfortunately is not forthcoming as there is a lacuna in the Archbishop's letter-book, and that Swift now acknowledges his Grace's letter. In the tone of the present letter there is a cordiality which their correspondence had not known since Swift joined the Tory party, and one has to go back fifteen years, to the time when Swift was soliciting a grant of the first fruits from the Whig Ministers, to find anything resembling it. The origin of the better feeling was their agreement on the questions which concerned Ireland. What opinion the Archbishop had expressed of the "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture" there is, so far as I have been able to find, no indication, but whether as a result of its publication, or of Swift's activity in connection with the distress amongst the weavers, there can be no doubt that the Archbishop had once more taken him into his confidence, and that in the

occasion of giving you a new trouble, before it ought in conscience to be put upon you. Besides, I was in some pain that your letter of September 1st, was not the first you had writ, because, about ten days after, a friend sent me word, that your Grace said you had writ to me six weeks before, and had no answer; whereas I can assure your Grace that I received but one from you, nor had I reason to expect it, having not done myself the honour to write to you before. I will tell you the secret of dating my letter; I was in fear lest the post should be gone, and so left a blank, and wisely huddled it up without thinking of the date, but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders, and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you seriously that you will take care of your health, to prevent a successor, that is to say, I believe you tell truth in jest; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you desire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind, for it is out of regard to the public, or some of themselves, more than upon your own account, that they wish your continuance among us. It seems you are a greater favourite of the Lieutenant's than you care to own;¹ for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and sent you a present of one.² I hear you are likely to be the sole opposer of the bank, and you will certainly miscarry, because it would prove a most perfidious thing.³ Bankrupts are always for setting up banks; how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both Houses? You are very perverse, my Lord, in misinterpreting the ladies' favour, as if you must die to obtain it. I assure you it is directly contrary, and if you die, you will lose their favour

¹ The Duke of Grafton (*supra*, p. 81, n. 3), who had landed in Ireland on 28 August and opened the Irish Parliament on 12 September, was evidently not insensible to the pleasure of popularity, and had found that it would conduce to that end to propitiate the Archbishop.

² It is the custom to send the principal functionaries in Ireland venison from the herd of deer in the Phoenix Park.

³ A project to establish a national bank in Ireland was one of the chief questions submitted to Parliament in the King's speech. It is touched upon in the concluding paragraph of the "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture" and was the origin of the tract

health.

I hear the Bishop of Bangor, despairing of doing any good with you,¹ has taken up with Hereford. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to see fifty such bishops hanged, if I could thereby have saved the life of his predecessor,² for whom I had a great esteem and friendship. I do not much approve the compliments made you by comparisons drawn from good and bad Emperors, because the inference falls short on both sides. If Julian had immediately succeeded Constantine, it would have been more to the purpose. Sir James of the Peak said to Bouchier the gamester: "Sirrah, I shall look better than you, when I have been a month in my grave."³ A great man in England was blaming me for despising somebody or other; I assured him I did not at all despise the man he mentioned, that I was not so liberal of my contempt, nor would bestow it where there was not some degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can see no proper ground of opposition between your Grace, and that wretch of Bangor. I have read indeed, that a dog was once made King of Norway, but I forgot who was his predecessor, and therefore am at a loss for the other part of the comparison.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies' tongues is no very good cure for a giddiness in the head. When your Grace, as you say, was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more easily pleased. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence, but my paper will not hold all, except Lady Betty Rochfort, your old acquaintance. I own my head and your Grace's feet would be ill joined, but give me your head and

¹ *I.e.*, of succeeding to his see. If Bishop Evans is to be believed it was not the first time that Swift had predicted the addition of Hoadly to the Irish bench. Writing to Archbishop Wake on 31 January, 1717-18 about the mortal illness of Ashe, the Bishop of Derry, Evans says: "I hear Jon. Swift etc. have given out that my successor [at Bangor] is to be there."

² William Bisse (*supra*, vol. i, p. 187, n. 3), who had been translated from St. David's to Hereford in 1713 at the time when it has been suggested Swift sought the see (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 4, n. 4).

³ Sir James of the Peak is said by Sir Walter Scott ("Works," xvi, 378) to have been sometimes called Sir James Baker, and to have been, as well as Bouchier, a notorious gambler of that time.

my Lord, and I have been a waterman, and ride after it like a post-boy, and find some little success; but *subeunt morbi tristisque senectus*.¹ I have a receipt to which you are a stranger; my Lord Oxford and Mr. Prior used to join with me in taking it, to whom I often said, when we were two hours diverting ourselves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle*. I am so deep among the workmen at Rochfort's canals and lakes, so dextrous at the oar, such an alderman after the hare —

I am just now told from some newspapers, that one of the King's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. Prior, is dead;² I pray God deliver me from many such trials. I am neither old nor philosopher enough to be indifferent at so great a loss; and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful and obedient servant,

JON. SWIFT.

CDLXXV. [*Nichols*.³]

SWIFT TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON

Dublin, October 6, 1721.

I HAD no mind to load you with the secret of my going, because you should bear none of the blame.⁴ I fell upon a supposition that Mr. Rochfort had a mind to keep me longer, which I will allow in him and you, but not one of

¹ The events at Gaulstown during Swift's long stay there that summer are described in "The Country Life" ("Poetical Works," i, 137).

² Prior died at Wimpole, his friend Lord Harley's seat, on 18 September. According to Delany ("Observations," p. 137) Swift said that Prior had one failing as a companion, namely that he left no elbow room for others.

³ The original is said to have been in the possession of the daughters of the Rev. Robert Staunton, who was a vicar-choral of the Dublin cathedrals, and a dignitary of Kildare Cathedral, in the later part of the eighteenth century.

⁴ From "The Country Life" (*supra*, n. 1) it appears that Jackson (*supra*, p. 11) had spent that summer at Gaulstown. His father refers in his will to Chief Baron Rochfort as his "worthy good friend," and evidently the friendship had descended to the next generation.

the family besides, who I confess had reason enough to be weary of a man, who entered into none of their tastes, nor pleasures, nor fancies, nor opinions, nor talk.¹ I baited at Cloncurry,² and got to Leixlip³ between three and four, saw the curiosities there, and the next morning came to Dublin by eight o'clock, and was at prayers in my Cathedral.⁴ There is a traveller. I forgot a long treatise copied by my Irish secretary, which I lent Clem Barry.⁵ Pray get it from him, and seal it up, and keep it, till you get a convenience of sending it. Desire Lady Betty to give you the old silver box that I carried the comfits in; it belongs to poor Mrs. Brent, and she asked me for it with a sigh. You may trust it with Arthur. You are now happy, and have nobody to tease you to the oar or the saddle. You can sit in your nightgown till noon without any reproaches.⁶

I left a note for you with James Doyle, with commissions which I hope you will fulfil, though you borrow the money;

¹ There may have been truth in all this, but besides, I believe, Swift had scented from afar the battle that was to rage that session round the bank, and longed to be near the political arena. One of his first visits on his arrival in Dublin was to Archbishop King; and that its result was to inspirit the opposition may be gathered from a letter which the Archbishop sent the same day to Bishop Stearne at Clogher. After begging Stearne to leave "the mortar" in which he was then deep, and to come to town without delay, the Archbishop went on to say: "The bank, the pernicious bank, is tumbling upon us, and we need your help to prevent our being overwhelmed by it. We need no South Sea to drown us, for a little water will do it. France had its Mississippi, and Britain its South Sea, but it is thought this bubble will be sufficient to do our business. All the speaking men in the House of Commons are for it, being concerned as subscribers. Many are against it, but cannot speak their minds. Dean Swift offered to lay me five guineas this morning the bill would pass, for a good natural reason to be sure, which was no other than that it was for private advantage and public mischief." It was then that Swift addressed the imitation of Horace (Ode iv, 9) to King ("Poetical Works," i, 92).

² Cloncurry, a village in the county of Kildare, lies about half-way between Gaulstown and Dublin.

³ Leixlip is about twenty-six Irish miles from Gaulstown, and eight from Dublin. It is situated on the river Liffey, and "the curiosities" to which Swift refers are a salmon leap and a castle said to date from the time of King John.

⁴ Probably a week-day service. Swift was writing on Friday.

⁵ It will be recollected that the last event recorded in "The Country Life" is the arrival of Barry (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 280) at Gaulstown.

I will certainly be out of your debt in all articles between us when you come to town, or before, if you draw a bill upon me, for now I have money and value no man. I am told your tribe here is all well, though I have seen none but Jack Jackson.

Farewell, go to cards, and lose your money with great gravity. My service to all your girls. I gave James Doyle two crowns, and a strict order to take care of ^{my}_{our} grey-colt, which I desire you will second. I had a perfect summer journey, and if I had stayed much longer, I should have certainly had a winter one, which, with weak horses and bad roads, would have been a very unpleasant thing.

Addressed—To the Rev. Mr. Jackson at Gaulstown.

CDLXXVI. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS WALLIS

Dublin, *November 3, 1721.*

SIR,

YOU stole in and out of town without seeing either the ladies or me, which was very ungratefully done, considering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you so long.¹ Why did you not call in the morning at the Deanery? Besides, we reckoned for certain that you came to stay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were so kind as to be at Laracor, where I hope you planted something, and I intend to be down after Christmas, when you must continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the use I intend to make of Laracor. All I would desire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I suppose your project would cost me ten pounds, and a constant gardener. Pray come to town, and stay some time, and repay yourself some of your dinners. I wonder how a mischief you came to miss us. Why did you not set out a Monday,² like a true country parson? Besides, you lay a

¹ There has been already reference to the visit which Swift and Wallis made to Wallis's (now's) farm. It is hardly possible that

see us, but I suppose there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the colic. Let us know whether you are more or less monkish, how long you found yourself better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to? The ladies assure you of their hearty services, and I am with great truth and sincerity,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

CDLXXVII. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *November* 11, 1721.

SIR,

I RECEIVED yours yesterday. I writ to Mr. Jervas from the country,² but have yet received no answer, nor do find that any one of his friends hath yet heard from him, so that some of them are in a good deal of pain to know where he is, and whether he be alive. I intend, however, to write a second time, but I thought it needless to trouble you till I could say something to the purpose. But indeed I have had a much better or rather a much worse excuse, having been almost three weeks pursued with a noise in my ears and deafness that makes me an unsociable creature,³ hating to see others, or be seen by my best friends, and wholly confined to my chamber. I have been often troubled with it, but never so long as now, which wholly disconcerts and confounds me to a degree that I can neither think nor speak nor act as I used to do, nor mind the least business even of my own, which is an apology I should be glad to be without. I am ever,

Yours, etc.,

J. S.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington.

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² *Supra*, p. 97.

³ *Supra*, p. 53, n. 2.

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, December 5, 1721.

SIR,

WHEN I received your French letter I was going to write you an English one.² I forsook the world and French at the same time, and have nothing to do with the latter further than sometimes reading or gabbling with the French clergy who come to me about business of their church,³ *car je parle à peindre, mais pour l'écrire je n'en songe guère depuis que j'ay quitté la politique.* I am but just recovered of my deafness, which put me out of all temper with myself and the rest of mankind. My health is not worth a rush, nor consequently the remaining part of my life.

I just now hear that Dr. Pratt, Dean of Down, my old acquaintance is dead,⁴ and I must here break off to go to his relations.

[December] 9.

The poor Dean died on Tuesday,⁵ and was buried yesterday. He was one of the oldest acquaintance I had,⁶ and the last that I expected to die. He has left a young widow,⁷

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² Probably a reply to the preceding letter.

³ From the Restoration to the beginning of the nineteenth century the French Protestant refugees in Dublin were allowed to use the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral as a place of worship.

⁴ He is said by Archbishop King to have died of a fever.

⁵ The day on which the first portion of this letter was written.

⁶ As already mentioned (*supra*, vol. i, p. 83, n. 1) Swift and Pratt had been in college together. Pratt was a year or two Swift's junior.

⁷ After his appointment to the deanery (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 384), Pratt set out in search of a wife, and little more than twelve months before his death married a daughter of Swift's quondam friend, the Earl of Abercorn. The secret history of these nuptials is laid bare by Swift in "The Progress of Marriage," a poem written upon his friend's death, but treating of subjects not usually touched upon in elegiac verse. In their original form, Mr. Browning says ("Poetical Works," 114), the opening lines read thus:

"*Aetatis suae* fifty-two,
A Reverend Dean began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,

in very good circumstances. He had schemes of long life, hiring a town-house, and building a country, preparing great equipages and furniture. What a ridiculous thing is man.¹ I am this moment inevitably stopped by company, and cannot send my letter till next post.

[December] 12.

I have writ twice to Mr. Jervas, and got no answer, nor do I hear that anyone has. I will write again when I can be informed where to reach him. You hear the bank was kicked out with ignominy last Saturday.² This subject filled the town with pamphlets, and none writ so well as by Mr. Rowley³ though he was not thought to have many talents for an author. As to my own part, I mind little what is doing out of my proper dominions, the Liberties of the Deanery;⁴ yet I thought a bank ought to be established, and would be so because it was the only ruinous thing wanting to the kingdom, and therefore I had not the least doubt but that the Parliament would pass it.

¹ A year after Pratt's resignation of the provostship Bishop Evans represents him as making the misfortunes of Trinity College a subject of ill-timed mirth: "The College is outrageously bad, and the poor Provost knows not what way to turn himself to reform it. They stole the buttery books which cannot be found, they broke his and other windows often, and stick at nothing that is rude etc. Swift and Pratt make themselves merry with these things" (Archbishop Wake's Correspondence, 7 April, 1718). But in his will, which was made on his deathbed, when he was very weak, Pratt evinced his love for the society over which he had ruled by a bequest in its favour of £1,000, a portion of which sum appears to have been devoted many years later towards the erection of the present dining-hall, which was designed by Castle (Stubbs, *op. cit.*, p. 186).

² On Saturday, 9 December, after many vicissitudes, the heads of a bill for establishing a bank in Ireland were rejected in the House of Commons by a large majority ("Prose Works," vii, 42).

³ Sir Arthur Langford's nephew (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 251).

⁴ Swift cannot be considered otherwise than disingenuous in this sentence. Besides writing the "Letter to the King at Arms" which tended to throw ridicule on the project, he had compiled the "Subscribers to the Bank, placed according to their order and quality, with Notes and Queries," which must have been a weighty contribution to the defeat of the bill ("Prose Works," vii, 49). The latter tract is noticed in a newsletter of 6 December as "done by Dr. Swift" ("Portland Manuscripts," v, 555, where the newsletter is dated wrongly 19 February, 1718). A copy is said to have been sent to London by the Archbishop of Dublin, and the letter in which it was enclosed, addressed to Edward Southwell and dated 21 November, is to be

I hope you are grown regular in your plantations, and have got some skill to know where and what trees to place, and how to make them grow. For want of better I have been planting elms in the Deanery garden, and what is worse, in the Cathedral churchyard where I disturbed the dead, and angered the living, by removing tombstones, that people will be at a loss how to rest with the bones of their ancestors.

I envy all you that live retired out of a world where we expect nothing but plague, poverty, and famine which are bad words to end a letter with; therefore with wishing prosperity to you and your family, I bid you adieu.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington.

CDLXXIX. [*Original*.¹]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

January 1, 1721-2 [O.S. December 21, 1721].

I RECEIVED your letter of the 29th of September,² above a fortnight ago; and should have set you an example, by answering it immediately, which I do not remember that you ever set me, if I had not been obliged to abandon the silence and quiet of this beloved retreat,³ and to thrust myself into the hurry and babble of an impertinent town. In less than ten days which I spent at Paris, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my business there undone; and yet this business was to save four-fifths of four hundred thousand livres, which I have on the town-house,⁴ *restes misérables du naufrage de ma fortune*. Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes, and though I cannot hope to deserve your esteem by growing rich, I

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² No doubt a reply to Bolingbroke's letter in July (*supra*, p. 88).

³ It belonged to the Marquise de Villette and was near Nogent-sur-Seine. Bolingbroke is said to have only married her in that year (Sichel, *op. cit.*, ii, 75, 142).

⁴ In the Rue St. Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain, opposite the

poor. The expression is equivocal, a fault which our language often betrays those who scribble hastily, into; but your own conscience will serve for a comment, and fix the sense. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for using your credit above so generously in my behalf. To despise riches with Seneca's purse,¹ is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philosophy. *Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?*²

You are not like Henry Guy, who, among other excellent pieces of advice gave me this, when I first came to Court; to be very moderate and modest in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate when I asked for myself.³ You call Tully names, to revenge Cato's quarrel; and to revenge Tully's, I am ready to fall foul of Seneca. You churchmen have cried him up for a great saint; and as if you imagined, that to have it believed that he had a month's mind to be a Christian, would reflect some honour on Christianity, you employed one of those pious frauds, so frequently practised in the days of primitive simplicity, to impose on the world a pretended correspondence between him and the great apostle of the Gentiles.⁴ Your partiality in his favour shall bias me no more than the pique which Dion Cassius and others show against him. Like an equitable judge I shall only tax him with avarice in his prosperity, adulation in his adversity, and affectation in every state of life. Was I considerable enough to be banished from my country, methinks I would not purchase my restoration at the expense of writing such a letter to the Prince himself, as your Christian stoic wrote to the

¹ "No Man shall ever be Poor, that goes to himself for what he wants: and that's the readiest way to Riches: Nature indeed will have her Due, but yet whatsoever is beyond Necessity is Precarious and not Necessary" (L'Estrange, *op. cit.*, p. 337). ² Hor., "Ep.," i, 4, 8.

³ Henry Guy, who was Secretary to the Treasury in the reigns of Charles II and William III, acted on the principles which he recommended to Bolingbroke, and accumulated a vast fortune. He was said by Lord Halifax to be a consummate master of "the methods of the Court" ("D. N. B.," xxiii, 388).

⁴ This spurious correspondence between St. Paul and Seneca, which consisted of fourteen letters, induced St. Jerome to give a place to Seneca in his catalogue of Christian writers. Bishop Lightfoot says ("Dissertations on the Apostolic Age," p. 318) the correspondence was forged in the fourth century, either to recommend Seneca to Christian readers, or to recommend Christianity to the heathen.

Emperor's slave, Polybius.¹ Thus I think of the man; and yet I read the author with pleasure, though I join in condemning those points which he introduced into the Latin style—those eternal witticisms strung like beads together,² and that impudent manner of talking to the passions, before he has gone about to convince the judgement, which Erasmus, if I remember right, objects to him.³ He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately writ an excellent treatise in praise of exile.⁴ Many of the hints are taken from his "Consolatio ad Helviam," and other parts of his works. The whole is turned in his style and manner,⁵ and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique* as I could well infuse, without running too far into the *mirabilia, inopinata, et paradoxo*, which Tully,⁶ and I think Seneca himself,⁷ ridicules the school of Zeno for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with Aristippus; he is still my favourite among the philosophers, and if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of Lord Digby;⁸ but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done Plutarch more hurt than it has done good to his Grecian heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the very remarkable passage which you mention.⁹ Great virtue, unjustly persecuted,

¹ "De Consolatione ad Polybium": a freedman rather than a slave.

² Cf. Caligula's criticism *arena sine calce* (Suet., "Calig.," 53).

³ "Neque nihil peccat in petendis affectibus, quos alii dicendo praelegant, suoque tractant loco. Nam passim agitare affectus, adeo non probatum est a doctis, ut quidam affectus in totum submoverint, velut officientes iudicio" (Erasmus's "Seneca," Pref., 2nd ed., Basel, Froben, reprinted in his "Epistolae," Lond., 1642, xxviii, 12).

⁴ The "Reflections upon Exile" are, in Mr. Sichel's opinion (*op. cit.*, ii, 85), by no means one of Bolingbroke's best works.

⁵ Commenting on this passage Mr. Sichel says (*op. cit.*, ii, 82) that the "tone and style are Ciceronian."

may hold such language, and will be heard with applause, with general applause, I mean, not universal. There was at Athens a wretch, who spit in the face of [Phocion],¹ as he marched firm, calm, and almost gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the Athenians, capable of the same vile action. And for the honour of my country, I will believe, that there are very few men in England, beside Lord Oxford, capable of hearing that strain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a sort of kindred in souls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. Digby's and Harley's are absolute strangers to one another. Touch a unison, and all the unisons will give the same sound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are sore, and you will draw no sound out of a Jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inscriptions,² and I thank you still more for promising to gather up mottoes for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correspondents as you are to beg pictures, but since I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good sense, and a good friend, was the wish of Thales³—I add, with good health; to enjoy but one and a half of these three, is hard. I have heard of Prior's death, and of his epitaph;⁴ and have seen a strange book, writ by a grave and eloquent doctor,⁵ about the Duke of Buckinghamshire. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of these two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am sorry, that the first of these persons, our old acquaintance Matt, lived so poor as you represent him. I thought

which occurs in the concluding paragraphs of "The Lord Digbie's Apologie for Himself" (Oxon, 1642): "By the grace of God it shall never be said that either the Parliament hath brought me, or his Majesty exposed me to a trial, my own uprightness shall constantly solicit it, and without recourse in this to either of their favours, I will either stand a justified man to the world, or fall an innocent."

¹ By a slip of his pen Bolingbroke wrote "Aristides." See Plutarch's "Life of Phocion," c. 36.

² Such a brief acknowledgement rather indicates that Bolingbroke did not find Swift's criticisms very valuable.

³ Bolingbroke appears to have had in his mind a confused reading of the reply of Thales to the question *τις εὐδαιμων* and a sentence which follows: *ὁ τὸ μὲν σῶμα ὑγιής, τὴν δὲ τύχην εὐπορος, τὴν δὲ ψυχὴν εὐπαίδευτος. φθλὼν παρόντων*, etc. (Diogenes, *op. cit.*, p. 22).

⁴ A triplet by himself.

was the ultimate end of a certain administration," had put him above want. Prior might justly enough have addressed himself to his young patron, as our friend Aristippus did to Dionysius: "you have money, which I want; I have wit and knowledge which you want."³ I long to see your Travels;⁴ for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I said, and will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good sense, useful knowledge, and true religion, than you can show me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philosophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to Paris in a month or six weeks time, and from thence will send you my picture. Would to Heaven I could send you as like a picture of my mind: you would find yourself, in that draft, the object of the truest esteem, and the sincerest friendship.

CDLXXX. [*Elwin.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin, *January* 10, 1721-22.⁵

A THOUSAND things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather choose to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed,⁶ under the situation I am in; for, I take this cause properly to lie before you. You are a much fitter

¹ *I.e.*, Lord Harley.

² That was not the only time that Oxford was accused of subordinating the interests of his party to the aggrandizement of his family (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 80, n. 2).

³ Διονυσίου ποτὲ ἐρομένου ἐπὶ τί ἦκοι ἔφη ἐπὶ τῇ μεταδόσειν ὧν ἔχει, καὶ μεταλήψεσθαι ὧν μὴ ἔχει. ἔνιοι δ' οὕτως ἀποκρίνασθαι ὁπότε μὲν σοφίας ἐδεόμην ἦκον παρὰ τὸν Σωκράτη, νῦν δὲ χρημάτων δεόμενος παρὰ σέ ἦκω (*Diogenes, op. cit.*, p. 125).

⁴ This reference to "Gulliver's Travels" is confirmation of Deane Swift's theory ("Essay," p. 294) that the close of the year 1720 saw their completion. On similar grounds Sir Henry Craik ("Life," ii, 18) arrives at the same conclusion.

⁵ This letter has been dated in previous editions 1720-21, but as Sir Henry Craik remarks ("Life," ii, 60) it is evident from the contents that it cannot have been written until a year later. Pope said that the letter never reached him, and Swift probably did not send it.

judge of what concerns the credit of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs, upon whose decision about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, although you cannot easily forget it, that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkshire,¹ where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit.² While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse³ which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great Minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the Queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands.⁴ In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent Princess, I came to my station here, where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the royal family which now reigns, further than the Prayer Book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party zeal.

I had indeed written some Memorials of the Four Last Years of the Queen's Reign,⁵ with some other informations⁶ which I received as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me.⁷

¹ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 142.

² *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 176.

³ "Some Free Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs" (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 3).

⁴ *I.e.*, in Barber's (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 180, n. 2).

⁵ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 30, n. 3.

⁶ The "Memoirs relating to that change in the Queen's Ministry" is dated October 1714, and "An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry" was not completed until the summer of 1716.

But as it was at the disposal of a person¹ who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.² These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive;³ not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat⁴ or a spaniel in the house, but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures instead of those from England. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants, upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm;⁵ he sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance, directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The Grand Juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the newspapers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry. The Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender; although

¹ *I.e.*, the Duke of Shrewsbury (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 185, n. 4).

² The previous allusions to the office show, however, no reluctance

treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from one term to another, until upon the Duke of Grafton, the Lord Lieutenant's arrival,¹ his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*. This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question; but when that intervenes, with ambition² at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth,³ who has no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned, for several years past, upon account of the public as well as of myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics and South Sea, and party, and operas, and masquerades have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called a Dedication upon Dedications,⁴ which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance

¹ *Supra*, p. 101, n. 1.

² Of succeeding to the Chancellorship (*supra*, p. 65).

³ Swift, who dwells on this point more than once, was no doubt well informed, but it seems worthy of mention that the Chief Justice's father belonged to the same profession as his son.

⁴ "A Dedication to a Great Man, Concerning Dedications," has been attributed to Thomas Gordon, a Whig pamphleteer ("Prose Works," xii. 208).

as I feel, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I was asked or no; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry arises from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.¹ I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts;² and if this had succeeded, the public interest both of Church and State would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me, for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party, for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steele, although I freely confess that his Lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer.³ For, I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who, upon the first

¹ Cf. "Prose Works," v, 434, last paragraph.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 455.

³ As regards Steele see what has been said in connection with Swift's letter to Addison (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 27, n. 3). It is to be noted that about the time of Swift's correspondence with Steele, Oxford was receiving letters from the latter without Swift's knowledge ("Portland

change of the Ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve. It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, adding, that he would study to do something better for him. I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the Ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve, which I do not say with any view toward making my court; for the new principles fixed to those of that denomination I did then, and do now, from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors.¹ I have conversed in some freedom with more Ministers of State of all parties, than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as Ministers, I look upon them as a race of people, whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, and is the vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain; and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue.² I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named, except Mr. Steele, during all my Lord Oxford's ministry, and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Somers or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice

¹ The new principles have been taken to mean the proscription of their opponents, but as Sir Henry Craik demonstrates ("Life," ii, 6r), there is no warrant for such an interpretation. Swift began to quarrel with the Whigs long before such a question arose, and he has here, as elsewhere, in his mind their attitude towards ecclesiastical interests. In his opinion their policy in regard to the Church had completely changed, and by their legislation and bestowal of patronage they were undermining the Church.

I have these many years been regarded by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the Queen's last Ministers were pleased to have for me. And yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano*.¹ But, if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any party virulence, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shown among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress, I cannot but think it hard that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig in England, is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late Majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it has not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant,² was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here. He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the Church, reviling the clergy, abetting the Dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion. I was discoursing some years ago with a certain Minister about that Whiggish or fanatical genius, so prevalent among the English of this kingdom. His Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the sourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for it is hardly worth contending who

shall be an exciseman, a country vicar, a clerk in the courts, or an under-clerk.¹

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood. Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law, and secondly, as it has much weight in the opinions of the people. For, necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar, right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics; and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people, which, under a weak prince and corrupt administration, may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion was this; that whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family, for keeping his own children in slavery. And because I conceived that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects—although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a cor-

¹ The only offices open to men of Irish birth, as the patriotic party alleged, were of a subordinate character; the chief appointments were all conferred on English partisans. This was hardly the case at that

a faction against the public interest.

As to Parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that gothic institution, which made them annual, and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty—which traffic would never answer the design nor expense, if Parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics, now about thirty years old, of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to the landed;¹ for I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, that the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South Sea projects would never have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended; neither do I think this practice has made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated.² Every rebellion subdued, and plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the Prince. In the latter case, the knot of conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim, which declares it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer, but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed and prostitute and abandoned race that God ever permitted to plague mankind. It is true the Romans had a custom of choosing a dictator, during whose administration, the power of other magistrates was suspended, but this was done upon the greatest emergencies—a war near their doors, or some civil dissension; for

¹ *Supra*, vol. ii, 238.

the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Caesars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have anywhere appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world; what they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them; for, however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished, for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor; for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old Whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction has so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to anything else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So, in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the Ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.¹

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject, nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers, whose malice has taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid productions which I am not capable of writing; for, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose

¹ The allusion is to the confinement of Oxford in the Tower while the parliament was in session.

my own safety by offensive words. And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

CDLXXXI. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *January 30, 1721-22.*

SIR,

I HAVE been these five weeks, and still continue so disordered with a noise in my ears and deafness,² that I am utterly unqualified for all conversation or thinking. I used to be free of these fits in a fortnight, but now the disease I fear is deeper rooted, and I never stir out, or suffer any to see me but trebles and counter-tenors, and those as seldom as possible.

I have often thought that a gentleman in the country is not a bit less happy for not having power in it,³ and that an influence at Sizes and Sessions, and the like, is altogether below a wise man's regard, especially in such a dirty obscure nook of the world as this kingdom. If they break open your roads, they cannot hinder you from going through them. You are a King over your own district though the neighbouring Princes be your enemies; you can pound the cattle that trespass on your grounds, though the next justice replevins them. You are thought to be quarrelsome enough and therefore peaceful people will be less fond of provoking you. I do not value Bussy's maxim of life, without the circumstances of health and money.⁴ Your horse is neither Whig nor Tory, but will carry you safe unless he stumbles

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² *Supra*, p. 53, n. 2.

³ In a reply to Swift's letter in December (*supra*, p. 107) Chetwode had evidently returned to the incident at the Assizes which led to the embroilment with Colonel Pigott (*supra*, p. 83).

⁴ The maxim of life for which Roger de Rabutin, Comte de Bussy, was responsible, is no doubt contained, as Dr. Birkbeck Hill suggests ("Unpublished Letters" p. 112) in his "Discours à ses enfants sur le

or be foundered. By the way, I am as much at a loss for one as ever, and so I fear shall continue till my riding days are over. I should not much dislike a presentment against your going on with your house,¹ because I am a mortal enemy to lime and stone,² but I hope yours moves slowly upwards.

We are now preparing for the plague, which everybody expects before May;³ I have bespoke two pairs of shoes extraordinary.⁴ Everybody else hoards up their money, and those who have none now, will have none. Our great tradesmen break, and go off by dozens, among the rest Archdeacon, Burgin's son.⁵ Mr. Jervas writes me word, that Morris Dunn is a person he has turned off his lands,⁶ as one that has been his constant enemy, etc., and in short gives him such a character as none can be fond of, so that I believe you were not apprised on what foot that man stands with Mr. Jervas. I am quite weary of my own ears, so with prayers for you and your fire-side, I remain

Yours etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington.

Endorsed—A very noble and pleasant letter.

¹ *Supra*, p. 97.

² Cf. Swift's advice to Bishop Stearne (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 383).

³ During the preceding autumn the presence of the plague in France had caused the greatest alarm in England. After consultation with the leading physicians, including Swift's friend Arbuthnot, the government, in order to prevent the introduction of the disease into England, had carried through the British Parliament measures of a most drastic kind, authorizing even the sinking of infected ships, and a general fast had been proclaimed.

⁴ Swift's disregard of danger is thought by Dr. Hill ("Unpublished Letters," p. 118) to have been assumed, and his apprehensions under similar circumstances in the days of Oxford's ministry are recalled. I venture to think, however, that Swift's apprehensions then were largely due to the effect the pestilence would have had upon the fortunes of the government.

⁵ This reference was naturally supposed by Dr. Hill ("Unpublished Letters," p. 115) to be to the son of a church dignitary, but there was none of the name in the Irish Church at that time. Members of the families of Archdeacon and Burgin were, however, then prominent

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *March* 13, 1721-22.

SIR,

I HAD a letter from you some time ago,² when I was in no condition for any correspondence or conversation. But I thank God for some time past I am pretty well recovered, and am able to hear my friends without danger of putting them into consumptions. My remedy was given me by my tailor, who had been four years deaf, and cured himself as I have done, by a clove of garlic steeped in honey, and put into his ear, for which I gave him half a crown after it had cost me five or six pounds in drugs and doctors to no purpose.

Surely you in the country have got the London fancy, that I am author of all the scurvy things that come out here. The slovenly pages called the Benefit of — was writ by one Dobbs a surgeon. Mr. Sheridan's hand sometimes entertains the world,³ and I pay for all, so that they

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² A reply no doubt to the preceding letter.

³ The allusion is probably to two tracts of an exceptionally coarse character even for that age, "The Wonderfull Wonder of Wonders" and "The Blunderful Blunder of Blunders," which were published in 1721, and which are attributed on the title-page to "Dr. Sw-ft." To the latter of these tracts there are appended the famous prologues, the one spoken, and the other intended to be spoken, at a performance of Hippolytus in Dr. Sheridan's school in December 1720 before Archbishop King ("Poetical Works," ii, 326). The account given by Faulkner is confirmed by a letter from the Archbishop to Bishop Stearne (15 December 1720) in which he says: "I was invited to see Hippolytus acted in Greek by Mr. Sheridan's scholars, and was prevailed on to go there. They did it very well, and having read it before and a book in my hand, I went along with the actors, whom otherwise I should not have understood. Your cousin Mr. Putland's son, I think he is seven or eight years old, spoke an English prologue. The master had made one for him, but a parcel of wags got the boy, and made another prologue for him, and obliged him to conceal it from his master, who had taken great pains to make him get his by heart, and taught him how to speak it. When he came on the stage, he declined the master's and said the enclosed, which I send you. Whether this was a concerted plot I cannot say, but the master affirmeth it was a

have a Miscellany of my works in England, whereof you and I are equally authors.¹ But I lay all those things at the back of my book,² which swells so much, that I am hardly able to write anything on the forepart. I think we are got off the plague,³ though I hear an Act of Parliament was read in churches, not in mine, concerning it and the wise say, we are in more danger than ever, because infected goods are more likely to be brought us. For my part, I have the courage of a coward, never to think of dangers till they arrive, and then I shall begin to squeak. The Whigs are grown such disaffected people that I dare not converse with them; and who your Brit[annus] 'Esq. is, I cannot tell. I hear there is an Irish paper called the Reformer. I saw part of one paper, but it did not encourage me to enquire after more. I keep the fewest company of any man in this town, and read nothing that hath been written on this side fifteen hundred years, so you may judge what an intelligencer I am like to be to a gentleman in the country, who wants to know how the world goes.

Thus much for your first letter, your last which came just now is a condolence on my deafness. Mr. Le Hunte⁴ was right in my intentions, if it had continued, but the effect is removed with the cause. My friends shall see me while I am neither troublesome to them nor myself. I was less melancholy than I thought I should have been, and less curious to know what people said, when they talked before me; but I saw very few, and suffered hardly any to stay.

Wonderfull Wonder of Wonders," as well as a similar tract entitled "The Wonder of all the Wonders," is included by Sir Walter Scott in his edition of the "Works" (vol. xiii, pp. 451, 459).

¹ Swift refers presumably to the "Miscellaneous Works, Comical and Diverting," published in 1720 ("Prose Works," xii, 135). He is hardly ingenuous in disclaiming the authorship of all that the volume contains.

² This book was probably the one into which two years before Stella had transcribed his poems:

"So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approved in aftertimes;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours."

("Poetical Works," ii, 28.)

³ *Supra*, p. 124.

⁴ One of the contributors to Mist's "Weekly Journal" (*supra*, p. 82).

thirty years, and to as little purpose. I have the best servant in the world dying in the house, which quite disconcerts me.¹ He was the first good one I ever had, and I am sure will be the last. I know few greater losses in life. I know not how little you may make of stone walls; I am only going to dash one in the garden, and think I shall be undone. I hope your lady and fire-side are well. I am
Ever etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington.

Endorsed—A very merry, pleasant letter.

CDLXXXIII. [*Copy.*²]

SWIFT TO THE REV. DANIEL JACKSON

Dublin, *March* [28],³ 1722.

DEAR DAN,⁴

I SPOKE to George Rochfort's groom to bring up my nag, and I desire you will take care to have him well shod some days before he begins his journey, and that he may be led and not rode up for fear of spoiling him. Pray undertake this matter, and do it as it ought to be done.

¹ A small tablet in the south transept of St. Patrick's Cathedral bears this inscription: "Here lieth the body of Alex^r Mc'Gee, servant to Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. His grateful Master caused this monument to be erected in Memory of his Discretion, Fidelity and Diligence in that humble Station. Ob. Mar. 24 1721/2. Aetat 29." According to Delany ("*Observations*," p. 133) a gentleman more distinguished for vanity than wisdom induced Swift to substitute "his grateful master" for "his grateful friend and master," which were the words Swift had originally designed.

² In the Forster Collection. When the copy was made the original was in the possession of Mr. Richard J. Greene. It had been given to him by his brother-in-law, Lord Rathmore, and had been in the possession of the first Lord Plunket's brother, an eminent Dublin physician.

³ The date in the copy is 26, but the contents of the letter show that it was written after that day.

⁴ Jackson (*supra*, p. 103) had evidently gone down to spend Easter, which fell on the 25th of that month, at Gaulstown.

done, and I can't help it. I called at Lady Betty's³ twice last week, but found she was abroad. I want you here, for I lose all my acquaintance by my quarrelsome temper.

In what condition are your gardens and forest trees?⁴ Have you beheaded any of the latter? Is any new work to begin this summer? My service to your company. Who they are God knows. I think John Walmsley is one.⁵ Sheridan is daily libelled in abominable rhymes, but he is safe in the county of Cavan.⁶ My service to the Wests,⁷ but first to George and Nim. Pray desire George to bring or send my Livy,⁸ for I want it much, and am going to re-read it on a particular occasion. Parnell's poems are just pub-

¹ "The appellation" by which Swift always called his servant McGee (*supra*, p. 127).

² *I.e.*, Nimrod, the name by which George Rochfort's younger brother, John Rochfort, who was then member for Ballyshannon, was known:

"How Nim, no hunter e'er could match him,
Still brings us hares when he can catch 'em."

("Poetical Works," i, 139.)

³ George Rochfort's wife was evidently in Dublin.

⁴ Jackson is commemorated in the "Country Life" as a horticulturist:

"My Lord and Dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthy spade and rake."

(*Ibid.*, p. 138.)

⁵ The Rev. John Walmsley was then a Fellow of Trinity College, but on his marriage in the following year exchanged his fellowship for one of the College livings in the diocese of Armagh (Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 183).

⁶ At Quilca, where Swift visited him for the first time a few months later.

⁷ The family of George West of Athlone, who had died some years before, and acknowledges in his will his indebtedness to Chief Baron Rochfort.

⁸ Swift was wont when at Gaulstown to read the classics with the Rochforts:

"At nine, grave Nim and George facetious,
Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius."

("Poetical Works," i, 137.)

lished,¹ but that inscribed to Lord Bolingbroke² is omitted in this Irish edition by the zeal of his booby brother, who is endeavouring to be a judge.³ All your friends are wickedly residing⁴ at this season, and I want you to preach for me on Sunday next. You have heard of the rebellion in the College; it hath increased Delany's spleen fifty per cent.⁵ The ladies⁶ are undone for want of you to keep up their practice of calling names, and I believe you will only be plain Dan at the japan-board⁷ when you return. Saunders's successor is a lad that understands Greek, but I wish he may understand English. The black wench rides the stack rope better than the brown one, but it is thought does not dance so well.⁸ Joe Beaumont is mad in London,⁹ riding through the street on his Irish horse with all the rabble after him, and throwing his money among them. I have writ to the secretary of the governors of Bedlam to have him sent there, for you know I have the honour to be a governor.¹⁰

J. S.

¹ Almost with his dying breath Parnell (*supra*, p. 18, n. 2) left in Pope's charge the publication of his poems, which appeared under the title: "Poems on Several Occasions, written by Dr. Thomas Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher, and published by Mr. Pope."

² Parnell inscribed his "Essay on the Different Styles of Poetry" (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 23, n. 2) to Bolingbroke.

³ His brother (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 23, n. 3) was appointed a justice of the King's Bench in the following May. The fact that he was married to Chief Justice Whitshed's sister did not add to his merits in the eyes of Swift. As the purchaser of a demesne in the Queen's county he was known to Cosby, who thus describes him (*op. cit.*, p. 254) at the time of his death a few years afterwards: "He was an agreeable man enough in company, good humoured and ready to oblige, and full of complaisance and fine speeches, but very insincere and full of deridings behind-backs; he was but a so so judge; he had neither the parts nor knowledge that his high post required; he was but a mushroom, a man of no family at all at all."

⁴ *I.e.*, discharging their duty in their neglected country parishes, and therefore not available to preach in Swift's Cathedral.

⁵ Although at a subsequent period his political opinions underwent a change, Delany adhered still to his early views and chafed under the rule of the Whig Provost, Baldwin.

⁶ *I.e.*, Stella and Mrs. Dingley.

⁷ *I.e.*, the card table.

⁸ Swift had apparently exchanged a servant of light complexion for one of dark. The stack was probably one of turf very often used in

REVEREND SIR,²

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with some years ago,³ and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to assert the cause of our establishment against a prelate who was undermining it; and also to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. Elford, who, upon the encouragement of your worthy Primate,⁴ is going to settle at Armagh. I cannot pretend to say, he has the same compass of voice with his late brother, whom the good Queen so much admired, but I will venture to say, he has a greater compass of understanding, and, upon the whole, that he is a good choirman. The other, that bears him company, was a very useful chorister to us. His voice, since its breaking, is somewhat harsh, but I believe will grow mellow. If you find either of them for your purpose, especially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I shall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleased to show, and be ready to approve myself on any occasion, Reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate servant,

A. SNAPE.

deserves special notice. Presumably his election as a governor of Bedlam was at his own request. In the Journal to Stella ("Prose Works," ii, 72) there is mention of a visit which he paid to that institution when he was seeing the sights of London.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Before that time Snape (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 389) had been appointed to the provostship of King's College. He is evidently writing here in the capacity of a canon of Windsor.

³ It is evident that Swift wrote to Snape at the same time as to Lewis, congratulating him on his reply to Hoadly.

⁴ Primate Lindsay was a most generous benefactor to Armagh Cathedral, especially in regard to the choral establishment.

CDLXXXV. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

Clogher, *June 1, 1722.*

THIS is the first time I have set pen to paper since I left Dublin, having not been in any settled place till ten days ago, and I missed one post by ignorance, and that has stopped me five days.¹ Before that time I was much out of order by the usual consequences of wet weather and change of drink, neither am I yet established, though much better than I was. The weather has been so constantly bad, that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met Kendall² and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining tête-à-tête, and drinking coffee again till seven. I answer all the questions you can ask me in the affirmative. I remember your detesting and despising the conversation of the world. I have been so mortified with a man and his lady here two days, that it has made me as peevish as—I want a comparison. I hope you are gone, or going to your country-seat,³ though I think you have a term⁴ upon your hands. I shall be here

¹ It will be seen from Vanessa's reply that Swift had left Dublin five weeks before, and, as subsequently appears, he did not return to the deanery until the beginning of October. The intervening period of five months was occupied in travelling in the north of Ireland, but with the exception of visits to Bishop Stearne at Clogher, to Robert Cope at Loughgall, and to Sheridan at Quilca, there is no clue to the places which he saw. He speaks of travelling four hundred miles and of sleeping in thirty different beds, which would have enabled him to see every point of interest in the province of Ulster. The visits which have been mentioned were in each case of some weeks' duration, and having regard to his frequent change of abode and the discomforts which he describes, it seems probable that during the remainder of the time Swift contented himself with the indifferent accommodation that money could then procure.

long enough to receive your answer, and perhaps to write to you again; but then I shall go farther off, if my health continues, and shall let you know my stages. I have been for some days as splenetic as ever you was in your life, which is a bold word.

Remember I still enjoin you reading and exercise for the improvement of your mind, and health of your body, and grow less romantic, and talk and act like a man of this world. It is the saying of the world, and I believe you often say, I love myself, but I am so low, I cannot say it, though your new acquaintance were with you, which I heartily wish for the sake of you and myself. God send you through your law and your reference; and remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth—drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh, but without the two former you cannot drink it right; and remember the china in the old house, and Ryder Street, and the Colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the sick lady at Kensington, and the indisposition at Windsor, and the strain by the box of books at London.¹ Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry; this year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same, and I give you leave to be ———, and will be answerable for them. I hope you will let me have some of your money when I see you, which I will pay honestly you again. *Repondez moy si vous entendez bien tout cela, et croyez que je seray toujours tout ce que vous desirez.* Adieu.

CDLXXXVI. [Scott.]

MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH TO SWIFT

[June, 1722.]

— CAD, I thought you had quite forgot both me and your promise of writing to me.² Was it not very unkind to be five weeks absent without sending me one line to let me

¹ Cf. the similar catalogue sent to her two years before (*supra*, p. 62).

² Vanessa seldom acknowledges directly the receipt of the letter to which she alludes.

know you were well, and remembered me? Besides, you have had such bad weather, that you could have no diversion abroad. What then could you do, but write and read? I know you do not love cards, neither is this a time of year for that amusement.

Since I saw you, I have gone more into the world than I did for some time past, because you commanded me, and I do protest here that I am more and more sick of it every day than another. One day this week I was to visit a great lady that has been a-travelling for some time past, where I found a very great assembly of ladies and beaux, dressed as I suppose to a nicety. I hope you will pardon me now I tell you that I heartily wished you a spectator, for I very much question if in your life you ever saw the like scene, or one more extraordinary. The lady's behaviour was blended with so many different characters, I cannot possibly describe it without tiring your patience. But the audience seemed to be a creation of her own, they were so very obsequious. Their forms and gestures were very like those of baboons and monkeys; they all grinned and chattered at the same time, and that of things I did not understand.¹ The rooms being hung with arras,² in which were trees very well described, just as I was considering their beauty, and wishing myself in the country with —, one of these animals snatched my fan, and was so pleased with me, that it seized me with such a panic that I apprehended nothing less than being carried up to the top of the house and served as a friend of yours was,³ but in this — one of their own species came in, upon which they all began to make their grimaces, which opportunity I took and made my escape.

I have not made one single step in either law or reference since I saw you. I meet with nothing but disappointments, yet am obliged to stay in town attending Mr. P[artinton],⁴ etc., which is very hard. I do declare I have

¹ This illustration, drawn as it is from the "Voyage to the Houyhnh-

so little joy in life, that I do not care how soon mine ends. For God's sake write to me soon, and kindly, for in your absence, your letters are all the joy I have on earth, and sure you are too good-natured to grudge one hour in a week to make any human creature happy. — Can't think of me and pity me.

CDLXXXVII. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

Loughgall, County of Armagh,¹ *July 13, 1722.*

I HAVE received yours,² and have changed places so often since, that I could not assign a place where I might expect an answer from; and if you be now in the country, and this letter does not reach you in the due time after the date, I shall not expect to hear from you, because I leave this place the beginning of August. I am well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please, and, whether we have not made ourselves so, is the question; at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in, is that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point: I fly from the spleen to the world's end, you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country-house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber.

The use I have made of it was to read I know not how many diverting books of history and travels. I wish you

¹ Although invited to do so (*supra*, p. 53), there is no ground to suppose that Swift had paid a second visit to Loughgall until then (see Appendix IV). The parish, which derives its name, the white lake, from a small sheet of water, lies about four miles to the north-east of the city of Armagh and is situated in an extremely rich and fertile

would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you,¹ and visit your neighbours—the worse the better. There is a pleasure in being revered, and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in life is, to drink your coffee when you can, and when you cannot, to be easy without it; while you continue to be splenetic, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write, for, I believe, coffee once a week is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions, as I used to do, but then I gave all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than I ever did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left the town; I always drew up the clothes with my left hand, which is a superstition I have learnt these ten years.² These country posts are always so capricious, that we are forced to send our letters at a call on a sudden, and mine is now demanded, though it goes not out till to-morrow. Be cheerful, and read, and ride, and laugh, as Cad — used to advise you long ago. I hope your affairs are in some better settlement. I long to see you in figure and equipage; pray do not lose that taste. Farewell.

CDLXXXVIII. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

August 7 [1722].

I AM this moment leaving my present residence,³ and if I fix anywhere, shall let you know it; for I would fain wait till I got a little good weather for riding and walking, there

¹ Swift's own vanity in this respect has been already noticed (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 263, n. 2).

² Ten years would have carried the practice back to the time of Vanessa's visit to Windsor (*supra*, vol. i, p. 344) as Dr. Stanley Lane-Poole observes in his article in the "Fortnightly Review" (*supra*,

never having been such a season as this remembered, though I doubt you know nothing of it, but what you learn by sometimes looking out at your back window to call your people. I had your last, with a splendid account of your law affairs.¹ You were once a better solicitor, when you could contrive to make others desire your consent to an Act of Parliament² against their own interest to advance yours. Yet at present you neither want power nor skill, but disdain to exercise either. When you are melancholy, read diverting or amusing books; it is my receipt, and seldom fails. Health, good humour, and fortune, are all that is valuable in this life, and the last contributes to the two former. I have not rode in all above poor four hundred miles since I saw you, nor do I believe I shall ride above two hundred more till I see you again;³ but I desire you will not venture to shake me by the hand, for I am in mortal fear of the itch, and have no hope left, but that some ugly vermin called ticks have got into my skin, of which I have pulled out some, and must scratch out the rest. Is not this enough to give me the spleen? For I doubt no Christian family will receive me, and this is all a man gets by a northern journey. It would be unhappy for me to be as nice in my conversation and company as you are, which is the only thing wherein you agree with Glassheel,⁴ who declares there is not a conversable creature in Ireland except Cad. What would you do in these parts, where politeness is as much a stranger as cleanliness? I am stopped and this letter is intended to travel with me; so adieu till the next stage.

August 8.

Yesterday I rode twenty-nine miles without being weary, and I wish little Heskinage could do as much. Here I leave this letter to travel one way while I go another, but where I do not know, nor what cabins or bogs are in my way. I see you this moment as you are visible at ten in the morning, and now you are asking your questions round, and I am answering them with a great deal of affected

¹ A reply to the preceding letter.

² As has been already mentioned, it had been necessary to obtain a private Act of Parliament in the British legislature to enable the sale of the Monmouthshire estates.

delays, and the same scene has passed forty times as well as the other, from two till seven, longer than the first by two hours, yet each its *ses agrements particuliers*. A long vacation, law lies asleep, and bad weather; how do you wear away the time? Is it among the fields and groves of your country seat, or among your cousins in town,¹ or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you, and then reasoning and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts? The best company for you is a philosopher, whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. Go over the scenes of Windsor, Cleveland Row, Ryder Street, St. James's Street, Kensington, the Sluttery,² the Colonel in France, etc.³ Cad thinks often of these, especially on horseback, as I am assured. What a foolish thing is time, and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopped as if it passed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing and thinking myself fast into a spleen, which is the only thing that I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in, if I fix at all till I return, and that I leave to fortune and the weather.

CDLXXXIX. [*Sheridan*.]

SWIFT TO ROBERT COPE

Dublin, October 9, 1722.

I AM but just come to town, and therefore look upon myself to have just left Loughgall,⁴ and that this is the first opportunity I have of writing to you. Strange revolutions since I left you; a Bishop of my old acquaintance in the

¹ The only cousin mentioned by Vanessa in her will is the Rev. John Antrobus, who became subsequently a prebendary of Christ Church Cathedral as well as a canon of Kildare (Hughes's "Church of St. John, Dublin," p. 60).

² *Supra*, vol. i, p. 340.

³ Cf. the similar catalogues already given (*supra*, p. 132).

⁴ As appears subsequently (*infra*, p. 147), Swift, after leaving

made a bishop.² I hope you are returned with success from your Connaught journey, and that you tired yourself more than you expected in taking the compass of your new land, the consequence of which must be, that you will continue needy some years longer than you intended. Your new bishop Bolton³ was born to be my tormentor; he ever opposed me as my subject, and now has left me embroiled for want of him. The government, in consideration of the many favours they have shown me, would fain have me give St. Bride's to some one of their hang-dogs, that Dr. Howard may come into St. Werburgh's,⁴ so that I must either disoblige Whig and Tory in my Chapter, or be ungrateful to my patrons in power.

When you come to town, you must be ready, at what time you hear the sound of tabret, harp, etc. to worship the brazen image set up, or else be cast into a cold watery

¹ The dissensions caused by the collapse of the South Sea bubble, and the birth of an heir to the Pretender, had given fresh spirit to the Jacobites, and six months before Lord Townshend, as one of the Secretaries of State, had announced in a letter to the Lord Mayor of London that "the King had received advices that several of his subjects, forgetting the allegiance they owe to his Majesty as well as the natural love they ought to bear to their country, had entered into a wicked conspiracy in concert with traitors abroad for raising a rebellion in this kingdom in favour of a Popish Pretender." The only ostensible step taken at that time for the suppression of the conspiracy was the arrest of a non-juring clergyman, named George Kelly, who had been subsequently released on bail, but three months later, on 24 August, Bishop Atterbury had been taken into custody at his deanery in Westminster, and after a short examination before the Privy Council, committed to the Tower.

² During the previous month Swift's chief opponent in his Chapter, Theophilus Bolton (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 392), had been raised to the episcopal bench as Bishop of Clonfert, and consecrated in Swift's Cathedral.

³ The see to which Bolton had been appointed lies in the province of Connaught, and possibly the property which Cope had acquired was situated within the limits of Bolton's diocese.

⁴ It had been evidently suggested to Swift, probably by Archbishop King, who was once more included amongst the Lords Justices, that if he would give St. Bride's (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 386) to a nominee of the government, Howard would be appointed Chancellor of St. Patrick's and incumbent of St. Werburgh's in room of Bolton. But Swift had no love for Howard, and although the latter, after the lapse of a good many months, was appointed to the preferments vacated by Bolton, St. Bride's was not given to a favourite of the Castle, but to Swift's

furnace.¹ I have not yet seen it, for it does not lie in my walks, and I want curiosity. The wicked Tories themselves begin now to believe there was something of a plot, and every plot costs Ireland more than any plot can be worth.² The Court has sent a demand here for more money by three times than is now in the hands of the Treasury, and all the collectors of this kingdom put together.³ I escaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preston, directed to me, was opened in the post-office, and sealed again in a very slovenly manner, when Manley⁴ found it only contained a request from a poor curate.⁵ This hath determined me against writing treason; however I am

¹ The allusion is to a bronze equestrian statue of George I, which has more than once experienced the mutableness of civic government in Dublin, and now rests within the walls of the garden of the Mansion House. In this identification I have the great advantage of being confirmed by Mr. John Ribton Garstin, ex-President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, who has found time, amidst his labours for the promotion of the study of archaeology and history in Ireland, to collect some information as to the statues possessed by his native city. He writes to me: "The statue of George I was originally erected in the year of the Dean's letter on a lofty pedestal in the river Liffey on the inland or western side of Essex Bridge, now known as Grattan Bridge, looking towards it. It was approached by a short passage from the bridge, guarded by two sentries, for whom sentry boxes, built like the pedestal of Carrickmacross or Portland stone, were provided (see 'Ancient Records of Dublin,' edited by Sir John Gilbert, vol. vii, p. 187 and plate, and 'Building in Water,' by L. Semple, Dublin, 1776). It will be noticed that in the Dean's rather loose paraphrase of Daniel iii, 5, he not only substitutes 'brazen' for 'golden' to describe the material of the statue or image set up, but also instead of 'burning fiery furnace,' writes 'cold watery furnace.' This evidently refers to the river which surrounded the pedestal of the statue. The isolated position was probably chosen to protect the statue from disloyal treatment. It must be remembered that at the time the Corporation of Dublin was exclusively Protestant, but the populace would not worship the house of Hanover. On the rebuilding of Essex Bridge in 1753 the statue was removed to Aungier Street, and was eventually, in 1798, 're-elevated' in the garden of the Mansion House, where an inscription referring to times of disloyalty and rebellion then added may be read."

² Because England visited the penalty upon her, of which an instance is given in the next sentence.

³ This information Swift had probably learned from Archbishop King, who, as has been mentioned, was once more one of the Lords Justices.

⁴ The office of postmaster was still held by Stella's friend Isaac

not certain that this letter may not be interpreted as comforting his most excellent Majesty's enemies, since you have been a state prisoner.¹ Pray God keep all honest men out of the hands of lions and bears, and uncircumcised Philistines. I hoped my brother Orrery had loved his land too much to hazard it on revolution principles.² I am told that a lady of my acquaintance was the discoverer of this plot, having a lover among the true Whigs, whom she preferred before an old battered husband.³

You never saw anything so fine as my new Dublin plantations of elms;⁴ I wish you would come and visit them, and I am very strong in wine, though not so liberal of it as you. It is said that Kelly the parson⁵ is admitted to Kelly the squire;⁶ and that they are cooking up a discovery be-

¹ In 1715 by order of the Irish House of Commons.

² Charles Boyle, fourth Earl of Orrery, who is frequently mentioned as a member of the Brothers' Club in the Journal to Stella, had been arrested for complicity in what has now become known as Layer's plot. "The next morning, September 27, the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Orrery," says Boyer, *op. cit.*, xxiv, 313, "was brought to town in custody from his seat at Britwell in Buckinghamshire, and having been examined at the Cockpit was ordered to be confined that night at his own house in Glass-House Street under a guard of thirty soldiers. The next day in the morning his Lordship was again brought to be examined by a committee of the Privy Council and between ten and eleven o'clock committed prisoner to the Tower."

³ The allusion is to the wife of "Granville the polite," who was created Baron Lansdown amongst the famous twelve, and is frequently mentioned in the Journal to Stella as a member of the Brothers' Club. Although before her marriage to Lord Lansdown she was accounted "a virtuous lady" ("Wentworth Papers," p. 149), her conduct afterwards was, according to her niece Mrs. Delany ("Autobiography," i, 81), very indiscreet, and, according to Lord Harley's friend Stratford ("Portland Manuscripts," vii, 328), deserving of a more severe designation. Her husband, who had married her late in his life, had been confined in the Tower at the same time as Oxford, and was then, by arrangement with the government, residing in France.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 109.

⁵ Swift was unaware evidently of Kelly's release (*supra*, p. 138, n. 1). He was again taken into custody the next month.

⁶ "On Saturday the 28th of July Dennis Kelly Esq., an Irish gentleman with his spouse and her mother, the Lady Bellew, sister to the Earl of Strafford, were," says Boyer, *op. cit.*, xxiv, 96, "apprehended by some of the King's messengers, at the Lady Bellew's lodgings at the Cockpit, as they were going to embark for France and some on board. Their goods were also seized, some at their lodgings, and others on shipboard where several passengers were likewise arrested.

tween them, for the improvement of the hempen manufacture. It is reckoned that the best trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence. As much as I hate the Tories, I cannot but pity them as fools. Some think likewise, that the Pretender ought to have his choice of two caps, a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing to see the Tories provoking his present Majesty, whose clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper, have been so signal, so extraordinary, so more than humane, during the whole course of his reign, which plainly appears, not only from his own speeches and declarations, but also from a most ingenious pamphlet just come over, relating to the wicked Bishop of Rochester.¹ But enough of politics. I have no town news. I have seen nobody. I have heard nothing. Old Rochfort has got a dead palsy.² Lady Betty has been long ill.³ Dean Percival has answered the other Dean's journal in Grub Street, justly taxing him for avarice and want of hospitality.⁴ Madam Percival absolutely denies all

that was to be remitted to the Pretender. But though on Monday the 30th Mr. Kelly was committed to the Tower, yet upon the examination of his, and the Lady Bellew's servants, and other persons, both his lady and her mother were set at liberty and leave was given to Mr. Kelly's friends and relations to visit him."

¹ "A Letter to the Clergy of the Church of England on Occasion of the Committment of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Rochester to the Tower of London by a Clergyman of the Church of England," which was reprinted in Dublin by "Tho. Hume, at the Custom-House-Printing-House in Smock-Alley" (Royal Irish Academy Tracts).

² Chief Baron Rochfort was then seventy years of age. In spite of the palsy he survived for five years.

³ Swift appears to have had a bad fit of the spleen. His fair friend lived for many years, and her husband predeceased her.

⁴ In this poem, which is printed by Sir Walter Scott ("Life," p. 270), Percival contrasts the housekeeping at the Deanery in the time of Stearne and in that of Swift. But the most interesting portion is the reference to the subjects of Swift's conversation with his friends at Gaulstown:

"He swears the project of the peace
Was laid by him in Anna's days.
The South Sea ne'er could have miscarried
As he contrived but others marr'd it:

The darkest plots he can unravel

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the facts, insists that she never made candles of dripping,
that Charley never had the chincough, etc.¹

My most humble service to Mrs. Cope, who entertained
that covetous lampooning Dean much better than he de-
served. Remember me to honest Nanty and boy Barclay.²

Ever yours, etc.

JON. SWIFT.

CDXC. [*Original.*³]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, *October 11, 1722.*

MY LORD,

I OFTEN receive letters franked Oxford, but always find
them written and subscribed by your servant Minet.⁴ His
meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his
solicitor, but he makes his court by giving me an account
of the state of your family, and perpetually adds a clause
that your Lordship soon intends to write to me. I knew
you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are
now, I mean when you were Treasurer; but you are grown
so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you,
and you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part
of life before. In the two great scenes of power and prose-
cutions you have excelled mankind, but in this of retire-
ment you have most injuriously forgot your friends. Poor
Prior often sent me his complaints on this occasion,⁵ and I

chair (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 94, n. 1), and took his revenge in "The Country
Life," but it is due to the memory of his brother Dean to say that John
Loveday, no mean authority, found him ("Journal of a Tour in 1732,"
p. 49) "a perfectly well bred gentleman, very gay and sprightly, the
best of company, and of a most obliging temper."

¹ "But now there needs no more be said on't
Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
Shows all her secrets of housekeeping;
For candles how she trucks her dripping;
Was forced to send three miles for yeast,
To brew her ale, and raise her paste;
Tells everything that you can think of,
How she cured Charley of the chincough."

("Poetical Works," i, 139.)

² *Supra*, p. 54, n. 1.

have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine, and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that next to receiving thanks and compliments there is nothing you more hate than writing letters; but since I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged by only making their fortunes without taking them into your friendship, as you did me, whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be ever forgotten either by the world or myself, for which never any man was more proud or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture,¹ and if I had solicited you for a thousand pounds, I mean of your own money, not the public,² I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours, can you not now give me a couple? Have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? Did you ever refuse me anything I asked you, and will you now begin? In my conscience I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expense. I ever told you, that I was the richer man of the two, and I am now richer by five hundred pounds than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth before Diamond Pitts.³ I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma,

Veteres actus primamque juventam
Prosequar? Ad sese mentem praesentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will only promise in return, that it shall never lose you the reputation of poverty, which to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments is one of the greatest glories in your life, and so shall be celebrated by me.

¹ *Supra*, p. 46.

² The allusion is to the honorarium which Swift had hoped to be given from the privy purse.

³ The Earl of Chatham's grandfather. Thomas Pitt, Governor of

I entreat your Lordship, if your leisure and my health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at Brampton Castle, because I have a great deal of business with you that relates to posterity. Mr. Minet has for some time led me an uncomfortable life with his ill accounts of your health, but, God be thanked, his style is of late much altered for the better.¹ My hearty and constant prayers are for the preservation of you and your excellent family. Pray my Lord write to me, or you never loved me, or I have done something to deserve your displeasure. My Lord and Lady Harriette, my brother and sister, pretend to atone by making me fine presents,² but I would have his Lordship know that I would value two of his lines more than two of his manors. I am ever, with the utmost truth and respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

CDXCI. [*Original.*³]

JOHN GAY TO SWIFT

London, *December 22, 1722.*

DEAR SIR,

AFTER every post-day, for these eight or nine years I have been troubled with an uneasiness of spirit, and at last I have resolved to get rid of it, and write to you.⁴ I do not deserve you should think so well of me as I really deserve; for I have not professed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did, but you are the only person of my acquaintance almost that does not know it. Whomever I see that comes from Ireland, the first question I ask is after your health, of which I had the pleasure to hear very lately from Mr.

¹ Oxford had come to London some months before to seek medical advice. His friends considered that he had endangered his life by remaining in the country for two years without such attendance as his case required ("Portland Manuscripts," vol. vii, *passim*).

² *Supra*, p. 6.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ It is evident that Gay had not written to Swift since Swift's departure from England, and that the letter from Hanover (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 218) was the last which he had sent him. Possibly the letter which

Berkeley. I think of you very often; nobody wishes you better, or longs more to see you. Duke Disney,² who knows more news than any man alive, told me I should certainly meet you at the Bath the last season: but I had one comfort in being disappointed, that you did not 'want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a colic, that I have been troubled with of late, but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge at present in Burlington House,³ and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me, and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me some knowledge of them; so that I can say, that it is not in their power to disappoint me. You find I talk to you of myself; I wish you would reply in the same manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me so long, I have not lost my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the same manner, as when you espoused my cause so warmly, which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and sincere humble servant,
J. GAY.

Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, desired me to tell you, that he has been just in the same sentiments with me, in regard to you, and shall never forget his obligations to you.

Addressed—To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, Ireland.

¹ Berkeley (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 277), after many years' residence abroad, had returned to Ireland, and resumed his rightful occupation as a Fellow of Trinity College, about eighteen months before the date of this letter. He did not, however, remain long in that country, and had been for some time enjoying the society of Pope and his friends in London.

² *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 235.

³ Of Gay's many noble patrons, Lord Burlington was the one at that moment affording him shelter.

"Who then shall grace or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?"

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Dublin, *December 22, 1722.*

WHAT care we, whether you swim or sink?¹ Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering; or a time to build boathouses, or pay for carriage?² No, but toward summer, I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a guinea shilling for one, or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens³ between them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy⁴ halfpence apiece, and the old man and woman,⁵ a farthing each; in

¹ Sheridan was evidently spending his Christmas vacation, like his Easter and summer ones, at Quilca. That famous place lies about forty Irish miles from Dublin in the southern extremity of the county of Cavan not far from its boundary with the county of Meath. For all that relates to the connection of Swift and Sheridan with Quilca, the first authority is a delightful article from the pen of Isaac Butt, the founder of the Home Rule party, entitled, "A Pilgrimage to Quilca in the year 1852" which appeared in the "Dublin University Magazine" for that year (vol. xl, pp. 509-526). After describing his drive from the county of Meath, he says: "Before us, on the left, in the hollow, lay Quilca, hidden by its trees, with lake, and elm-crowned rath, and mossy mouldering stone walls. You may suppose how eagerly we now stretched on; but our road was rapidly assuming a *mer-de-glace* appearance, full of ruts and knobs, and seamed and pitted as if it had just made a bad recovery from an attack of gigantic small-pox. Our car being in instantaneous danger of dislocation, we deserted it on the chapel-green, and set forward to walk to Quilca. . . . In about ten minutes after starting we reached our destination; and turning in on the right through a gate, and crossing a small stream or mill-race which flowed from the lake, we stood in the lawn before what had once been the house of Quilca. It is a very ancient place—solitary, green, silent, save for the many-tongued associations which were whispering in my ears, like the hum of household voices. Here as in most old places, swallow-haunted and still, 'the air is delicate' and 'the breath of heaven smells wooingly.' To the right, a row of large oaks stretched away on the soft grass to the lake. Before the hall-door in the lawn is the well, over which, Swift tells us in one of his letters he used to dine, once no doubt cool and pellucid—*O fons Blandusiae, splendidior vitro*, but now choked with ulvae and swarming with tadpoles."

² Sheridan had probably asked Swift to join in the purchase of a boat.

³ The value of an English shilling.

short I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitsuntide. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting, and who can help it, for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay, and I hold my visitation on January 7th, just in the midst of Christmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and swears as much as a fanatic can do, that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat.

Well, I shall be a countryman when you are not; we are now at Mr. Fad's,¹ with Dan² and Sam, and I steal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress. We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day, and I promised them that you would carry your club to Ardsallagh,³ when you are weary of one another. You express your happiness with grief in one hand, and sorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? What hares, but Mrs. MacFadden's⁴ grey hairs? What peas but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and so is your wether mutton. Wild fowl is what we like. How will this letter get to you? A fortnight good from this morning. You will find Quilca not the thing it was last August;⁵ nobody to relish the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroics; no morning epics; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable Master Sheridan! No blind harpers! No journeys to Rantavan!⁶ Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed—and so I conclude,

Yours, etc.

¹ Sheridan's wife was a Miss MacFadden.

² *I.e.*, the Rev. Daniel Jackson.

³ Stella and Mrs. Dingley had apparently gone to spend Christmas with Peter Ludlow and his wife (*supra*, p. 12).

⁴ Sheridan's mother-in-law.

⁵ When Swift had no doubt stayed with him.

⁶ The home of Henry Brooke, the author of "The Fool of Quality," who was Sheridan's favourite pupil and then a youth of nineteen years of age. Swift was very kind to Brooke, of whom he is said to have

SWIFT TO JOHN GAY

Dublin, January 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter² upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England: there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing. Yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopped by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me, *Desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune has condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to ride and get health to bear it; the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment.

¹ This letter is the first of the series only to be found in Elwin and Courthope's "Works of Pope" (*supra*, vol. i, p. ix). For permission to

Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic. Do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always: *Et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they would have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance—Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, etc.,¹ but you mention only Mr. Pope, who, I believe, is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great men's favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his.

I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt ante-chambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your *Eclogues*² to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all Courts have a sameness in them, as the parsons' phrase is, things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to Parliament-men's friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the Treasury, which would take up at least your seven years' expedient to discharge even one half.

I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your friend who lodges in

¹ The conjunction of "poor Will Congreve" with Swift's intimates, Arbuthnot and Lewis, is very remarkable testimony to the high place his old schoolfellows and college friend occupied in his affections.

your house,¹ to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries, which your Parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the Deanery House; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health. The Duke of Wharton settled a pension on Dr. Young.² Your landlord is much richer. These are my best thoughts after three days' reflections. Mr. Budgell got a very good office here, and lost it by a great want of common politics.³ If a [Whig] recommendation be hearty, and the governor who comes here be already inclined to favour you, nothing but *fortuna Trojanae* can hinder the success.

If I write to you once a quarter, will you promise to send me an answer in a week, and then I will leave you at rest till the next quarter-day; and I desire you will leave part of a blank side for Mr. Pope. Has he some *quelque chose* of his own upon the anvil? I expect it from him since

¹ In the opinion of Elwin (*op. cit.*, vii, 35) Swift made a slip of the pen and intended to write "in whose house you lodge," but it seems to me the inversion is very characteristic of Swift.

² Swift had probably been informed of this fact by Wharton himself during his last visit to Ireland (*supra*, p. 66). On the ground that the public good was advanced by the encouragement of learning and the polite arts Wharton had settled in 1719 an annuity of £100 a year on Young, and to compensate for its not being paid had granted in 1722 a further annuity for the same amount to his friend. The validity of the charges became subsequently the subject of a legal decision which was given in favour of Young ("D. N. B.," lxxiii, 368).

³ Eustace Budgell, who claimed to be Joseph Addison's nearest relation, had been appointed on the accession of George I to the secretaryship held by Joshua Dawson in Dublin Castle (*supra*, vol. i, p. 178). Criticisms which he thought fit to make during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Bolton on his superior officer, the Chief Secretary, led, however, in a few years to his own supersession. His case, which is set out in a pamphlet entitled a "Letter to Lord — from Eustace Budgell Esq.," London, 1718, shows vanity to have been his prevailing passion. A third of the pamphlet is occupied by a character of the reigning monarch, and an "Exact and Accurate History of Ireland"

poor Homer helped to make him rich. Why have not I your works,¹ and with a civil inscription before it, as Mr. Pope ought to have done to his, for so I had from your predecessors of the two last reigns. I hear yours were sent to Ben Tooke, but I never had them. You see I wanted nothing but provocation to send you a long letter, which I am not weary of writing, because I do not hear myself talk, and yet I have the pleasure of talking to you, and if you are not good at reading ill hands, it will cost you as much time as it has done me. I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late Court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side! I am ever, with all friendship and esteem,

Yours.

Mr. Ford presents his service to Mr. Pope and you. We keep him here as long as we can.²

CDXCIV. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON

Dublin, *January 24, 1722-3.*

MY LORD,³

I RECEIVED lately from the Dean of Down⁴ a favourable message from your Grace, relating to a clergyman, who

¹ Gay's poems had been published in 1720 by Tonson and Lintot in two volumes quarto. The subscription list rivalled that of Prior's folio ("D. N. B.," xxi, 86).

² Ford (*supra*, p. 136) had no doubt come to Ireland again during the previous summer. As appears from subsequent references he remained there for more than twelve months.

³ The Duke's connection with Hanmer had probably resulted not only in the withdrawal of the prosecution against Waters (*supra*, p. 116), but also in an interchange of courtesies between Dublin Castle and the Deanery while the Duke was in Ireland during the last session of the Irish Parliament.

acknowledgments for your Grace's favourable answer. I can assure your Grace, that in those times, when I was thought to have some credit with persons in power, I never used it to my own interest, and very rarely for that of others, unless where it was for the public advantage; neither shall I ever be a troublesome or common petitioner to your Grace. I am sorry the Archbishop of Dublin should interpose in petty matters,² when he has justly so much weight in things of greater moment. How shall we, the humblest of your addressers, make our way to the smallest mark of your favour? I desired your Secretary, Mr. Hopkins, whom I have long known,³ to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and if he thought my request unreasonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do; and therefore I here complain of him to your Grace, and will do so to himself, because I have long done with court answers.

I heartily wish your Grace full success in all your great and good endeavours for the service of your country, and

clergyman, Charles Fairfax, who had apparently come over as chaplain to the Duke of Grafton. Fairfax was the son of an English politician, and had been educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, but notwithstanding his environment is said to have been "a good scholar in the old Irish character."

¹ The allusion is to his cousin Willoughby's son-in-law, the Rev. Stafford Lightburne (*supra*, vol. i, p. 11, n. 1), who became about that time Swift's curate at Laracor. Lightburne, who was older than Swift, belonged to a family of good estate in the county of Meath.

² Archbishop King had apparently tried to intercept Swift's application on behalf of Lightburne.

³ It is evident from the "Epilogue to Mr. Hoppy's Benefit Night at Smock Alley" ("Poetical Works," i, 130) that Swift was not only acquainted with, but had taken the measure of, the Right Hon. Edward Hopkins, an English parliamentarian, who had come to Ireland in the capacity of Chief Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, and had succeeded Sam Dopping (*supra*, p. 99) in the representation of Dublin University. In the previous autumn the sinecure post of Master of the Revels in Ireland had fallen vacant, and for "his bright merits" it had been conferred for life on Hopkins with an augmentation to the salary of £300 a year, which was apparently to be obtained in whole or in part (cf. *ibid.*, pp. 128, 130) from the players. This demand is the subject of the Epilogue which is said to have been composed at Gaulstown, where possibly Swift had been during his short Christmas ramble (*supra*, p. 148), or went during one he took at Easter.

particularly of this kingdom, and am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

CDXCV. [*Original.*']

JOHN GAY TO SWIFT

London, *February 3, 1722-3.*

YOU made me happy in answering my last letter in so kind a manner,² which, to common appearance, I did not deserve; but I believe you guessed my thoughts, and knew that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found that my book was not sent to you by Tooke, Jervas undertook it, and gave it to Mr. Maxwell,³ who married a niece of Mr. Meredith's. I am surprised you have heard nothing of it, but Jervas has promised me to write about it, so that I hope you will have it delivered to you soon. Mr. Congreve I see often. He always mentions you with the strongest expressions of esteem and friendship. He labours still under the same afflictions, as to his sight and gout,⁴ but in his intervals of health, he has not lost anything of his cheerful temper. I passed all the last season with him at the Bath, and I have great reason to value myself upon his friendship; for I am sure he sincerely wishes me well. We pleased ourselves with the thoughts of seeing you there, but Duke Disney,⁵ who knows more intelligence than anybody besides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there, the Duke promised, upon my giving him notice, to make you a visit. He often talks of you, and wishes to see you.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 148.

³ Possibly the first Lord Farnham.

⁴ Writing more than twelve years before to Stella ("Prose Works," ii, 38) Swift says: "I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve, who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes . . . and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning

I was two or three days ago at Dr. Arbuthnot's, who told me, he had written you three letters,¹ but had received no answer. He charged me to send you his advice, which is, to come to England and see your friends. This he affirms, abstracted from the desire he has to see you, to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to Spa, and drinking the waters there, would be of great service to you, if you have resolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try England first. I like the prescription very much, but I own I have a self-interest in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. Pope has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener.² He has engaged to translate the *Odyssey* in three years, I believe rather out of a prospect of gain than inclination;³ for I am persuaded he bore his part in the loss of the South Sea.⁴ He lives mostly at Twickenham, and amuses himself in his house and garden. I supped about a fortnight ago with Lord Bathurst and Lewis, at Dr. Arbuthnot's. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expressing their want of you. I wish you would come, and be convinced that all I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amusement of the town, it is entirely music; real fiddles, base-voles, and hautboys, not poetical harps, lyres, and reeds.⁵ There is nobody allowed to say, "I sing," but an eunuch, or an Italian woman. Everybody is grown now as great a judge of music, as they were in your time of poetry, and folks, that could not distinguish one tune from another, now daily dispute about the differ-

¹ These letters in my opinion never reached Swift. See Appendix II.

² Pope had then been residing for some years in the villa at Twickenham with which his name is always associated.

³ The accuracy of Gay's surmise was borne out by the result of the translation, which brought Pope "an addition of fortune, but not of fame" (*"D. N. B.,"* xlv, 114).

⁴ During the disastrous period of speculation in the South Sea stock when, as Dr. Johnson says, "even poets panted after wealth," Pope had been seized with the national infatuation and for a while thought himself "lord of thousands." In the opinion of the most recent authority he was, however, more fortunate than others and ended richer than he began (*ibid.*).

ent styles of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio.¹ People have now forgot Homer, and Virgil, and Caesar, or at least, they have lost their ranks; for, in London and Westminster, in all polite conversations, Senesino² is daily voted to be the greatest man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your assistance, in introducing me into business. I shall this year be a commissioner of the state lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds; and I am not without hopes, that I have friends that will think of some better and more certain provision for me. You see I talk to you of myself, as a thing of consequence to you. I judge by myself; for to hear of your health and happiness, will always be one of my greatest satisfactions. Every one that I have named in the letter, give their service to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. Pope's and Mr. Kent's,³ to Mr. Ford. I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

J. GAY.

My paper was so thin, that I was forced to make use of a cover. I do not require the like civility in return.

¹ Giovanni Battista Bononcini, who was patronized by the Marlborough family, and wrote the anthem for the great Duke's funeral, and Attilio Ariosti, who was a Dominican friar, were then writing operas alternately with Handel for production at the Haymarket (Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians").

² Francesco Bernardi Senesino was a famous sopranist whom Handel had brought to London. It is related of him that when acting the part of Julius Caesar he was so frightened by the fall of some of the stage machinery that he burst into tears (*ibid.*).

³ This fashionable proficient, whom Pope has immortalized in the line

"Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love,"

is described in the "D. N. B." as "painter, sculptor, architect and landscape gardener."

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *February* 12, 1722-23.

SIR,

UPON my return last October,² after five months absence in the country, I found a letter of yours, which I believe was then two months old.³ It contained no business that I remember, and being then out of health and humour, I did not think an answer worth your receiving. I had no other letter from you till last Friday,⁴ which I could not answer on Saturday, that being a day when the Bishop⁵ saw no company; however I was with him a few minutes in the morning about signing a lease and then I had only time to say a little of your business,⁶ which he did not seem much to enter into, but thought you had no reason to stir in it, and that you ought to stay till you are attacked, which I believe you never will be upon so foolish an accusation. On Sunday when I usually see him, he was abroad against his custom, and yesterday engaged in business and company. To-day he sees nobody it being one of the two days in the week that he shuts himself up. I look upon the Whig party to be a little colder in the business of prosecutions, than they formerly were, nor will they readily trouble a gentleman who lies quiet and minds only his gardens and improvements. The improbability of your accuser's story will never let it pass, and the judges having been so often shamed by such rascals, are not so greedy at swallowing information. I am here in all their teeth, which they have shown often enough, and do no more, and the Chief Justice, who was as venomous as a serpent, was

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² *Supra*, p. 137.

³ Evidently Swift had not written to Chetwode for nearly a year (*supra*, p. 125).

⁴ The 8th. Swift was writing on the following Tuesday.

⁵ *I.e.*, Archbishop King, who, as has been already mentioned, was then one of the Lords Justices.

forced to consent that a *nolle prosequi* should pass¹ after he had laid his hand on his heart in open court and sworn, that I designed to bring in the Pretender.

Do you find that your trees thrive and your drained bog gets a new coat? I know nothing so well worth the enquiry of an honest man, as times run. I am as busy in my little spot of a town garden,² as ever I was in the *grand monde*, and if it were five or ten miles from Dublin I doubt I should be as constant a country gentleman as you. I wish you good success in your improvements, for as to politics I have long forsworn them. I am sometimes concerned for persons, because they are my friends, but for things never, because they are desperate. I always expect to-morrow will be worse, but I enjoy to-day as well as I can. This is my philosophy, and I think ought to be yours; I desire my humble service to Mrs. [Chetwode] and am very sincerely,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. S.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington.

CDXCVII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS WALLIS

Dublin, *February* 12, 1722-23.

SIR,

I WOULD have been at Laracor and Athboy before now,³ if an ugly depending Chapter business⁴ had not tied me here. There is a long difficulty, that concerns the Government, the Archbishop, the Chapter, the Dean, Dr. Howard, and Robin Grattan, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my design is, to do a job for Robert Grattan, but the rest have their different schemes

¹ *Supra*, p. 140.

² *Supra*, p. 82.

³ Swift had probably seen Wallis more than once during the year that had elapsed since he wrote his last letter to him (*supra*, p. 105).

⁴ *I.e.*, the appointment to the vacant benefice of St. Bride (*supra*, p. 138). On that day month Grattan was elected to the cure on Swift's proposal, but not without opposition from some of Archbishop King's

trouble myself about them. Meantime you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten. I beg you will stop there for a day or two, and do what is necessary now, before the season is too late, and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine, which will not be ready till then, for it is but just bottled, and we will be merry at your house and my cottage.

I sent your memorial, drawn up by myself, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney, to recommend it to the Primate.¹ I likewise desired Mr. Morgan to second it. I have in vain hitherto sought Dr. Kearney, but shall find him soon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth² and Mr. Crosse,³ and probably all may come to nothing—*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as usually; Mrs. Johnson eats an ounce a week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew⁴ has drunk near three hogsheads since I came to town, and we must take up with new when I come down. I suppose you are in the midst of spleen and justice. I have often an ill head, and am so unfortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Pooley, the painter, is dead?⁵ I am

Ever yours,

JON. SWIFT.

¹ Kearney (*supra*, p. 54) had probably known Wallis in Trinity College, and hence was asked to recommend his memorial to Primate Lindsay.

² Dr. Edward Worth was one of the leading physicians in Dublin at that time, and no doubt owed his employment by the Primate to the fact that he was a Tory after Lindsay's own heart. He figures under the name of Sooterkin in "The Swan Tripe Club":

"In the first rank fam'd Sooterkin is seen,
Of happy visage, and enchanting mien,
A lazy modish son of melancholy spleen."

Besides his reputation as a physician, Worth has left one as "a curious book collector," and formed a valuable library, which he bequeathed to one of the Dublin hospitals, where it is still preserved.

³ *Supra*, p. 55.

⁴ *I.e.*, Sheridan *et hoc genus omne*.

⁵ Thomas Pooley, on whose name Bishop Ashe made what Stella justly considered a silly pun ("Prose Works," ii, 443), had long practised the art of painting in Dublin. He was a brother of Bishop Pooley who held the see of Raphoe in the reign of Queen Anne, and who was prominent amongst the high-flying members of the Irish episcopal bench. There are several portraits by him in the Royal Hospital, Dublin.

Deanery House, *February 22, 1722-23.*

MY LORD,

MR. CHETWODE intends to deliver in a petition to the government to-day,¹ and entreated me to speak to your Grace before he delivered it, which not having an opportunity to do, I make bold to enclose this letter, which your Grace may please to read, and is the substance of what he desired me to say. I am, my Lord, with the greatest respect,

Your Grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

CDXCIX. [*Copy.*²]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Monday morning, *February 25, 1722-23.*

SIR,

I WAS yesterday with the Archbishop, who tells me that it was not thought fit to hinder the law from proceeding in the common form,³ but that particular instructions were given that you should be treated with all possible favour, and I have some very good reasons to believe those instructions will be observed; neither in this do I speak by chance, which is all I can say. I am,

Yours, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq.

¹ Notwithstanding the Archbishop's advice (*supra*, p. 156), Chetwode had evidently come to the conclusion that it was unwise to allow his accusers to make the first move.

² In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

³ It had been evidently decided to prosecute Chetwode before the petition mentioned in the preceding letter had been received.

D. [*Copy*.¹]

KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE TO SWIFT

[*February 26, 1722-23.*]

I CANNOT be so wanting to myself as to omit owning my obligations to you in my present affair.² You have rendered me great and particular service, and I am convinced of it. The Archbishop, in my opinion, has been kind, but it is through you. I had no interest in him. The first malice was against my life and honour, the present is against my understanding; for my friend Cope³ tells me now I am attacked for bringing all this upon myself, for that if I had not come to town and stirred in this matter, nobody intended to have attacked or troubled me, though the King's own law servants have told me a warrant was issued to apprehend me, and that I was to have been taken up the very day I fortunately left the country; that indeed orders were sent at the same time to bail me, but it was intended to distress me, for that they were sure the animosity of the country against me was such that I could not find bail there. What you hinted to me in haste⁴ in regards to their being mistaken in me and my principles is some argument to me they are either ashamed, if that be possible, of this proceeding, or vexed they cannot compass their wicked ends. But I never trust the devil, wherefore I have got Frank Bernard's⁵ promise to go home with me to Wood-

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² This letter is no doubt an answer to the preceding one.

³ *I.e.*, Robert Cope of Loughgall.

⁴ Probably in conversation.

⁵ Francis Bernard, who was an ancestor of the Earls of Bandon and represented the borough from which they take their title for more than a quarter of a century, was then one of the leaders of the Irish bar. He had filled the office of Solicitor-General for Ireland during Oxford's administration, and owing to his eminence as a lawyer was soon after the date of this letter appointed by the Whigs successively Prime Serjeant and a Justice of the Common Pleas. His wife was a sister of Swift's friend, Peter Ludlow. In "The Lawyer's Tears, a Mourning Elegy occasioned by the Sudden and much Lamented Death of Francis Bernard, Esq., one of the Judges of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas in Ireland," *ibid.*

brooke, and from there to the Assizes.¹ It was a condition of one of the greatest men's friendship of the age he lived in, I mean the Duke of Espernon,² that everybody, even his domestics, should tell him the worst; for otherwise a man could never form a right judgement, and living in suspense is the life of a spider.

I hope you will give me the pleasure of an evening before I leave town, which, I believe, will be this week. I have sent for my horses. Pray lend me your person for the evening, and appoint it yourself; continue to make me happy, I mean continue my friend, which I not only covet but endeavour above all things by every thought, word, and action of my life to merit, as being with all possible attachment, respect and truth,

Your own,
K. C.

DI. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO ROBERT COPE

Dublin, *May* 11, 1723.

I PUT up your letter so very safe, that I was half an hour looking for it. I did not receive it till a few days before I came to town; for I often changed stages, and my last as well as my first was at Wood Park with Mr. Ford.³ This is the first minute of leisure I have had to answer you, which I did not intend to do, till I heard you were come and gone from hence like a sprite.⁴

¹ In case the government instituted proceedings there against him.

² This reference to a French military hero of the sixteenth century shows that Chetwode was well read in French literature. There are said to be many French books which belonged to him at Woodbrooke.

³ Swift had attended several meetings of his Chapter in March, the last on the 18th. He appears from this letter to have been absent from Dublin for some time, and to have returned at least some days before it was written. From his staying with Ford at Wood Park, which, as already noted, lay on the road from Dublin to Trim (*supra*, p. 61, n. 4), it may be concluded that part of the time, including possibly Easter Day, which fell that year on 14 April, had been spent at Laracor, and probably he had gone thence to Gaulstown.

I will tell you that for some years I have intended a southern journey, and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days.¹ I never was in those parts, nor am acquainted with one Christian among them, so that I shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I go to the Bishop of Clonfert who expects me, and pretends to be prepared for me.² You need not take so much pains to invite me to Loughgall. I am grown so peevish, that I can bear no other country-place in this kingdom; I quarrel everywhere else and sour the people I go to as well as myself. I will put the greatest compliment on you that ever I made, which is, to profess sincerely that I never found anything wrong in your house, and that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have found out the secret of loving your lady and children, with some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is more, without being troublesome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, excels even you,³ at least you have made me think so, and I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The worst of it is, that if you grow weary of me, and I wonder why you do not, I have no other retreat. The neighbours you mention may be valuable, but I never want them at your house; and I love the very

¹ Before that time the final scene with Vanessa had been enacted, and great diversity of opinion has arisen as to whether the southern journey here first mentioned was a consequent of it or not. All that is absolutely certain with regard to the intercourse between Swift and Vanessa during the preceding nine months is that on 8 August he had sent her a letter (*supra*, p. 136) in the tone of mingled encouragement and expostulation that had become habitual to him, and that ten days before the present letter was written, on 1 May, Vanessa had made a will in which Swift had no part either in the capacity of a beneficiary or an adviser. A month later her death took place. Both Orrery ("Remarks," p. 115) and Deane Swift ("Essay," p. 277) agree that the final interview between Swift and Vanessa was not long before her death, and the latter, with a precision that is characteristic, fixes the time as about two months before it, which would be about the date that it seems probable Swift had left Dublin (*supra*, p. 161, n. 3). In my opinion his decision to undertake his southern journey, whether it was designed beforehand or not, was due to a desire to escape from Dublin, where he had reason to fear that gossip concerning him would be rife, and the care with which he dwells upon the journey being premeditated strengthens me in that conclusion. The subject will be found more fully discussed in Appendix III.

² From this phrase I gather that the visit had been suggested by Swift and not by himself.

spleen of you and Mrs. Cope, better than the mirth of any others you can help me to. It is indeed one additional good circumstance that Tisdall will be absent.¹ I am sorry to say so of an old acquaintance; I would pity all infirmities that years bring on, except envy and loss of good-nature—the loss of the latter I cannot pardon in anyone but myself. My most humble service to Mrs. Cope, and pray God bless your fire-side. It will spare Dr. Jenney² the trouble of a letter, if he knows from you in a few days that I intend in a week from your receiving this to begin my journey; for he promised to be my companion. It is probable I may be at Clonfert by the beginning of July.

It is abominable that you will get me none of Prior's guineas.³ If you want news, seek other correspondents. Mr. Ford is heartily weary of us, for want of company. He is a tavern-man, and few here go to taverns, except such as will not pass with him; and, what is worse, as much as he has travelled, he cannot ride. He will be undone when I am gone away, yet he does not think it convenient to be in London during these hopeful times.⁴ I have been four hours at a commission to hear the passing of accounts, and thought I should not have spirits left to begin a letter, but

¹ Swift evidently often saw his old rival (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 392) during his visits to Loughgall. According to Sheridan ("Life," p. 431) Cope and his neighbours had formed a club in which Tisdall played the part of "a merry member," and a very silly one if we may judge by an attempt to induce a farmer to say that he was Bruin the Bear, otherwise brewing the beer.

² The Rev. Henry Jenney, to whom Swift alludes, was then Prebendary and Rector of Mullabrack, a parish in the county of Armagh not far from Loughgall. For more than fifty years that prebend had been held by members of the Jenney family, Swift's friend being the fourth in direct succession (Leslie, *op. cit.*, p. 61). He is mentioned in "The Grand Question Debated" ("Poetical Works," ii, 105):

"For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny."

³ Evidently poor Prior had not reaped before his death (*supra*, p. 103) the full harvest from the publication of his works.

⁴ The Bill of Pains and Penalties against Bishop Atterbury had before then passed the House of Commons, and on the very day this

I find myself refreshed with writing to you. Adieu, and do me the justice to believe that no man loves and esteems you more than

Yours etc.

DII. [Copy.¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

[May, 1723.]

SIR,

I WAS just going out when I received your note.² These proceedings make my head turn round. I take it that the government's leave for you to move the King's Bench must signify something, or else instead of a dilemma it is an absurdity. I thought you had put in a memorial, which I also thought would have an answer in form. I apprehend they have a mind to evade a request which they cannot well refuse. Will not your lawyer advise you to move the King's Bench, and will he not say that it was the direction of the government you should do so, and will the government own an advice or order that is evasive? I talk out of my sphere. Surely the Attorney³ could but reconcile this. I imagined your request should have been offered to the Justices⁴ in a body, not to one and then to the other, as that was doing nothing. I am wholly at a loss what to say further.

Endorsed—Swift, without date, about my prosecution and his sentiments on several particulars.

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² There had been some fresh development with regard to the proceedings against Chetwode (*supra*, p. 160) which had caused him to return to Dublin.

³ The office of Attorney-General was then held by John Rogerson, who became a few years later Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and whose name still lingers in Dublin through one of the quays being called after his father. From him the Earls of Erne trace in a female line descent. Although a stout Whig he was married, like Francis Bernard (*supra*, p. 160, n. 5), to a sister of Peter Ludlow.

⁴ *I.e.*, the Lords Justices Archbishop King, Lord Midleton, and Speaker Conolly.

DIII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO ROBERT COPE

June 1, 1723.

I WROTE to you three weeks ago;¹ perhaps my letter miscarried. I desired you would let Dr. Jenney know that I intended my journey in ten days after my letter would reach you, and I stayed five or six more, and do now leave this town on Monday,² and take a long southern journey, and in five or six weeks hope to get to the Bishop of Clonfert's. My letter to you was very long, and full of civilities to you and Mrs. Cope, and it is a pity it should be lost. I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature, and all this is to get a little exercise, for curing an ill head. Pray reproach Dr. Jenney soundly, if you received my letter, and sent my message; for I know not where to direct to him, but thought you might hear of him once a week. Your friend Ford keeps still in Ireland, and passes the summer at his country house with two sober ladies of his and my acquaintance.³ If there be time after my being at Clonfert, I will call at Loughgall; though I wish you would come to the Bishop's, if Mrs. Cope will give you leave. It seems they are resolved to find out plots here when the Parlia-

¹ *Supra*, p. 161.

² Swift was writing on Saturday.

³ The faithful Glassheel, as I have already said (*supra*, p. 59), was in Swift's confidence no less as regards Stella than as regards Vanessa, and during Swift's visit to Wood Park (*supra*, p. 161) they had no doubt arranged that she should be asked to spend the summer there in order to recover from the shock which she had received on hearing of Swift's intimacy with Vanessa, and to escape the embarrassing questions of Dublin friends. As the *Journal to Stella* shows, Ford was no new acquaintance in her case, and according to Delany ("Observations," p. 39), he was a friend whom she much loved and honoured. Of the efforts of this "cheerful, generous, good-natured" man to entertain his guests, some of Swift's verses tell

ment meets, in imitation of England, and the Chief Justice and Postmaster¹ are gone on purpose to bring them over and they will raise fifty thousand pounds on the Papists here. The Bishop of Meath² says: "The Bishop of Rochester was always a silly fellow."³

I wish you many merry meetings with Tisdall. The graziers will be ruined this year. Praised be God for all things! Bermudas goes low.⁴ The walk toward the Bishop of Clonfert's is full of grass. The College and I are fallen out about a guinea. We have some hangings, but few weddings. The next packet will bring us word of the King and Bishop of Rochester's leaving England;⁵ a good journey and speedy return to one and the other, is an honest Whig wish. And so I remain ever entirely

Yours, etc.

DIV. [*Copy*.⁶]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

June 2, 1723,
past twelve at night.

SIR,

I SENT a messenger on Friday⁷ to Mr. Forbes's⁸ lodging, who had orders if he were not at home, to say that I should be glad to see him, but I did not hear of him, though I stayed at home on Saturday till past two a clock. I think all your comfort lies in your innocence, your steadiness, and the advice of your lawyers.⁹ I am forced to leave the town sooner than I expected.¹⁰

¹ *I.e.*, Whitshed and Manley (*supra*, p. 139).

² *I.e.*, Evans.

³ The Bill of Pains and Penalties (*supra*, p. 163, n. 4) had become law, and on the 18th of that month Bishop Atterbury was conveyed in accordance with its provisions to the Continent.

⁴ Berkeley was then promoting his scheme for the foundation of a university in the Bermudas.

⁵ The King left England for Hanover soon after the banishment of Atterbury.

⁶ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

⁷ Swift was writing on Sunday.

⁸ Presumably the Rector of Dunboyne (*supra*, p. 282).

⁹ In the legal proceedings then pending (*supra*, p. 286).

I heartily wish you good success, and am in hopes the consequence will not be so formidable as you are apt to fear. You will find that brutes are not to be too much provoked. They that most deserve contempt are most angry at being contemned, I know it by experience. It is worse to need friends, than not to have them; especially in times when it is so hard, even for cautious men to keep out of harm's way.

I hope when this affair is over you will make yourself more happy in your domestic; that you may pass the rest of your life in improving the scene and your fortune, and exchanging your enemies for friends. I am, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his lodgings in William Street.

Endorsed—About my prosecution at that time.

DV. [*Elwin*.¹]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

August, 1723.

DEAR SIR,

I FIND a rebuke in a late letter of yours,² that both stings and pleases me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole letter, and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you—for both of us I believe have had, and one of us hath both had and given, a surfeit of writing—so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly entitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine needed any further deeds or writings to assure you of it. It is an

think of oftener or better than yourself. I look upon you to be as to me in a state between both. You have from me all the passions and good wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect and tender sense of loss that we feel for the dead. Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would choose to live; and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I would have any share. We have never met these many years without mention of you.

Beside my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date, are such as were yours before. Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one immediately entailed upon them by you. Lord Bolingbroke is now returned,¹ as I hope, to take me with all his other hereditary rights, and, indeed, he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little as upon the poet you gave him. It is sure my particular ill fate, that all those I have most loved, and with whom I have most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the Bishop of Rochester. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expense of another.² I tremble for my Lord Peterborough, whom I now lodge with;³ he has too much wit, as well as courage, to make a solid general, and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself.

This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retire-

¹ A pardon had at last been granted to Bolingbroke, who returned to England at the time Bishop Atterbury was exiled.

² When Atterbury heard of Bolingbroke's pardon he is said to have remarked: "Then I am exchanged!"

³ Peterborough had terminated his official career with the death of Queen Anne, and although some degree of favour would appear at first to have been shown him by George I (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 246), he was soon forbidden to attend the Court. He visited the continent frequently, and amused himself with self-constituted missions to foreign

ment in the first part of my life cast me into this, and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement. The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at any. I am therefore the more afflicted, and the more angry at the violences and hardships I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind, which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves—for fools I have learned to bear with—and those I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedoms of friendship, with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I find a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally, and none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need for an *éclaircissement* with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, anything of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you; but fate has dispersed them all about the world, and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to live to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon

and feel in your own heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects. I am, dear Sir,
Your ever faithful servant.

DVI. [*Elwin.*]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

[*August, 1723.*]

I AM not so lazy as Pope,¹ and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness. In defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge. You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgements at least are necessary to preserve it, and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself, since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity, was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the whole female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object.² A great many misfortunes—for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly—and a retirement from the world have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends,

¹ This letter was written at the same time as the preceding one and sent to Swift with it. With his customary vanity Pope had evidently shown his letters to Bolingbroke before he sent them.

which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place;¹ gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff² be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had, like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers, both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardini, by Machiavelli, and Thuanus;³ for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehensions that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life. My philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you. *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by showing me how impotent the malice of the world is: others have cured me of my hopes, by showing how

surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles and rank and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them. My losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town, which will be in a few days, I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me. I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must, indeed, with the former, be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures, the witty rascal will divert me, and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly.

This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it. Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

NO, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy Parliament.² Your dream is wrong, for this Bishop is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders, but if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to six beggars, have at you; and yet this is no ill country, and the Bishop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his house to the Shannon,³ if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your

¹ Swift had completed his southern journey, and had arrived in the west of Ireland on his visit to Bishop Bolton (*supra*, p. 162). Nothing is known of his expedition to the south beyond the fact that he penetrated to the south-western extremity of the county of Cork, and explored the wild beauties of the parish of Skull. His verses on "Carberiae Rupes" ("Poetical Works," i, 142) show what is not elsewhere evident, that Swift was not insensible to the charms of such scenery as attracts the travellers of to-day. Indeed, from what Delany says when referring to these verses ("Observations," p. 94) it would appear that Swift was enthusiastic in his pursuit of fine prospects, and in his anxiety to obtain an uninterrupted view of the cliffs of Carbery was led into a situation so dangerous as to be only saved from death by the united efforts of his two servants. If Sheridan is to be relied upon ("Life," p. 430), it is possible that while passing through Cork Swift was entertained by the Corporation. According to that authority it was while dining on one occasion with them that Swift met the rival wit, who, on seeing him take apple sauce with duck, let the company know that the Dean eat his duck like a goose, but the jest has also been attributed to a civic worthy of Leicester ("Midland Counties Historical Collector," i, 59).

² The Duke of Grafton (*supra*, p. 151) returned to Ireland on the 13th of that month, and opened the Irish Parliament on the 5th of the following one.

³ The seat of the Clonfert diocese, which is now united to that of Killaloe, is situated on the eastern border of the county of Galway, to the south of Ballinasloe. In Celtic and Anglo-Norman times it was a place of great ecclesiastical importance.

friends, your wife, and your school? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew, I would write to them. And how are they in health? Quilca¹ (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rid. With love, and service, and so adieu,

Yours, etc.

DVIII. [*Elwin*.²]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin, *September 20, 1723.*

SIR,

RETURNING from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke.³ I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shows a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover, as I have heard, is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here. *Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours,⁴ to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have often made the same remark with you of my infelicity in being so strangely attached to traitors, as they call them, and exiles and state criminals. I hope Lord Peterborough, with whom you live at present, is in no danger of any among those characters. I always loved him well; but of late years the few I converse with have not well known how to describe him. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement. You are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to

¹ *Supra*, p. 146.

² By permission of Mr. John Murray. *Supra*, p. 148, n. 1.



CLONFERT CATHEDRAL

From a sketch by Mr. Thomas J. Westropp, M.A. Dubl.



go into a country, and their inclinations at *contemptu mundi et fuga saeculi*, unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently among either party. This you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither. But I who am sunk under the prejudices of another education, and am every day persuading myself that a dagger is at my throat, a halter about my neck, or chains about my feet, all prepared by those in power, can never arrive at the serenity of mind you possess.

Your notions of friendship are new to me; I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way. I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least, and should do the same to my fellow prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome, as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done. They are seldom above three or four contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest, which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method

I read the most trifling books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects;¹ but riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence.

Haec est
Vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.

I send you the compliments of a friend of yours,² who has passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance³ at his country house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant. Yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the park, the operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

I am going to write to the person who joined in your letter. We are made to fear that he may not succeed in what will be attempted for him in Parliament,⁴ which would leave him in a worse situation than he was before. You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve,⁵ and Gay. I think there are no more *eodem tertios* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas,⁶ to whose house I address this for want of knowing where you live; for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborough, or he with you. I am ever,
Your most faithful humble servant.

I never subscribe my name *et pour cause*.

¹ *Vide* the opposite page, also "Mary the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan" and "Pethox the Great," which were productions of that year ("Poetical Works," ii, 59, 351). Swift's only serious work appears to have been "Arguments against enlarging the power of Bishops in letting of Leases" ("Prose Works," iii, 220).

² *I.e.*, Charles Ford (*supra*, p. 165).

³ Stella and Mrs. Dingley.

⁴ The restoration of his estates and his seat in the House of Lords. The pardon granted by the King to Bolingbroke only secured his person.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 149.

⁶ *Supra*, p. 97.

DIX. [*Faulkner.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Saturni die (*October 12, 1723*).ERUDITISSIME DOMINE,¹

MI SANA, Telo me Flaccus; odioso ni mus rem. Tuba Dia pusilanimus: emit si erit mos minimo. Fecitne Latina Sal? I sub me? a robur os. Nantis, potatis. Moto ima os illud a illuc? Ima os nega? I dama nam? Memoravi i nos; Ima eris nisi! sit parta.

Si paca eruca? voco Tite nemo! Emerit tono, sit sola ni emit, na edit. Ima ni sum & dum? Ima nil ne ni erim! Tuba nisi no os tegi en parare.

Humilimus, etc.

Excusatum me habeas si subjecti gravitate paululum aliquando emoveor.²

When you have puzzled your brains with reading this, you will find it as bad sense as you would desire. Where do you dine to-day? To-morrow with me.

¹ This letter is probably one of Swift's earliest attempts to carry on correspondence with Sheridan in disguised words, an amusement that seems to have taken in Swift's mind the place filled a decade before by the Castilian Trifles (*supra*, vol. i, pp. 373-381). Sometimes the words were English disguised in Latin, sometimes Latin disguised in English, and sometimes both the communication and the cover were in English.

² The following interpretation is supplied by Sir Walter Scott ("Works," xiii, 477):

"I am an ass, O let me suck calf; O so I do in summer. A but I had mum in all I supt: minim of time is tiresome. Entice any tall lass? I buss 'em? O soberer. Nan, sit, sit a top. O Tom am I so dull, I a cully? Am I so agen? I a madman? I've a memory son; I'm a sinner! 'Tis a trap.

"Is a cap a cure? O covet it o' men! tire me not, 'tis a loss in time and tide. I'm in a musing mood? I'm kneeling in mire! A but I see

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, *November 6, 1723.*

MY LORD,

BUSSY RABUTIN in his exile of twenty years writ every year a letter to the King, only to keep himself in memory, but never received an answer.² This hath been my fortune, and yet I love you better than ever I did, and I believe you do not love me worse. I ever gave great allowance to the laziness of your temper in the article of writing letters, but I cannot pardon your forgetfulness in sending me your picture.³ If you were still a first Minister, I would hardly excuse your promise of nine years; I will be revenged, I will put Lord Harley, nay I will put Lady Harriett, upon you. Mr. Minet hath sometimes made me uneasy with his accounts of your health; but he and the public papers being silent in that particular, I am in hopes it is established again.⁴ I am recovering mine by riding in hopes to get enough one summer to attend you at Brampton Castle, for I have a thousand things to say to you in relation to somewhat *quod et hunc in annum vivat et plures*. Be so kind in two lines to invite me to your house. You asked me once when you governed Europe whether I was ashamed of your company; I ask you now whether you are ashamed of mine. It is vexatious that I, who never made court to you in your greatness, nor ask[ed] anything from you, should be now perpetually teasing for a letter and a picture. While you were Treasurer you never refused me when I solicited for others, why in your retirement will you always refuse me when I solicit for myself? I want some friend like myself near you to put you out of your play. In my conscience I think that you who were the humblest of men in

¹ This copy, which is in the possession of the Duke of Portland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2), was evidently made for Lord Harley, in whose handwriting it is endorsed.

² From the previous reference to Rabutin (*supra*, p. 123) it is probable that Swift had lately read the works of that author.

³ *Supra*, p. 143.

⁴ The improvement in Oxford's health (*supra*, p. 144) had been,

the height of power are grown proud by adversity, which I confess you have borne in such a manner that if there be any reason why a mortal should be proud, you have it all on your side. But I, who am one of those few who never flattered or deceived you, when you were in a station to be flattered and deceived, can allow no change of conduct with regard to myself, and I expect as good treatment from you as if you were still first Minister.

Pray, my Lord, forgive me this idle way of talk, which you know was always my talent, and yet I am very serious in it, and expect you will believe me, and write to me soon, and comply with everything I desire. It is destined that you should have great obligations to me, for who else knows how to deliver you down to posterity though I leave you behind me, therefore make your court and use me well for I am to be bribed though you never were. I pray God preserve you and your illustrious family, for I hope that title is not confined to Germanes,¹ and that you may live to save your country a second time. For want of another messenger more than for want of manners, I must expect that you will present my most humble respects to my Lord Harley and to Lady Henrietta, whose favours I shall always bear in mind with the highest gratitude.

DXI. [*Original.*²]

JOHN ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT

[*November, 1723.*³]

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE as good a right to invade your solitude as Lord B[olingbroke],⁴ Gay, or Pope, and you see I make use of it. I know you wish us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you shall have a sheet of paper every post till you come to

¹ *I.e.*, the house of Hanover.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ As appears from an endorsement the letter was received on the 17th.

⁴ In former editions Bathurst is the name supplied, but there can be

yourself. By a paragraph in yours to Mr. Pope,¹ I find you are in the case of the man, who held the whole night by a broom bush, and found when daylight came, he was within two inches of the ground. You do not seem to know how well you stand with our great folks. I myself have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent Irish Whigs, the whole table turn all upon your commendation.² If it had not been upon the general topics of your good qualities, and the good you did, I should have grown jealous of you.

My intention in this is not to expostulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes anybody that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myself, if I had had a mind, and I will propose a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late sent several patients in that case to the Spa, to drink there of the G ronst re water,³ which will not carry from the spot. It has succeeded marvellously with them all. There was indeed one, who relapsed a little this last summer, because he would not take my advice, and return to his course, that had been too short the year before. But, because the instances of eminent men are most conspicuous, Lord Whitworth, our plenipotentiary,⁴ had this disease—which, by the way, is a little disqualifying for that employment; he was so bad that he was often forced to catch hold of anything to keep him from falling. I know he was recovered by the use of that water to so great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do anything as formerly.⁵ I leave this to your consideration.

Your friends here wish to see you, and none more than

¹ *Supra*, p. 175.

² Whatever may have been the ostensible ground of their commendation the Irish Whigs were doubtless influenced by knowledge of the support which Swift had already given to the Irish interest. Lord Molesworth, who as a member of the British legislature was well known in London, was probably one of the number.

³ This spring was frequented by Peter the Great.

⁴ Several allusions to this diplomatist, who was one of the most experienced envoys of his time and was created an Irish peer as a reward for his services, will be found in the "Prose Works." In connection with one of his missions, an "embassy of humiliation" to the Czar for an insult offered to his ambassador, Swift admits that the great Anna made for once "a mean, contemptible figure."

myself; but I really do not advise you to such a journey to gratify them or myself; but I am almost confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The Dragon¹ is just the old man, when he is roused. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities just as of old. Lord B[olingbroke] is much improved in knowledge, manner, and everything else. The shaver² is an honest friendly man as before; he has a good deal to do to smother his Welsh fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than some would imagine. He posts himself a good part of the year in some warm house, wins the ladies' money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and Lady M[asham], Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.³ As for your humble servant, with a great stone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for,⁴ he is as cheerful as ever. In public affairs, he has kept, as Tacitus says, *medium iter inter vile servitium, et abruptam contumaciam*.⁵ He never rails at a great man, but to his face, which, I can assure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do.⁶ He has some few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather despised than pushed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

Addressed—For the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, Ireland.

¹ *I.e.*, Oxford (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 150, n. 4).

² *I.e.*, Erasmus Lewis, who had gained a lasting *sobriquet* from Swift's lines ("Poetical Works," ii, 159).

³ Arbuthnot attended Lady Masham's family, and sometimes alludes to her and her brother and sister in his letters.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 17.

⁵ "An sit aliquid in nostris consiliis, liceatque inter abruptam contumaciam et deforme obsequium pergere iter ambitione et periculis vacuum" (Annals, iv, 20).

⁶ Presumably the reference is to George I.

THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND TO SWIFT

December 9, 1723.

SIR,

I FIND by yours of the 6th of November,² which I did not receive till last post, that you have been so good as to remember your poor relation³ here. But as your three last never came to hand, I think it very happy that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I cannot account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were stopped in the post-office, and interpreted, as most innocent things are, to mean something very distant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am surprised at the account you give me of that part of Ireland you have been in; for the best I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the inhabitants. For, to remember with any kindness one under the frowns of the Court, is not a gift the Irish are endowed with. I am very sorry to hear that you have got the spleen, where a man of your sense must every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jests are too low to do so. Change of air is the best thing in the world for your distemper. And if not to cure yourself, at least have so much goodness for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a distemper we overrun with. I am sure your company would go a great way toward my recovery; for I assure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and I hope I shall have the good fortune to see you before I die.

I have no sort of correspondence with the person you have not seen,⁴ and wonder at nothing they do, or do not

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² The Duchess does not appear to have written to Swift for two years (*supra*, p. 95); but, as will be seen, Swift had sent her letters which she had not received.

³ *I.e.*, herself, his sister through the pseudo-relationship between Swift and Ormond as members of the Brothers' Club.

do. I will let your brother and mine know,¹ that you remembered him, in my letter. He is as good a man as lives. I am afraid you will wish you had not encouraged my scribbling to you, when you find I am still such an insipid correspondent; but with that, which I hope will make some amends, am, with great sincerity and respect,

Your most faithful friend, and humble servant.

DXIII. [*Original*.²]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

December 25 [O.S. 14], 1723.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your last.³ The gout had made me a second visit, and several persons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illness to a distemper so desirable.⁴ My toe pained me, these compliments tired me, and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that instant your letter was delivered to me; it cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at least made me forget my pain. I told the persons who were sitting round my bed, and who testified some surprise at so sudden a change, that this powerful epistle came from Ireland, at which, to say the truth, I did not observe that their surprise diminished. But the dullest fellow among them, who was a priest—for that happens to be the case sometimes in this country, told the others, that Ireland had been anciently called *insula sanctorum*, that by the acquaintance he had at the Irish College, he made no doubt of her deserving still the same appellation, and that they might be sure the three pages were filled with *matière d'édification, et matière de consolation*, which he hoped I would be so good

¹ According to the same authority this allusion is to the Earl of Arran.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ Swift's reply to Bolingbroke's letter in August (*supra*, p. 170).

as to communicate to them. A learned Rosicrucian of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, smiled at the Doctor's simplicity, observed, that the effect was too sudden for a cause so heavy in its operations, said a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic, and informed us, that though the sages who deal in occult sciences have been laughed out of some countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in Ireland. I stopped these guessers, and others who were perhaps ready, by assuring them, that my correspondent was neither a saint nor a conjurer. They asked me what he was then? I answered, that they should know it from yourself; and opening your letter, I read to them in French the character which you draw of yourself. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's own habits induced him to judge, but they all agreed, that my correspondent stood in need of more sleep, more victuals, less ale, and better company. I defended you the best I could; and, bad as the cause was, I found means to have the last word, which in disputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced nobody, not even the weakest of the company, that is myself.

I have but one comfort. I flatter my friendship for you with the hopes, that you are really in the case, in which you say that our friend Pope seems to be, and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuse yourself, like that famous painter, who, instead of copying nature, tried in one of his designs, how far it was possible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among those friends, whose misfortunes have given you an habitual sourness. I declare to you once for all that I am not unhappy, and that I never shall be so, unless I sink under some physical evil. Retrench, therefore, the proportion of peevishness which you set to my account. You might for several other reasons retrench the proportions, which you set to the account of others, and so leave yourself without peevishness, or without excuse. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in Ireland; but you are worse than peevish,

Write "Minister," friend Jonathan, and scrape out the words, "either" [and] "power or," after which the passage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man¹ who had power at that time, and that wretched man had neither the will nor the skill to make a good use of it. We talk of characters; match me that if you can, among all the odd phenomena which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a Tacitus by me, but I believe that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you describe your public spirit, it seems to me to be a disease, as well as your peevishness. Your proposals for reforming the State are admirable, and your schemes concise. With respect to your humble servant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago.² You seemed at that time not so afraid of the nightingale's falling into the serpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epistle in metre. After rummaging among my papers, I found it, and send it with my letter; it will serve to entertain you the first fast-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendship, that it shall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in English, for she understands it, to a certain lady,³ the passage of your letter, which relates to her. The Latin I most generously concealed. She desires you to receive the compliments of one, who is so far from being equal to fifty others of her sex, that she never found herself equal to any one of them. She says, that she has neither youth nor beauty, but that she hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance she has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to cast such a mist before your eyes, that you shall not perceive she wants either of them.

¹ *I.e.*, Oxford.

² *Supra*, p. 40.

³ *I.e.*, his wife, the Marquise de Villette.

part to cultivate it, and desire that he will make the Archbishop⁴ soften the Judges—you want some strong credit with the Lord Lieutenant⁵ or proper methods with those under him. As to putting you off, till the Lieutenant goes, I think that can do no hurt. I suppose it is impossible for the Parliament to rise till after Christmas,⁶ since they are now beginning Bills that will pass with difficulty, and if there be an indemnity, then there will be an end. I believe all people agree with you, that your concern shocks you more than it does others. I am sure I saw my best friends very calm and easy when I was under worse difficulties than you.⁷ A few good offices is all we can expect from others.

DXV. [*Copy.*⁸]

ARCHBISHOP KING TO SWIFT

Dublin, *December 19, 1723.*

SIR,

THE bearer, Mr. Richardson, is churchwarden of Tal-
laght and tells me that the chancel of that church lies

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² As appears from this and subsequent letters Chetwode had not yet been prosecuted (*supra*, p. 167), and had come to town in the hope of obtaining a remission from further proceedings.

³ Dr. Marmaduke Coghill (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 349), who, owing to his position as judge of the Prerogative Court, was the Bishops' great adviser.

⁴ *I.e.*, Archbishop King.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 173, n. 2.

⁶ This reference has enabled the letter to be dated. After an adjournment of four weeks, as was then customary to allow the bills to be submitted to the Irish and English Privy Councils, the Irish Parliament had re-assembled on 14 December. Swift's surmise proved correct as the prorogation did not take place until 10 February.

⁷ This allusion is probably to Swift's position at the time of the publication of the "Public Spirit of the Whigs" (*supra*, vol. ii, pp. 129-131). When his letters were seized in Ireland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 283) he was too conscious of his own innocence to feel anxiety.

⁸ In King's Correspondence. See Preface.

unnished for want of your fifteen pounds. You are Rector there and the repair of the chancel is incumbent on you, but inasmuch as it was not ruined in your time, you ought not to be charged with it, but it ought not to lie in the rubbish, and I find the fifteen pounds you promised will finish the repair of it. The churchwarden waits on you to that purpose, and I doubt not but you will answer the expectation of the good people there, and of

Your most humble servant and brother,

W. D[UBLIN].

Dean Swift.

DXVI. [*Copy*.³]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Thursday morning [*January 9, 1723-24*].
Nine o'clock.

SIR,

I HAD not your letter till I returned home,¹ and if I had I could not have known what to do. I think you should have attended the Bishop,² and pressed him to what I desired in my letter;³ for I could not speak more urgently nor am able to say much more with him than what I wrote. Mr. Bernard⁴ is a favourite of the times, and might have credit with the Attorney General⁷ to agree that the thing should be granted, but he lies still, and only leaves you to

¹ Although Tallaght was sometime a residence of the Archbishops of Dublin (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 355, n. 5), Archbishop King was merely animated in his request to Swift by a zeal for church restoration which has gained him many encomiums. Fifteen years before he had started a fund for the repair of the church, and had obtained from several of his brethren, who had held the deanery of St. Patrick's before their promotion to the episcopal bench, a similar amount to that which Swift had promised.

² In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

³ Chetwode's letter referred evidently to the subject of the last one from Swift (*supra*, p. 186), who had been during the Christmas vacation again at Quilca (*supra*, p. 173) with Sheridan, accompanied as appears from "A New Year's Gift for the Dean of St. Patrick's" ("Poetical Works," ii, 356) by Stella and Rebecca Dingley.

⁴ There can be no doubt that Archbishop King, whom Swift thus designated in a former letter (*supra*, p. 156), is the person indicated.

⁵ *I.e.*, to "soften the judges" (*supra*, p. 186).

⁶ *Supra*, p. 160.

do that which he can better do himself. I would do six times more than you desire even for a perfect stranger, if he were in distress; but I have turned the matter a thousand times in my thoughts in vain. I believe your wisest friends will think as I do, that the best way will be to move the Secretary in that manner he likes best.¹ I am this moment going to prayers and so remain

Your etc.

DXVII. [*Copy*.²]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Thursday [*January* 9, 1723-24].

SIR,

I SEE nothing wrong in the petition³ if your friends are satisfied in relation to that part where you mention the differences you have with gentlemen in the country, but others can advise you in that better. I spoke with the Bishop of C[logher] and Dr. Coghill as much as I could think of the other day,⁴ and the latter particularly who said he would do all he could, and said it heartily, as did the other. I went abroad yesterday directly from church, and to-day is the busiest day I have in the year,⁵ so that I have hardly time to write this or to think. To-morrow will be likewise a day of business; however, if it be for your service, I will to-morrow at ten find an hour to talk with you. I wish you good success and am etc.

Endorsed—Upon no great business.

¹ As Birkbeck Hill says ("Unpublished Letters," p. 142) Swift's suggestion is probably that Chetwode should smooth the way for his petition by sending a present to Mr. Secretary Hopkins which might help

"To supply with rare diet his pot and his spit,
And with richest Margoux to wash down a tit-bit."

("Poetical Works," i, 131.)

² In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

³ During the course of the day Swift had evidently received a reply to the foregoing letter.

⁴ Swift had probably asked them to induce Archbishop King to help Chetwode. He was no doubt aware that Bishop Stearne's opinion carried the greatest weight with the Archbishop.

⁵ Swift's business was presumably the visitation of his cathedral

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

January 19, 1723-24.

SIR,

I ENDEAVOURED once or twice without success to see the Bishop; he was so taken up with the delegates.² But it is no great matter. I met an intimate friend of his yesterday, a considerable, who told me, that the Bishop took your affairs to heart, and would attend the Lord Lieutenant with your petition, and take the Solicitor-General³ with him, and the person who told me these was equally concerned for you, and as I believe he would see the Bishop before me, I pressed him again. He said the Lord Lieutenant he believed went to [Conolly's⁴] yesterday, but would return in a day or two.

I am so much out of order that I could not go to church, and shall have a mixed company with me to-night, so that I cannot encourage you to be among them. I am, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq.

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² Swift had probably seen Chetwode since writing the preceding letter. It is no doubt the Archbishop who is again alluded to here.

³ The office of Solicitor-General was then held by Thomas Marley, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who was Henry Grattan's maternal grandfather. He is thus described by a contemporary (O'Flanagan's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland," ii, 47):

"Thomas Marley, the neat,
Who in primitive state
Was ne'er for a drudge designed, Sir;
Your French gibberish he
Takes great nonsense to be,
And is one of your sages refined, Sir."

After her death Vanessa's house at Celbridge became Marley's country residence.

⁴ The name has been copied "Pearsby," but ought, without doubt, to be Conolly. His great residence, Castletown, in the county of Kildare (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 370, n. 2) proved from its proximity to Dublin a convenient retreat for more than one viceroy, and the Duke of Grafton, of whom Conolly was the chief adviser, was often a guest

DEAR SIR,

IT is impossible for you to imagine with what satisfaction I received your kind letter,³ and though I had been so long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendship in one, whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. I had writ often to you, but having no safe conveyance, chose rather to inquire after your health and welfare of some people that could give me an account of it. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can show it only in expressions, but I flatter myself you believe them sincere. I long to see you at my retired habitation,⁴ where you will meet with a most hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more so than her who is

Your most affectionate humble servant,
H. MASHAM.

My Lord, children, brother, and sister, are your humble servants.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at his house in Dublin.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² The letter is endorsed as received on the 20th.

³ It was probably Arbuthnot's allusion to Lady Masham (*supra*, p. 181) that had induced Swift, after a lapse of nearly ten years, to write to her again (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 221).

⁴ The manor of Langley, near Slough, which had been conveyed to Lord Masham in the year of Queen Anne's death. It seems to have been a property more adapted for pleasure than profit, and its purchase does not indicate the want of means that so distressed Lady Masham's friends when she lost her royal mistress. The house which the Mashams occupied, and which dated from the time of Charles I, gave place in the middle of the eighteenth century to one built by the second Duke of Marlborough, who purchased the manor before Lord Masham's death.

SWIFT TO BISHOP STEARNE

Deanery House, *February* 28, 1723-24.

MY LORD,

IF you do not appoint to-morrow,² Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday to dine at the Deanery with the old club of the Walls and lodges,³ I believe there may be a mutiny; therefore pray fix the matter for your own sake. I am

Your Lordship's most dutiful,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Clogher.

DXXI. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO LORD CARTERET

April 28, 1724.⁴MY LORD,⁵

MANY of the principal persons in this kingdom, distin-

¹ In the Forster Collection, No. 543.

² Swift was writing on Friday.

³ *I.e.*, Archdeacon and Mrs. Walls and Stella and Mrs. Dingley. Swift recalls a time long past (*supra*, vol. i, p. 121).

⁴ If the date affixed to the "Blunders, Deficiencies, Distresses, and Misfortunes of Quilca" ("Prose Works," vii, 73) is correct, Swift was at that time on a visit again to Sheridan's home in the county of Cavan (*supra*, p. 187, n. 3), but there is ground to believe that the chronicle has been antedated twelve months, and that Swift was in Dublin when he wrote this letter.

⁵ During the past year the patent granted to William Wood to coin halfpence and farthings for circulation in Ireland, which through the power of the Drapier was shortly to assume an historic importance, had been the engrossing political question in that country. In consequence of opposition to the acceptance of the coinage which had been manifested in the last session of the Irish Parliament ("Prose Works," vi, 6), differences of opinion with respect to the Irish administration had arisen between the Duke of Grafton and the English Ministers, and fear of meeting them had apparently induced him to linger on in Ireland after the session had concluded. Suddenly it was announced

that I had the honour to be known to your Excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly, since you were declared Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom, to represent to your Excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to pass in Ireland. Your Excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the Parliament here upon that matter, and upon inquiry you will find that there is not one person of any rank or party in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation, neither is it doubted, that when your Excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you enclosed two small tracts on this subject; one written, as it is supposed, by the Earl of Abercorn,² the other is entitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.³

that he had been superseded in the viceroyalty by Lord Carteret. That distinguished man, who was then one of the Secretaries of State, had just been defeated in a contest for supremacy in the cabinet, and in spite of the dissatisfaction with Grafton it seems improbable that his tenure of office would have been then terminated only for a desire to find a more remote sphere for his successor (Ballantyne's "Lord Carteret," p. 100). Carteret, of whom it has been said that "no one ever combined, in a more eminent degree, the learning of a scholar with the talents of a statesman" (Stanhope, *op. cit.*, ii, 81), had about the time he came of age been a chief favourite with Swift ("Prose Works," ii, 93, 127, 138). Through his early marriage to the daughter of one of Swift's great admirers (*supra*, vol. i, p. 144, n. 3) there had been opportunity for much friendly intercourse, and in those days his detachment from party gave Swift reason to hope that he might be secured as a recruit for the Tory ranks.

¹ Archbishop King, who was foremost in the opposition to Wood's coinage, was doubtless one of the number.

² That nobleman had added to his former iniquities (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 242, n. 1) a share in the promotion of the establishment of a bank (*supra*, p. 101, n. 3), but the past was forgotten by Swift in their common cause against the copper invasion.

³ It has been stated that the first of the Drapier's Letters appeared in April. The only tract on the coinage that I have found which can with certainty be said to have been issued before then is one entitled, "Ireland's Consternation in the Loosing of Two Hundred Thousand Pound of their Gold and Silver for Brass Money set forth

I hope your Excellency will forgive an old humble servant, and one who always loved and esteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done, if many of the greatest persons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retirement to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to save their country from utter destruction; for which the memory of your government will be blessed by posterity.

I hope to have the honour of seeing your Excellency here; and do promise neither to be a frequent visitor, nor troublesome solicitor; but ever, with the greatest respect, my Lord, remain,

Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Addressed—To his Excellency Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

DXXII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO LORD CARTERET

*June 9, 1724.*¹

MY LORD,

IT is above a month since I took the boldness of writing to your Excellency,² upon a subject wherein the welfare of

¹ Swift had just returned to Dublin from the county of Meath, where he had been engaged in installing a successor to Bishop Evans, who had died three months before. His new diocesan, Henry Downes, who had previously held the see of Killala (*supra*, p. 66, n. 1), was another "foreign" bishop, but he was of a more genial disposition than his predecessor, and was possibly recommended to Swift by some degree of sympathy with the opposition to Wood's coinage (*cf.* Bishop Nicolson's "Letters," pp. 571, 572). Writing on Tuesday 4 June, Downes says: "I spent all last week in or near Trim. On Wednesday I held my visitation, and on Thursday a synod there; and through the unexpected kindness of the Dean of St. Patrick's was made perfectly easy on both days, as if he had a mind to atone by his uncommon civilities to me for the uncommon trouble he had given my predecessor. The Dean went with me on Friday to visit Ardraccan, and to lay out the ground for my new house and gardens; but we returned *re infecta*, not having allowed time for so necessary a work" (*ibid.*, p. 574). It was doubtless on that occasion that Swift, by offering to lend his house at Laracor to Downes, gave Sheridan an opportunity to compose,

this kingdom is highly concerned. I writ at the desire of several considerable persons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you. I could have wished your Excellency had condescended so far, as to let one of your under-clerks have signified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world, but have not forgotten what used to pass among those I lived with while I was in it, and I can say, that during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your Excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you,¹ are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them, of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havoc made among them, by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I know not how your conceptions of yourself may alter, by every new high station; but mine must continue the same, or alter for the worse. I often told a great Minister,² whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your Lordship, and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

I pray God to direct your Excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom. I shall trouble you no more; but remain, with great respect, my Lord,

Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

¹ Swift had subsequently a similar experience in the case of the Duke of Chandos, and apparently through a mistake as to the time when it occurred, there has been a suggestion that he is referring here to the Duke.

DXXIII. [*Original*.¹]

LORD CARTERET TO SWIFT

Arlington Street, *June 20, 1724.*

SIR,

To begin by confessing myself in the wrong will, I hope, be some proof to you, that none of the stations which I have gone through have hitherto had the effects upon me which you apprehend. If a month's silence has been turned to my disadvantage in your esteem, it has at least had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindness of your reproaches, as well as by the goodness of your advice, that you still retain some part of your former friendship for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you express yourself,² and I shall not forfeit my pretensions to the continuance of it, by doing anything that shall give you occasion to think that I am insensible of it.

But to come to the point: your first letter is dated the 28th of April, your second the 9th of June. By the date of this, you will see that the interval of silence may be accounted for by a few excursions which I have made into the country. I desire you will put the most favourable sense. The principal affair you mention is under examination, and till that is over, I am not informed sufficiently to make any other judgement of the matter, than that which I am naturally led to make, by the general aversion which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not suffer by my being in this great station, and if I can contribute to its prosperity, I shall think it the honour and happiness of my life. I desire you to believe what I say, and particularly when I profess myself to be with great truth, Sir,

Your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² It is suggested by Ballantyne (*op. cit.*, p. 135) that these words are

MY LORD,

I HUMBLY claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the last writer, yet, with great acknowledgements for your condescension in answering my letters, I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumstances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady, that nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie. But what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and that after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your Excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwise, we who pretend to be free speakers in quality of philosophers, should be utterly cured of our forwardness, at least I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your Excellency. Yet, my Lord, I am ten years older than I was when I had the honour to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretell that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person, and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord, etc.

DX XV. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, *July 9, 1724.*

MY LORD,²

ALTHOUGH I had for two years past inured myself to expect the death of my Lord your father, from the frequent accounts I received of the bad condition of his health, yet the news of it struck me so sensibly that I had not spirit

¹ In the possession of the Duke of Portland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2).

² Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, had died on 21 May in London, and his son Edward, hitherto styled Lord Harley, was in possession of the title.

enough to condole with your Lordship as I ought to have done for so great a loss to the world and to yourself. It is true indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderness, nor his example to incite you to virtue, but his friendship and conversation you will ever want, because they are qualities so rare in the world, and in which he so much excelled all others. It hath pleased me in the midst of my grief to hear that he preserved the greatness and calmness and intrepidity of his mind to his last minutes, for it was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your Lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture,¹ but his troubles, and sickness, and want of opportunity, and my absence prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist, that your Lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would entreat another and much greater favour of your Lordship, that at your leisure hours you would please to inspect among your father's papers whether there be any memorials that may be of use towards writing his life, which I have sometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on when I little expected to survive him. I have formerly gathered several hints, but want many materials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belongs to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your Lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion, and expect your justice to believe that I am and shall ever be, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, most obliged and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford.

¹ *Supra*, p. 178.

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

Deanery House, *July 11, 1724.*

SIR,

I SHALL wait on you at the time and place you appoint,² although it is hard that you last comers and lodgers should invite us old housekeepers, which I would have you to know I am, and can bring you half-a-dozen men in gowns to depose it. I shall therefore attend you only on this condition, that you will be ready to fix a day for dining at the Deanery with Lord Forbes³ and Mr. Sheridan, because the latter has been heard to boast that you will condescend to suffer him. I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

¹ This letter was printed by Sir Walter Scott from the original, which was then in the possession of Tickell's grandson.

² Tickell, to whom Dr. Johnson (*op. cit.*, x, 277) could not refuse "a high place among the minor poets," had claims of his own to Swift's regard, but his chief recommendation to him was the fact that he was the friend and biographer of Addison, who had died a year after writing his last letter to Swift (*supra*, p. 15). Tickell and Swift can only have just become acquainted. It has been stated by Dr. Johnson that Tickell was first brought to Ireland by Addison while the latter was acting as Secretary to Lord Sunderland, and by others that he filled then the office of under secretary, but, as has been mentioned, Addison did not come at that time to Ireland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 394, n. 1), and the office of under secretary was held by Budgell (*supra*, p. 150, n. 3). Tickell had been, however, under secretary to Addison while he was a Secretary of State, and had doubtless been known in that capacity to Lord Carteret, who lost no time in dismissing Budgell's successor, and in appointing his more accomplished friend in his room. In one of his letters to Bishop Nicolson, Bishop Downes mentions that Tickell landed in Ireland on 1 June, and refers to his being entirely unacquainted with that country (Bishop Nicolson's "Letters," ii, 574).

³ The eldest son of the second Earl of Granard, who succeeded some years later to that title, and distinguished himself in the various careers of a soldier, sailor, and diplomatist. He paid only transient visits to Ireland, but had been long known to Swift ("Prose Works," ii, 212), and as he was stepfather to Mrs. Ludlow (*supra*, p. 12, n. 1) was in great favour with him. On that occasion he had crossed with Tickell, whom he had induced to accompany him on an adventurous voyage in a small boat. He signed as a Privy Councillor the pro-

SWIFT TO ARCHBISHOP KING

Dublin, *July 14, 1724.*MY LORD,¹

YOUR Grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the Primate's death, who died yesterday, at twelve o'clock at noon.² He had left off spitting for about ten days before, and the want of that is thought to have been the immediate cause of his death, although he eat heartily until the two last days. He has left the Bishop of Kildare,³ and his steward, Mr. Morgan, his executors, who were both out of town, but I suppose are sent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left forty thousand pounds; others report he died poor.⁴

The vogue is, that your Grace will succeed him, if you please, but I am too great a stranger to your present situation at Court to know what to judge. But if there were virtue enough, I could wish your Grace would accept the offer, if it should be made you; because I would have your name left to posterity among the Primates; and because entering into a new station is entering, after a sort, on a new lease of life; and because it might be hoped, that your Grace would be advised with about a successor; and because that diocese would require your Grace's ability and spirit to reform it; and because—but I should never be at an end if I were to number up the reasons why I would have your Grace in the highest stations the Crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr.

¹ Archbishop King was then in the country on one of his triennial visitations (*supra*, vol. i, p. 36, n. 2).

² There has been already reference to Primate Lindsay's loss of health (*supra*, p. 55). Swift acted as a pall-bearer at his funeral.

³ The see of Kildare was still held by Welbore Ellis (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 73). He fraternized with the recent additions to the episcopal bench (*supra*, p. 66, n. 1) and usually voted with them against the Primate, but owing to feminine influence his personal friendship with the Primate remained unbroken (Bishop Nicolson's "Letters," ii, 502).

⁴ There is no proof in his will of great wealth. He bequeathed to the economy fund of Armagh Cathedral £1,000 and to a former

Steevens's Hospital,¹ and therefore I brought them home to the Deanery. I opened the cabinet in the presence of Mr. Bouhereau,² and saw one paper, which proved a bank note for five hundred pounds. The greatness of the sum startled me, but I found it belonged to the same Hospital. I was in pain, because workmen were in the room and about the house. I therefore went this morning to St. Sepulchre's,³ and, in the presence of Mrs. Green,⁴ I took away the note, and have it secured in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a scrip under my hand will pass for five hundred pounds. I wish your Grace a good journey to the establishment of your health; and am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Grace's most dutiful and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

DXXVIII. [*Copy.*⁵]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *July* 14, 1724.

SIR,⁶

I HAD yours of June 27th and have been hindered by a great variety of silly business and vexation from answering

¹ This hospital, now one of the chief medical endowments in the city of Dublin, was then in course of erection under the will of its founder, a Dublin physician. On the board, as subsequently settled by Act of Parliament, the Dean of St. Patrick's occupies a seat *ex-officio*. It was for the provision of a chaplain to this hospital that, on Swift's advice, Stella bequeathed her estate.

² The Rev. John Bouhereau, or Borough as he seems to have himself spelled his name, was assistant librarian of Marsh's Library (*supra*, vol. i, p. 13, n. 2), and chaplain of a church which had recently been built at Ringsend, the well-known landing place for Dublin in the eighteenth century. His father, who was a French refugee of high position and who was also in holy orders, has been styled "the first public librarian in Ireland." See an interesting paper on "Elias Bouhéreau of La Rochelle," by the Rev. Newport White, Deputy Regius Professor of Divinity in Dublin University in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, xxvii, C. 126.

³ The ancient palace of the Archbishops of Dublin near St. Patrick's Cathedral (*supra*, vol. i, p. 60).

⁴ Her husband had for many years acted as secretary to the Archbishop.

⁵ In the Forster Collection. See also vol. ii.

you. I am over head and ears in mortar, and with a number of the greatest rogues in Ireland which is a proud word.¹ But besides I am at an uncertainty what to say to you on the affair you mention; what new reason you may have, or discoveries you have made of foul play I cannot but be a stranger to. All I know is, that anyone who talked of your prosecution while you were here, unanimously condemned it as villainous and unjust, which hath made me think that it would be better to lie in oblivion, for my reason of agreeing formerly that an account of it would be useful, went only on the supposition, that you would be tried etc. But I protest I am no fit adviser in this matter, and therefore I would entreat you to consult other friends, as I would do if it were my own case. If you are advised to go on and pursue that advice, by drawing up the account, pray do it in folio, with the margin as wide as the writing, and I shall add, alter, or correct according to my best judgement, and though you may not be advised to publish it, yet it may be some amusement in wet winter evenings.

I hope you found your plantations answer what you expected. You will hear that the Primate died yesterday at twelve o'clock,² which will set the expecting clergy all in a motion; and they say that Levinge, the Chief Justice, died about the same hour,³ but whether the Primate's death

dropped by the Government. Writing on 14 April to the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Newcastle says that he had laid a petition from Chetwode before the King, and that his Majesty, for reasons given by Grafton, had signified his pleasure that Chetwode's prosecution should be abandoned (Departmental Correspondence in P. R. O. of Ireland).

¹ The allusion is evidently to the enclosure of what Swift called his Naboth's Vineyard. This piece of ground, which is now occupied by the Meath Hospital, an institution deriving its name from the peers of that title, lay a little to the south of the Deanery, and was converted by Swift into a pleasance. His friend, Mrs. Pilkington, gives (Sheridan's "Life," p. 481) an account of a visit which she paid with Swift to his "garden or field," and says that it was surrounded by a stone wall, the southern side of which was lined with brick and covered with fruit trees. On that occasion Swift told her that he had convinced the workmen "that it was in their interest to be honest," by allowing them to insert bad stone and ordering them afterwards to remove it.

² *Supra*, p. 199.

³ *Supra*, p. 199. The coincidence of the deaths of the Primate and the Chief Justice is noted from his character (see *supra*, p. 199).

swallows up the other I cannot tell, for either it is false or not regarded; perhaps I shall know before this is closed. Lord Oxford died like a great man,¹ received visits to the last, and then two minutes before his death, turned from his friends, closed his own eyes, and expired.² Mr. Stopford is returned from his travels, the same person he went, only more experience. He is in all regards the most valuable young man of this kingdom.³ I am ever etc.

Levinge is dead.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at Woodbrooke, near Mountmellick.

DXXIX. [*Copy.*']

ARCHBISHOP KING TO SWIFT

Carlow,⁶ *July 20, 1724.*

DEAR DEAN,

I HAD the satisfaction of yours of the 14th inst., and it gave me great pleasure to find you remembered me so

George I he was offered a puisne judgeship, which, after prolonged hesitation, he declined, and six years later, on the death of his old opponent Forster, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was then suffering excruciating agony from a mortal disease which Archbishop King says disabled him "both for bench and circuit." But in spite of his ailment he had married for the second time in the preceding year, and his death is attributed by Bishop Downes to his partaking too freely of good things provided for him by his father-in-law, another legal luminary. The Bishop mentions that Levinge died within a few minutes of the Primate. "Dr. Worth, who was sent for from the Primate's, left him expiring, and before he could get to Sir Richard Levinge, Sir Richard was dead" (Bishop Nicolson's "Letters," ii, 560, 579).

¹ *Supra*, p. 196, n. 2.

² The same account is given by Hearne (see Birkbeck Hill's "Unpublished Letters," p. 148).

³ Swift's friend, who, as has been mentioned, was a step-brother of Chetwode's wife (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 243, n. 2) was then one of the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, and thirty years later succeeded Berkeley as Bishop of Cloyne. In his performances Stopford hardly fulfilled Swift's estimate of his abilities.

kindly in my absence. I had a return of my gout three days after I left Dublin, and I have gone through the offices of confirmation and visitation in a very lame manner. I am still in pain but must go on if possible.

How the primacy will be disposed of I cannot guess, but considering how many years the late Primate was dying I am apt to think it was long ago determined who should be his successor, for I understand that is the method taken by this Ministry to determine on supposition that such or such die who shall succeed.¹ I have been importuned by my friends to apply for myself,² but having never asked anything I cannot now begin to do so, when I have so near a prospect of leaving the station in which I am another way. However, I have writ to several, who I believe will have an interest in the disposal of preferments, apprising them of what moment a proper person in this place will be to his Majesty's service, etc., and entreating their good offices towards procuring such an one.³ How this will be construed, I am not much concerned, but let it take its chance.

I cannot yet hear what will the late Primate has made. Pray, if you can learn, inform me. You speak of his dying worth forty thousand pounds, people here make it fifty

¹ The appointment of Lindsay's successor, Hugh Boulter, then Bishop of Bristol, was made with a rapidity that sustains this conjecture. Only five days later it is referred to as *un fait accompli* in a letter from Stratford, the Christ Church don, to his friend the second Earl of Oxford. The comment of that high Tory, who had known Boulter well as he held the deanery of Christ Church with his bishopric, is amusing: "I am amazed at the taste of the great men that can think Hugo fit to be Primate. Here will be a proper occasion for our old acquaintance Jonathan to revive his talents" ("Portland Manuscripts," vii, 381).

² Chiefly by Dr. Marmaduke Coghill and Speaker Conolly. The latter was one of the Lords Justices, a position to which the Archbishop had not been reappointed, but his views were not shared by Middleton, and no official recommendation as to the appointment was made.

³ In these letters, the sense of which is here fairly well summarized, the omission of any suggestion as to a fit person to fill the vacancy is very remarkable, and reading between the lines it was pretty evident that the writer would not refuse the dignity if it was offered to him. No friend at all likely to be in his favour was forgotten, and amongst those with whom he communicated were the Archbishop of Canter-

thousand pounds, but I am persuaded it can be nothing like either of these sums, though I believe he died rich.

I am glad you take to heart the affairs of Dr. Steevens's Hospital. We shall be in great difficulty to finish it.¹ I wish, however, we could settle a constitution for it, since I believe, if that were once done, it might be a means to procure some money for it. If trusting you with a bill of five hundred pounds make you very proud, if it had been for fifty thousand pounds, I assure you I would have thought it very secure in your hands, but the worst of it is that the money is all drawn out of the banker's hands, and the note must be given up as soon as my notes are returned to me.

I have neither time nor inclination to writing, and have had more of it since I left Dublin than is agreeable either with my health or circumstances. I find a sort of damp on my pen when I write because I must write, and therefore you will excuse me, though you neither find life nor substance in this, since it is only meant to assure you that I am with true affection² and sincere respect, Reverend Sir,

Your most humble servant,

W. D[UBLIN].

Dean Swift.

DXXX. [*Scott.*³]

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

Deanery House, *August 3, 1724.*

SIR,

I SHOULD have waited on you before now, if I had not been tormented with an old vexatious disorder of a deafness and noise in my ears, which has returned, after having left

¹ The endowment left by the founder was insufficient to carry out his intentions, but owing to the munificence of his sister, and of others, the building was some years later completed.

² Notwithstanding his undoubted excellence and abilities, there is indication in this letter that the Archbishop was not devoid of ambition or insensible to homage. No public service which Swift had rendered had elicited such a mode of address as "dear Dean" or an

me above two years, and makes me unsupportable to others and myself.¹

I now make bold to trouble in an affair which goes very near my heart. Mr. Proby, [the] Surgeon-General, my old friend, and most generally beloved of any man in this kingdom,² lies under a great misfortune at present. His eldest son, a captain in Lord Tyrawley's regiment, hath been accused at Galway for discovering an inclination to Popery, and several affidavits have been made against him. The young man desires nothing but a fair trial. The accusation is generally judged malicious and false;³ but that concerns you not. He is to be tried in a few days, but the matter must first go before the Lords Justices. Mr. Proby being utterly unknown to you, desires the favour to wait upon you either this afternoon or evening, or early tomorrow morning. He does not intend this as a solicitor for his son, he has too much discretion, but because the business will first come before the Lords Justices, he thinks it will be proper for him to wait on you, and say or ask what is convenient, and thought that my recommendation will facilitate his access. Therefore pray, Sir, mistake me

¹ It was during this fresh attack of deafness (*supra*, p. 53, n. 2) that Delany sent him the verses ending:

"For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd,
Your business, Sir, is to be heard."
(*Poetical Works*, i, 149.)

² Thomas Proby, to whom Swift refers, had, while still a young man, made a great reputation as an operator, and had been for many years the leading surgeon in Dublin. He had been described, thirty years before Swift was writing, by an observant visitor to Dublin (Dunton's "Dublin Scuffle," Lond., 1699, p. 426) as "a remarkable black man with a mighty character for his great success in curing the stone, for his skill in surgery and readiness to serve the poor." In the foundation of Dr. Steevens's Hospital he took an active part, and desired to be buried in its chapel. His wife was a great friend of Stella, whom Swift was afraid might be infected by her "plaguy wisdom" (*Prose Works*, ii, 199), and is notable as an early collector of coins and china.

³ The following passage in his father's will indicates that the charges were only too well founded: "I leave to my graceless son Thomas Proby one shilling and no more, he having already had from me more than a child's portion; it being my interest to debar and

not. I am not at all making you an advocate, but only desiring that he may not see you wholly as a stranger. You will please to signify by one of your servants what hour you will permit Mr. Proby to attend you. I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

DXXXI. [*Original*.¹]

LORD CARTERET TO SWIFT

Arlington Street, *August 4, 1724.*

SIR,

YOUR claim to be the last writer² is what I can never allow; that is the privilege of ill writers, and I am resolved to give you complete satisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I shall be the last writer or not. Methinks I see you throw this letter upon your table in the height of spleen, because it may have interrupted some of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not answering it, and so convince my Lord Lieutenant, that you value him less now than you did ten years ago. I do not know but this might become a free speaker and a philosopher. Whatever you may think of it, I shall not be testy, but endeavour to show, that I am not altogether insensible of the force of that genius, which has outshone most of this age, and, when you will display it again, can convince us that its lustre and strength are still the same. Once more, I commit myself to your censure, and am, Sir, with great respect,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

CARTERET.

DXXXII. [*Original*.³]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

September 12 [O.S. 1], 1724.

It is neither sickness nor journeys, nor ill-humour, nor

from answering sooner your letter of the month of June;¹ but a very prudent consideration, and one of the greatest strains of policy I ever exercised in my life. Should I answer you in a month, you might think yourself obliged to answer me in six, and, scared at the sore fatigue of writing twice a-year to an absent friend, you might, for aught either you or I can tell, stop short, and not write at all. Now this would disappoint all my projects, for, to confess the truth, I have been drawing you in these several years, and, by my past success, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may establish a right of hearing from you once a quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination, and I am ashamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the description of what passed by my bedside in the reading of your letter. The scene was really such as I painted it, and the company was much better than you seem to think it. When I, who pass a great part, very much the greatest, of my life alone, sally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myself by the conversation I find there, and still farther from caring one jot of what passes there. In short, I am no longer the bubble you knew me, and therefore, when I mingle in society, it is purely for my amusement. If mankind divert me, and I defy them to give me your distemper, the spleen, it is all I expect or ask of them. By this sincere confession you may perceive, that your great masters of reason are not for my turn; their thorough-bass benumbs my faculties. I seek the fiddle or the flute, something to raise, or something to calm my spirits agreeably, gay flights, or soothing images. I do not dislike a fellow, whose imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half-mad, nor him, who atones for a scanty imagination by an ample fund of oddnesses and singularity. If good sense and real knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I desire there may be at least some latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occasion, and render the person a tolerable companion. By this sketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends with whom I pass my time you know. The living ones are of the same sort, and therefore few.

I pass over that paragraph of your letter which is a kind of an elegy on a departed Minister;¹ and I promise you solemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, till I come to do him justice in a history of the first twenty years of this century, which I believe I shall write if I live three or four years longer. But I must take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verses I sent you are very bad, because they are not very good: *mediocribus esse poetis, non di, non homines, etc.*² I did not send them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour if you criticized them. Pope took the best party, for he said not one word to me about them. All I desire of you is to consider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been so long out of my sight, and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it shall be in prose.

I must on this occasion set you right, as to an opinion, which I should be very sorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *esprit fort*, in English free-thinker, is, according to my observation, usually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the pests of society, because their endeavours are directed to loosen the bands of it, and to take at least one curb out of the mouth of that wild beast man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a score others. Nay, they go further. Revealed religion is a lofty and pompous structure, erected close to the humble and plain building of natural religion. Some have objected to you who are the architects *et les concierges*—we want that word in English—of the former, to you who build, or at least repair the house, and who show the rooms, that to strengthen some parts of your own building, you shake and even sap the foundation of the other. And between you and me, Mr. Dean, this charge may be justified in several instances. But still your intention is not to demolish. Whereas the *esprit fort*, or the free-thinker, is so set upon pulling down your house about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would destroy the other for being so near it, and mingle both in one common mine. I therefore not only disown, but detest this character. If indeed by *esprit fort*, or free-thinker, you only mean a man who makes a free use of his reason, who searches after truth without passion

or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it, you mean a wise and honest man, and such a one as I labour to be. The faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong, true and false, which we call reason or common sense, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which most men lose by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide all the operations of it.¹ To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as absurd as it would be, if you should put out your eyes, and borrow even the best staff, that ever was in the family of the Staffs,² when you set out upon one of your dirty journeys. Such free-thinkers as these I am sure you cannot, even in your apostolical capacity, disapprove; for since the truth of the divine revelation of Christianity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be agreeably to all our ideas of justice, these free-thinkers must needs be Christians on the best foundation, on that which St. Paul himself established—I think it was St. Paul—*omnia probate, quod bonum est tenete*.

But you have a further security from these free-thinkers, I do not say a better, and it is this. The persons I am describing think for themselves, and to themselves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to disturb the peace of the world by opposing you. The peace and happiness of mankind is the great aim of these free-thinkers; and therefore, as those among them who remain incredulous, will not oppose you, so those whom reason enlightened by grace has made believers, may be sorry, and may express their sorrow, as I have done, to see religion perverted to purposes so contrary to her true intention, and first design. Can a good Christian behold the ministers of the meek and humble Jesus, exercising an insolent and cruel usurpation over their brethren? Or the messengers of peace and good news setting all mankind together by the ears? Or that religion, which breathes charity and universal

¹ The views which Bolingbroke expounds in this letter have been happily called by Sir Henry Craik ("Life," ii, 97) "a quasi-philosophical religion."

² The allusion is to an article in the "Tatler." A letter concerning

benevolence, spilling more blood, upon reflection and by system, than the most barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action and fury of conquest? Can he behold all this without a holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from those tragical scenes, and considers the ordinary tenor of things, do you not think he will be shocked to observe metaphysics substituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality? I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the same breath with Spinoza, whose system of one infinite substance I despise and abhor, as I have a right to do, because I am able to show why I despise and abhor it.

You desire me to return home, and you promise me in that case to come to London, loaden with your Travels.¹ I am sorry to tell you, that London is in my apprehension as little likely as Dublin to be our place of rendezvous. The reasons for this apprehension I pass over, but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greatest punishment to men of virtue, because virtue consists in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it arises, how it is nourished, what the bounds and measures of it are; and after that you will discover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes simplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthusiasm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be styled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reason which Brutus gave, because wherever he goes he carries his virtue with him.² There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which must, I think, be *Noctes Gallicae*. There you may perhaps one time or other see a dissertation upon this subject; and to return you threatening for threatening, you shall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the first to the last page.

The word Ireland was struck out of the paper you mention; that is to satisfy your curiosity, and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the most considerable

¹ The idea of going to London in order to make arrangements for the publication of "Gulliver's Travels," which he carried into effect two years later, had evidently been in Swift's mind for some time.

London to Dublin as from Spain to Padua; and you are as well worth seeing as Livy. But I would much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promise that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament so much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleasure should I hear you *inter vina fugam Stellae moerere protervae*.² Adieu.

DXXXIII. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO LORD CARTERET

September 3, 1724.

MY LORD,

BEING ten years older than when I had the honour to see your Excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse; and so it has happened. For I have been, this month past, so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears, that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your Excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you.³ But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence, that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine

¹ His wife, the Marquise de Villette.

² Some of the verses which Swift had addressed to Stella had no doubt been shown to Bolingbroke.

³ Whether his seclusion (*supra*, p. 204) and disinclination to carry on correspondence were altogether due to his deafness may be doubted. During the period to which he refers he had written the second and third of the Drapier Letters, which are dated respectively the 4th and 25th of August ("Prose Works," vi, 44-92).

France would be proper for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for, since I left England, such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me,¹ that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom just gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth eleven hundred pounds a year.² He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will, of course, attend your Excellency, and be presented, I suppose, by his friend my Lord Burlington.³ And because I believe you will choose out some very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill-entertained with some account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow in the University here, and going to England very young, about thirteen years ago,⁴ he became the founder of a sect there called the immaterialists, by the force of a very curious book upon that subject.⁵ Dr. Smalridge,⁶ and many other eminent persons, were his proselytes. I sent him secretary and chaplain to Sicily, with my Lord Peterborough,⁷ and upon his Lordship's return, Dr. Berkeley spent above seven years in travelling over most parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other islands.⁸ When he came back to England, he found so many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the Duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made Dean of Derry.

Your Excellency will be frightened, when I tell you all this is but an introduction, for I am now to mention his errand. He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles,

¹ *Supra*, p. 126.

² Berkeley had been appointed two years before to the deanery of Dromore, and on the death of Swift's old rival, Bolton, that summer, had been promoted to that of Derry.

³ To whom he had been introduced by Pope.

⁴ Swift refers probably to the time, eleven years before, when he had made Berkeley's acquaintance ("Prose Works," ii, 456-459).

⁵ The "Principles of Human Knowledge" was published in 1710.

⁶ *Supra*, p. 16.

⁷ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 129, n. 1. Delany ("Observations," p. 19) says that Berkeley rarely lived in the same house with Peterborough, and

and power, and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding a University at Bermudas, by a charter from the Crown. He has seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen, and others here,¹ many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment; but in England, his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract, which he designs to publish,² and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical—I shall make you remember what you were—of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left to your Excellency's disposal. I discouraged him, by the coldness of Courts and Ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision, but nothing will do; and therefore I humbly entreat your Excellency, either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit, to compass his romantic design, which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.³

I must now, in all humility, entreat one favour of you, as you are Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Proby, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest part of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son.⁴ The young man was lately accused of discovering an inclination to Popery, while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is transmitted to your Excellency.⁵ The universal opinion

¹ Three fellows of Trinity College joined Berkeley in his project.

² "The Scheme for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a College erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda."

³ The friendship between Swift and Berkeley which this letter discloses adds to the inscrutable mystery that enshrouds the relations between Swift and Vanessa. It was as joint owner of the estate, which she would so gladly at one time have given to Swift, that Berkeley was able to put his philanthropic scheme in execution, and at that moment Berkeley, as her executor, must have been aware of all that could be alleged by her against Swift. See Appendix III.

here is, that the accusation is false and malicious; and the Archbishop of Tuam, in whose diocese Galway is, upon a strict inquiry, has declared it to be so. But all this is not to sway with your Excellency, any more than that the father is the most universally beloved of any I ever knew in his station. But I entreat that you will please to hear the opinion of others, who may speak in his favour, and, perhaps, will tell you, that as party is not in the case, so you cannot do any personal thing more acceptable to the people of Ireland than in inclining toward lenity to Mr. Proby and his family; although I have reason to be confident, that they neither need nor desire more than justice. I beg your Excellency will remember my request to be only that you would hear others; and not think me so very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the least turn to your mind. Therefore I hope what I have said is pardonable in every respect, but that of taking up your time.

My Lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet session¹ under your government; but whether you approve the manner I can only guess. It is by universal declarations against Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of, that your Excellency will find and leave us under dispositions very different, toward your person and high station, from what have appeared toward others. I have no other excuse for the length of this letter, but a faithful promise that I will never be guilty of the same fault a second time. I am, etc.

DXXXIV. [*Scott.*']

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

Deanery House, *September 4, 1724.*

SIR,

I DESIRE you will please to send the enclosed.³ I beg your pardon for so often troubling you, but I owed his Excellency a letter. I am pretty well eased of my troublous

discretions which he showed on that occasion," and several things which he had done at other times unworthy of his Majesty's service, he should

disorder, and intend to wait on you soon, and hope you will make some appointment with those you like best, that we may meet at the Deanery. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

DXXXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

GEORGE ROCHFORD TO SWIFT

Wednesday morning, *September 9* [1724].¹

DEAR SIR,²

I FIND myself stand in need of the advice I bestowed on you the other night, and therefore if you have not got rid of your cold, I would prescribe a small jaunt to Belcamp this morning. If you find yourself thus disposed, I will wait for you here in my boots. The weather may perhaps look gloomy at the Deanery; but I can assure you it is a fine day in the parish⁴ where we set up for as good tastes as our neighbours; to convince you of mine, I send you this invitation. I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,
GEORGE ROCHFORD.

DXXXVI. [*Copy.*]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

[*September, 1724.*]

SIR,

I HAVE been above seven weeks ill of my old deafness and am but just recovered. Your carrier has behaved himself very honourably, because you took care to seal the cords.

¹ This letter has been hitherto dated 1725, but the 9th of September fell that year on Thursday, and Swift was then away from Dublin.

² According to Swift's enemies the publication of "The Country Life" (*supra*, p. 103) gave great offence to the Rochforts, but this letter shows it was not the case.

³ The Grattans' home (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 263).

⁴ The Rochforts' Dublin house was in the parish of St. Mary, which

mots much better than those about this town. Your apples are very fair and good of their kind, and your peaches and nectarines as good as we could expect from the year, but it is too great a journey for such nice fruit, and they are apt to take the taste of the moss.¹ Your cherry brandy I depend on the goodness of, but would not suffer it to be tasted till another time. I could find fault with nothing but your paper, which was so perfumed that the company with me could not bear it.

There is a Drapier very popular, but what is that to me? If Wood be disappointed it is all we desire.² Lord Carteret is coming suddenly over.³ I am,

Yours, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq.

Endorsed—Only with thanks for a present I sent him from Woodbrooke; September 22, 1724.

¹ Swift passes judgement with authority as the disciple of the author of the Gardens of Epicurus. His master commends bergamot pears, and places peaches first of the fruits that can be produced in the English climate.

² The agitation against Wood's coinage was then at its height, and popular feeling was fanned into a flame by the distribution of the Drapier's letters, and also of other countless pamphlets and broadsides which owed their origin in many cases either to Swift's hand or inspiration. Prose writings were not the only arrows in his quiver. In his London days he had learned the value of ballads in catching the ear of the populace, and now in his campaign against the hardwareman he did not neglect this adventitious help. As appears from Boyer's "Political State" (xxviii, 297), in which the verses are given that month as "an authentic instance" of "the general ferment and discontent in Ireland," the "Serious Poem upon William Wood, brazier, tinker, hardwareman, coiner, founder, and esquire" ("Poetical Works," ii, 211) had been issued before then, and doubtless some of Swift's other poems on Wood's halfpence had also seen the light.

³ The arrival of Carteret a year earlier than he was expected in the ordinary course (*supra*, p. 214, n. 1) was due to the dissatisfaction of the British Ministers with the Irish Lords Justices, whose partiality and prejudice were believed to be responsible in a large degree for the non-acceptance of the coinage. In the opinion of Walpole "nothing but the King's authority being underhand employed against him" could have brought matters to such an extremity, and the supersession of the existing chief governors, which could only be safely accomplished by sending the Lord Lieutenant, was a necessity (Coxe's "Memoirs of Walpole," ii, 363).

DXXXVII. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *October*, 1724.

SIR,

I RECEIVED your longer letter, and afterwards your shorter by Mr. Jackman.² I am now relapsed into my old disease of deafness, which so confounds my head, that I am ill qualified for writing or thinking. I sent your letter sealed to Mr. Stopford.³ He never showed me any letter of yours, nor talked of anything relating to you above once in his life, and that was some years ago, and of so little consequence that I have forgot it, and therefore I sent your letter sealed to him by a common messenger only under the inspection of a discreet servant. I have lived in good friendship with him, but not in such an intimacy as to interfere in his business of any sort, and I am sure I should not be fond of it unless I could be of service.

As to what you mention of my proposal at the Deanery, as far as a confused head will give me leave to think, I was always of opinion that those who are sure they cannot live well together, could not do a better thing than to part. But the quantum of your allowance must be measured by your income and other circumstances. I am of opinion that this might be best done by knowing fairly, what the person herself would think the lowest that would be sufficient for what you propose, and the conditions of the place to reside in, wherein if you disapprove, you have liberty to refuse, and in this Mr. Stopford's mediation would be most convenient. I desire you will give some allowance to his grief and trouble in this matter. I solemnly protest he hath not mentioned one syllable of this to me, and if he should begin, I think I would interrupt him. It is a hard thing to

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² As this letter shows, Chetwode contemplated a separation from his wife, and was in communication with Swift as to the arrangements to be made in such a contingency.

³ To this letter, which appears to have had regard to the entry of Chetwode's son into Dublin University. Stopford had not replied.

far a brother may be led by his affections. I am likewise of opinion that such a thing as parting, if it be agreed on, may be done without noise, as if it were only going to visit a friend, and the absence may continue by degrees, and little notice taken.

As to the affair of your son,¹ I cannot imagine why Mr. Stopford hath not answered your letter. I do believe there is somewhat in that business of his amour, an affair begun in much youth and kept up perhaps more out of decency and truth than prudence, but he is too wise to think of proceeding further before he gets into some settlement, which may not probably be in several years, and I prefer him as a tutor absolutely before any of his age or standing at least.² The discipline in Oxford is more remiss than here, and since you design he shall live in this kingdom, where Mr. Jackman tells me you are preparing so fine a habitation for him, I think it better to habituate him to the country where he must pass his life, especially since many chargeable accidents have happened to you, besides your building, which will press parsimony upon you, and fifty pounds a year will maintain your son a commoner,³ on which conditions you will place him, if you intend he shall be good for something.

You will allow for this confused paper for I have the noise of seven watermills in my ears and expect to continue so above a month, but this sudden return hath quite discouraged me. I mope at home, and can bear no company but trebles and counter-tenors. I am,

Ever, etc.

Your perfumed paper hath been ready to give me an

¹ The allusion is to Chetwode's second son Valentine (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 265, n. 4), who entered Dublin University in the following year.

² It had occurred to Swift that Stopford's hesitation might be due to an intention of an early marriage, which, under the conditions of celibacy then imposed, would have terminated his career as a Fellow. Stopford's inamorata was doubtless the lady whom he married ultimately, his own cousin, a sister of the first Earl of Courtown.

³ *Recte* pensioner. Swift confuses the designations by which Oxford undergraduates were distinguished with those in use at Dublin. In the latter University the undergraduates are divided into three classes, sizars, pensioners, and fellow commoners, and in a subsequent letter Swift urges Chetwode not to enter his son amongst the last.

apoplexy; either leave off these refinements or we will send you to live on a midden in Connaught.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at Woodbrooke, near Portarlington: send to Mountmellick.

Endorsed—Upon H[ester] C[hewode]: the method of parting, quantum of allowance, Stopford, and other material difficulties.

DXXXVIII. [*Scott.*¹]

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

Deanery House, *October 24, 1724.*

SIR,

I DID NOT design to attend my Lord Lieutenant,² till his hurry of visits and ceremony were over; but I fear it will be long before I can have that honour, for I am so cruelly persecuted with the return of my deafness, that I am fit for nothing but to mope in my chamber.³ I therefore humbly entreat your favour, to present my most humble duty to his Excellency, and to let him know the unlucky cause that hinders me from waiting on him, which I apprehend will yet continue some weeks. I have already had but too much cause to complain of a disorder, which hath so long deprived me of the happiness of your company. I conclude you are now a busy man; and therefore shall only add, that I am, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

¹ *Supra*, p. 198, n. 1.

² Lord Carteret (*supra*, p. 216, n. 3) had landed two days before. Swift writes to Tickell as to one who had more than mere official acquaintance with the Viceroy (*supra*, p. 198, n. 2).

³ Notwithstanding his physical sufferings, Swift had completed ten days before "the fourth and far the greatest of the Drapier's Letters,"

"And the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the LORD liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not."¹

¹ The first act of Lord Carteret after his arrival in Ireland as Lord Lieutenant was to issue in Council a proclamation offering a reward of £300 for the discovery of the author of the "Letter to the Whole People of Ireland" (*supra*, p. 219, n. 3). He had come to that country with the idea that the question of the coinage could be settled by finesse, but in the argument of the Drapier's last letter he read proof that the object of the Irish people was not "to escape the miserable halfpence," but "to shake off their allegiance and their dependence upon England," and thereupon determined that the agitation must be crushed with a strong hand (cf. Froude, *op. cit.*, i, 533-536). In pursuance of this policy, the proclamation, although Carteret was warned of its futility, was sent forth ("Prose Works," vi, 235). The only response was the chanting through the Dublin streets of the verse from the first book of Samuel (chap. xiv, ver. 45). In Mason's opinion (*op. cit.*, p. 345), the verse was circulated by Swift himself, but although possibly a result of his prompting, its circulation was without doubt directly due to the person by whom a copy was sent to him. That person is said to have been a Quaker, and there is every reason to believe was the father of the young Quaker poet whose relationship to Swift has been suggested (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 330). It seems to me probable that in the fray against Wood, he acted the part of one of the "under spur-leathers" whom Swift had been accustomed to employ in London, and was author of "A Letter from a Quaker-Merchant to Will Wood, Hard-Ware-Man" (Royal Irish Academy Pamphlets), which contains illustrations such as were likely to come from Swift's store of learning. His competency to take such a part is evident from a curious broadside, entitled "The Subject Matter of the Quaker's Verbal Speech, by George Rook Senior, to his Grace Charles Duke of Grafton, the latter end of September 1721" (Library of Trinity College, Dublin), which shows that he was accustomed to act as the spokesman of his sect, and was held in high repute by his fellow citizens. The fact that he was by trade a linen draper gives also ground for a conjecture that his employment may have suggested to Swift the assumption of that role.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO SWIFT

Wimpole, *November 2, 1724.*

GOOD MR. DEAN,

THERE has nothing of late given me so much real trouble and uneasiness as my having so long deferred writing to you to make my acknowledgments for your most kind and obliging letter,² and to assure you that I took every part of your letter in the manner you would wish me to do. I must say that amidst my trouble, grief and concern, it gave me a secret pleasure to find that I was thought of by you, and what was a great addition, that you still retained the same thoughts and sentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aside the design you once entertained of transmitting his name and story to posterity. I did indeed delay writing some time because I was in great hopes I should have been able to have given you a much more satisfactory account than I am even now able to do, notwithstanding the search I have made in answer to the question you asked, if he had left any memoirs behind him, I suppose you mean in relation to himself. I have not at present found any among his papers in town; this with some other affairs drew the time into the length it is, but if I have the satisfaction to hear from you again, as I hope I shall, I will be more punctual in my returns for I will allow nobody to value and esteem you more than I do.

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a history, a vast collection of letters and other papers, [and] a great deal may be supplied elsewhere, but give me leave to say that if you do not come into England nothing can be done; it will not be possible to do anything to purpose without this view. There would be nobody more welcome to me than yourself: you should live in your own way, and do just what was most agreeable to you. I have houses enough, you shall take your choice; I must with earnestness repeat it to you again that I beg you will think of this matter seriously.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often

¹ In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii,

heard my father say that he did design to sit for you, but did not; I shall certainly take care that you shall have a picture and a good one. Pray let me know what size you would have it of; if you design it should fit any particular place, you must send me the exact measure of the place.

Your sister¹ as you used to call her is much your servant. She has been at the Bath for some time; she is better than when she went. I suppose you hear sometimes from our friend Mr. Pope. He has taken another voyage into Homer-land,² as Gay calls it; I wish he may make an advantageous voyage of it. I doubt you will say that since I was so long before I began to write, that now I have begun I do not know when to end, I will therefore tell you that I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

O[XFORD].

I desire your acceptance of a ring, a small remembrance of my father. How shall I send it to you?

DXLI. [*Manuscripts of the Marquis of Bath.*³]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, November 27, 1724.

I AM very happy in the honour of your Lordship's remembrance,⁴ and the many marks I have had of your favour, neither was I at all uneasy at your Lordship's delaying to let me hear from you, because I learned from others that you and my Lady were in good health, and I knew your silence did not proceed from any change in your good disposition towards me. I never knew any person more hardly drawn to write letters of no consequence than my late Lord your father. It was very seldom I got a scrip from him, and yet I never lost the least ground in his favour and kindness. What I had intended in relation to my late Lord Oxford was both some memoirs of his life

¹ *I.e.*, Lady Oxford.

² The translation of the *Odyssey* (*οδυσσεα*, p. 154).

and ministry, and likewise to make him have a great part in a history which I wrote in England,¹ and which his Lordship and the rest of the ministers had read, but by some accidents was not printed, and I propose to make in it several alterations and additions.

I have many years frequently resolved to go for England, but was discouraged by considering what a scene I must expect to find by the death and exile of my friends, and a thousand other disgusting circumstances; and after all to return back again into this enslaved country to which I am condemned during existence, for I cannot call it life, would be a mortification hard to support. However that kind invitation your Lordship hath pleased to give will I hope rouse up my spirits; but there is another inconvenience from which I ensure your Lordship for forty years to come, and then you must look to yourself, I mean the want of health. I have the honour to be afflicted with the same disease with your Lordship's father, frequent fits of deafness,² and at present I labour under one which hath confined me two months, and hath worn out my patience, fearing I shall never recover it; in such a case I must confine myself to my Deanery house and garden, converse only with treble and counter-tenor voices, and turn a speculative monk. I should not have troubled your Lordship with relating my own infirmities, if they were not an excuse for not immediately obeying your Lordship's commands to attend you. I return you my most humble thanks for your promise of my late Lord Oxford's picture, but that alone will hardly serve your turn, if ever I have the honour to see you again. In the mean time, since your Lordship pleases to ask me the question, I desire it may be a three-quarter length, I mean below the knees.³ I must be so bold to return my most humble respects to my Lady

¹ *I.e.*, "The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen" (*supra*, p. 114).

² The liability to deafness, which is mentioned by Arbuthnot in writing to Swift a year before (*supra*, p. 181), appears to have been a phase of Oxford's last illness (*cf.* "Portland Manuscripts," vii, 344, 345). There is no allusion to his suffering from it in the Journal to Stella.

³ The portrait, which Swift received ultimately from Oxford, is described in his letter to his "dearest friend Alexander

My conversation disorder hindered me from seeing my old friend the Lord Lieutenant, from whom I never received since his arrival any more than one dry message.¹ He hath half frightened the people here out of their no understandings. There is a fellow in London, one Wood, who got a patent for coining halfpence for this kingdom, which hath so terrified us, that if it were not for some pamphlets against these halfpence, we must have submitted. Against these pamphlets the Lieutenant hath put out a proclamation, and is acting the most unpopular part I ever knew, though I warned him against it by a letter before he came over, and thought by his answer that he would have taken my opinions.² This is just of as much

¹ Carteret was under no delusion as to the identity of the Drapier, and cannot have regarded with pleasure the prospect of instituting a prosecution against one for whom he had a sincere admiration and regard. In writing to the British Ministers, and in conversation with the Irish officials, he used brave words about the treasonable character of the libel, and the duty of bringing the writer of it to justice, but it is hardly possible to believe that at heart he wished the proclamation (*supra*, p. 220, n. 1) to be successful. It was evidently with some consternation as well as amazement that a few days after the proclamation was issued he heard from Archbishop King, who had opposed its promulgation, that the Drapier had "some thoughts of declaring himself," and the opinion which he expressed then, that "none however considerable was of weight enough to stand a matter of such a nature," was no doubt intended to deter the Drapier from taking such a course. Whether as a consequence of the Viceroy's advice, or from knowledge that his fourth letter did not meet with the universal approval that had greeted the former three, Swift preserved his anonymity, and spared Carteret the disagreeable task of deciding between the obligations of his office and of friendship (*cf.* Froude, *op. cit.*, i, 537, who makes use of Carteret's unpublished correspondence). In order to satisfy his official conscience, Carteret proceeded to find a victim in the person of Swift's printer Harding, and six days before this letter was written had caused a bill against him to be sent up to the Grand Jury of Dublin, who had been prepared for it by Swift's "Seasonable Advice" ("Prose Works," vi, 125), and had refused to entertain it. There can be little doubt, it seems to me, that it was by means of the fifth of the Drapier letters, the one addressed to Lord Midleton (*ibid.*, p. 132), that Swift intended to disclose the authorship, and that notwithstanding Sir Henry Craik's opinion to the contrary ("Life," ii, 79), that letter was not sent to Lord Midleton, or seen by anyone except Swift's intimates, until published in his works ten years later.

² *Supra*, pp. 192, 195.

consequence to your Lordship as the news of a skirmish between two petty states in Greece was to Alexander, while he was conquering Persia, but even a knot of beggars are of importance among themselves.

I doubt Mr. Pope's voyage into Homer-land will bring more profit than reputation, and I wish his fortunes could afford him to employ his own genius. I have been told this voyage is to supply what he lost by a former into the South Sea.¹ I have tired your Lordship, and will abruptly conclude by professing myself with the truest and greatest respect, etc.

I shall desire a gentleman to attend your Lordship for the ring, which I value more than if it was from the greatest prince in Europe.

DXLII. [*Copy.*²]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *December 19, 1724.*

SIR,

THE fault of my eyes, the confusion of my deafness, and giddiness of my head have made me commit a great blunder. I am just come from the country where I was about three weeks in hopes to recover my health; thither your last letter was sent me,³ with the two enclosed, Mr. Stopford's to you and yours to him. In reading them, I mistook and thought yours to him had been only a copy of what you had already sent to him, so I burned them both as containing things between yourselves, but I preserved yours to me, to answer it, and now reading it again since my return, I find my unlucky error, which I hope you will excuse on account of my many infirmities in body and mind.

I very much approve of putting your son under Mr. Stopford's care, and I am confident you need not apprehend his leaving the College for some years, or if he should, care may be taken to put the young lad into good

his being a gentleman commoner on other regards besides the expense: and I believe fifty pounds a year, which is no small sum to a builder, will maintain him very well a creditable pensioner. I have not seen the Lieutenant yet, being not in a condition to converse with anybody, for want of better ears, and better health. I suppose you do not want correspondents who send you the papers current of late in prose and verses on Wood, Juries, the Drapier, etc.² I think there is now a sort of calm, except a very few of the lowest Grub-street, but there have been at least a dozen worth reading. And I hope you approve of the Grand Jury's proceedings,³ and hardly thought such a spirit could ever rise over this whole kingdom. I am, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Mountmellick.

Endorsed—About James Stopford, and placing my son Valentine under his care in College of Dublin.

¹ Chetwode's son entered Dublin University under this Fellow, the Rev. James King, who was one of those associated with Berkeley in his Bermuda scheme.

² Some idea of the quantity of literature circulated at that time may be gathered from the list in the Doubtful and Supposititious Works of Jonathan Swift ("Prose Works," xii, pp. 213-219), which, however, is far from exhaustive. Writing that month from London, Stratford tells Oxford that the verses on Wood, entitled "Prometheus" ("Poetical Works," ii, 201), had then just reached England, and were considered excellent. He adds that he had read "all the Irish pamphlets," and believed, as did everyone else, that "the whole fable" was written by "Jonathan," and that he hears so great is Swift's popularity in Dublin that "his picture is put up by the magistrates in the town hall of Dublin" ("Portland Manuscripts," vii, 393, 394).

³ The Grand Jury, which had assembled on the 21st of the previous month (*supra*, p. 224, n. 1), had been discharged by Chief Justice Whitshed, before whom the proceedings came, and another one had been sworn a week after, which not only rejected the bill against Harding, but insisted upon passing a presentment against all persons who had attempted to impose Wood's halfpence upon them ("Prose Works," vi, 233).

DXLIII. [*Copy.*¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *January* 18, 1724-25.

SIR,

I ANSWER your two letters with the first opportunity of the post. I have already often told you my opinion,² and after much reflection, what I think it will be most prudent for you to do. I see nothing new in the case, but some displeasing circumstances which you mention, and which I look upon as probable consequences of that situation you are in. What I would do in such a case I have told you more than once; I would give that person such an allowance as was suitable to my ability, to live at a distance, where no noise would be made. As to the violences you apprehend you may be drawn to, I think nothing could be more unhappy so that would be *vous mettre dans votre tort*; which a wise man would certainly avoid. I do not wonder that you should see a neglect of domestic care when all reconciliation is supposed impossible, everybody is encouraged or discouraged by motives, and the meanest servant will not act his part if he be convinced that it will be impossible ever to please his master.³ I am sure I have been more than once very particular in my opinion upon this affair, and have supposed any other friend to be in the same case. There are many good towns at a great distance from you, where people may board reasonably, and have the advantage of a church and a neighbourhood. But what allowance you are content to give must depend upon what you are able. I think such a thing may be continued without making much noise, and the person may be a good while absent as upon health or visits, till the thing grows out of observation or discourse. I entirely approve of your choice of a tutor for your son,

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² Swift is referring to the question of the separation between Chet-

stances.¹

I have been out of order about five months and am just getting out of a cold when my deafness was mending. Sending you papers by the post would be a great expense, and sometimes the post-master kept them. But if any carrier plied between you and us, they might be sent by bundles. They say Cadogan is to lose some of his employments,² and I am told, that next packet will tell us of several changes. I was the other day well enough to see the Lord Lieutenant, and the town has a thousand foolish stories of what passed between us; which indeed was nothing but old friendship without a word of politics.³ I am, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at Woodbrooke, near Mountmellick.

Endorsed—With advice about H[ester] C[hewode], and how to manage our separation and her residence.

DXLIV. [*Copy*.⁴]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

January 30, 1724-25.

SIR,

YOUR letter come this moment to my hand,⁵ and the messenger waits and returns to-morrow. You describe yourself as in a very uneasy way as to Birr.⁶ I know it not, but I believe it will be hard to find any place without some objections. To be permitted to live among relations will have a fair face, and be looked on as generous and good-natured, and therefore I think you should comply, neither

¹ *Supra*, p. 225.

² On the death of the Duke of Marlborough, two years before, Cadogan (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 391) had been appointed Commander-in-Chief.

³ It would appear, however, from a subsequent letter that there had been some reference to current events (*infra*, p. 230).

⁴ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

⁵ Probably an answer to the preceding letter.

⁶ Birr, a town in the King's county owned by the Earl of Rosse and now generally known as Parsonstown, had evidently been suggested as a place of residence for Mrs. Chetwode.

do I apprehend any consequences from the person if the rest of the family be discreet, and you say nothing against that. I think it would be well if you had some companions in your house with whom to converse, or else the spleen will get the better, at least in long winter evenings, when you cannot be among your workmen nor always amuse yourself with reading.

We have had no new thing of any value since the second letter from nobody, as they call it; the author of those two letters is said to be a Lord's eldest son.¹ The Drapier's five letters,² and those two, and five or six copies of verses are all that I know of, and those I suppose you have had. The talk now returns fresh that the Lord Lieutenant will soon leave us, and the Duke of Newcastle³ succeed, and that Horace Walpole will be Secretary of State.⁴ I am, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq.

Endorsed—A little before H[ester] C[hewode] and I parted.

DXLV. [*Copy*.⁵]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *February* 20, 1724-25.

SIR,

I EXTRACTED the articles you sent me, and I sent them to Mr. Stopford,⁶ and this morning he showed me a letter

¹ The allusion is to two letters addressed to Chief Justice Whitshed on the illegality of his action in discharging the Grand Jury (*supra*, p. 226, n. 3), which are signed N. N. ("Prose Works," vi, 218-232). Their authorship has been attributed to Robert Lindsay, a legal friend of Swift, of whom more will be seen later on, but from internal evidence such an ascription cannot be sustained.

² The fifth letter is the sixth in the "Prose Works" (vi, 153), the one addressed to Lord Molesworth, which was issued in December.

³ The Duke of Newcastle (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 391, n. 5) had been transferred from the office of Chamberlain to that of a Secretary of State when Carteret was appointed Lord Lieutenant.

⁴ Sir Robert Walpole's younger brother Horatio, who afterwards was created Baron Walpole, was then Envoy-extraordinary at Paris.

⁵ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

he intends for you to-night, which I think shows he is ready to do all in his power: that of contracting debts he will give bonds for; the others you cannot well expect more than his word, and you have the remedy in your power, so I hope no difficulty will remain. I am very glad you are putting off your land, and I hope you will contract things into as narrow a circle as can consist with your ease, since your son and other children will now be an addition to your annual charge.

As soon as it is heard that I have been with folks in power, they get twenty stories about the town of what has passed, but very little truth.¹ An English paper in print related a passage of two lines writ on a card, and the answer, of which story four parts in five is false. The answer was writ by Sir W. Fownes. The real account is a trifle, and not worth the time to relate. Thus much for that passage in your letter.²

As to company, I think you must endeavour to cotton with the neighbouring clergy and squires. The days are lengthening and you will have a long summer to prepare yourself for winter. You should pass a month now and then with some county friends, and play at whist for sixpence. I just steal this time to write that you may have my opinions at the same time with Mr. Stopford's letter.

¹ *Supra*, p. 228.

² According to Deane Swift ("Essay," p. 282), who says that the account was given him by Swift about seven years after the occurrence, Swift asked Carteret "how he could persecute, and issue a proclamation offering £300 for discovering, a poor honest Drapier, who had been guilty of no other crime than that of writing three or four letters for the instruction of his neighbours and the good of his country," and that Carteret replied with the well-known quotation from Virgil:

"Res dura, et regni novitas, me talia cogunt
Moliri."

The lines on a card were no doubt those which are said to have been written by Swift on one of the windows in Dublin Castle:

"My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard task,
For a man to wait here, who has nothing to ask."

And the answer, of which Cope's father-in-law (*supra*, p. 54, n. 2) was the author, can have been none other than the one hitherto ascribed to Carteret:

I do think by all means he and you should be as well together as the situation of things will admit, for he has a most universal good reputation; I think above any young man in the kingdom.¹ I am,

Your most obedient, etc.,
J. S.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at Woodbrooke, near Mountmellick.

Endorsed—About James Stopford's security to indemnify me for debts of H[ester] C[hewode]'s contracting.

DXLVI. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. PRATT

March 18, 1724-25.

MADAM,²

MRS. FITZMAURICE³ did the unkindest thing she could imagine. She sends an open note by a servant, for she was too much a prude to write me a letter, desiring that the Dean of St. Patrick's should inquire for one Howard, master of a ship, who had brought over a screen to him, the said Dean, from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the Custom House, where they told me the ship was expected every day; but the god of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitzmaurice to tease me, kept the ship at least a month longer, and left me miserable in a state of impatience, between hope and fear, worse than a lady who is in pain that her clothes will not be ready against the birth-day. I will not move your good nature, by representing how many restless nights and days I have passed, with what dreams my sleep hath been disturbed, where I sometimes saw the ship sinking, my screen floating in the sea, and the mermaids

¹ Swift's high opinion of Stopford (*supra*, p. 202, n. 3) is the more remarkable when it is recollected that he was a contemporary of Berkeley.

² There has been already reference to Provost Pratt's sister-in-law, to whom this letter is addressed (*supra*, vol. i, p. 188, n. 2). She was evidently paying a visit to her own family in England.

³ Mrs. Pratt's sister, the wife of Lieutenant Colonel William Fitz-

struggling which of them should get it for her own apartment. At last Mr. Medlycott,¹ whose heart inclines him to pity the distressed, gave me notice of its safe arrival: he interposed his authority, and, overruling the tedious forms of the Custom House, sent my screen to the Deanery, where it was immediately opened, on Tuesday the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock in the afternoon, the day being fair, but somewhat windy, the sun in Aries, and the moon within thirty-nine hours eight seconds and a half of being full; all which I had, by consulting Ptolemy, found to be fortunate incidents, prognosticating that, with due care, my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid, and the greasy hands of the footmen.

At the opening the screen just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present. The ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing showed a better judgement, than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen; for no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself, and besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send the world to me.² However, one of the ladies affirmed, that your gift was an open reflection upon my age, that she had made the same present some time ago to her grandfather, and that she could not imagine how any of her sex would send a screen to a gentleman, without a design to insinuate, that he was absolutely *un homme sans consequence*. For my own part, I confess, I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it.

See how ill you bestow your favour, where you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of Courts and diversions, upon an absent and insignificant man, buried in obscurity; but I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them, therefore I shall say no more, than that I receive your acceptable present, just as I am sure you desire I should. Though I cannot sit under my own vine,

¹ Thomas Medlycott, who has been previously mentioned by Swift (*supra*, vol. i, p. 221) and who was an ancestor of a well-known Irish family.

or my own fig-tree, yet I will sit under my own screen, and bless the giver; but I cannot promise it will add one jot to the love or esteem I have for you, because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been, and shall ever continue, Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,
JON. SWIFT.

I just observe, that the two celestial maps are placed at the bottom, within two inches of the ground, which is the most fashionable circumstance in the whole work. I sometimes dine in a third place with your stoic Mr. Pratt,¹ and find he continues in health, but of late very busy, and a courtier. I desire to present my most humble service to my Lady Savile.² Mr. Fitzmaurice dines temperately at a tavern, and sometimes with clergymen, for want of better company. Mr. Medlycott dines with me every Sunday, and goes to church like anything. Mrs. Fitzmaurice is left desolate; I reckoned but fifteen ladies and five gentlemen the other night in her play-room, and I condoled with her upon it. It is thought she will fall out with my Lady Carteret, for drawing away her company; but at present they are very great, as I find by consulting them both. I think you are acquainted with Lady Worsley;³ if so, tell her how angry I am at her not coming to Ireland as I expected, and was told she was actually landed; whereupon, being at that time confined by a deafness, I writ her a most cavalier letter, which, being brought back, I tore in a rage. Miss Carteret⁴ is every day getting new magazines of arms, to destroy all England upon her return.

Endorsed—On her present of a fire screen adorned with painted maps.

¹ Pratt's duties as Vice-Treasurer tied him to Ireland.

² Mrs. Pratt's daughter, who had married, two years before, Sir George Savile. Their son, who became a distinguished politician, is said by Burke to have been a true genius.

³ Lady Carteret's mother (*supra*, vol. i, p. 144, n. 3).

⁴ Carteret had, by his first wife, a son and four daughters. The reference is to his youngest daughter, then aged nine, to whom Am-

DXLVII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO LORD CARTERET

Deanery House, *April 17, 1725.*

MY LORD,

I HAVE been so long afflicted with a deafness, and at present with a giddiness in my head, both old distempers, that I have not been able to attend your Excellency and my Lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now hastening into the country, to try what exercise and better air will do toward my recovery.¹ Not knowing how long I may be absent, or how soon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occasion of returning your Excellency and my Lady Carteret, my most humble acknowledgements for your great civilities toward me, which I wish it were in my power to deserve.²

I have only one humble request to make to your Excellency, which I had in my heart ever since you were nominated Lord Lieutenant, and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan.³

¹ As appears subsequently, Swift was on the point of starting for Quilca (*supra*, p. 191, n. 4), which he had been lent by Sheridan. He was accompanied thither by Stella and the faithful Dingley, and did not return to Dublin until the following autumn. In a letter dated the 24th of that month Bishop Nicolson writes: "At an adjournment of the City Sessions about ten days ago, Dr. Swift was made a freeman, though that honour was denied him on a former motion made to that purpose whilst their worthy Recorder, the Attorney General (*supra*, p. 164, n. 3), was present, and one of the prints of this day gives the following remarkable account of the gentleman: 'This week the Reverend Dean Swift regrettedly left this city, and is not expected home till towards the first of August'" (Archbishop Wake's Correspondence).

² How little reality there had been in Carteret's threats against the Drapier may be judged from this passage when read in conjunction with his "Apology to Lady Carteret" ("Poetical Works," i, 304). It is evident that within four months of the issue of the proclamation that terrible person had been not only a guest at Dublin Castle, but the host of the Viceroy's wife at an alfresco entertainment in Naboth's Vineyard, which as the poem shows she found a chilling experience so early in the year:

"Though seeming pleased at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees."

I beg you will take your time for bestowing on him some Church living, to the value of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public service, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than usually falls to the share of those who profess teaching, being perfectly skilled in the Greek as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philosophy, and history. He is a man of good sense, modesty, and virtue. His greatest fault is a wife and four children; for which there is no excuse, but that a wife is thought necessary to a schoolmaster. His constitution is so weak, that, in a few years, he must give up his business; and probably must starve, without some preferment, for which he is an ill solicitor. My Lord Bishop of Elphin¹ has promised to recommend this request to your Excellency; and I hope you will please to believe that it proceeds wholly from justice and humanity, for he is neither a dependant nor relation of mine. I humbly take my leave; and remain with the utmost respect, my Lord, etc.

DXLVIII. [*Kilkenny Archaeological Society.*²]

SWIFT TO THE REV. STAFFORD LIGHTBURNE

Quilca, *April* 22, 1725.

SIR,

YOUR letter was sent hither to me;³ I have been so ill with a giddiness and deafness, that I thought it best to retire far into the country, where I now am, in a wild place belonging to Mr. Sheridan, seven miles from Kells. I am very glad of your good success in England, for I always believed you had justice on your side; at the same time, I

¹ *I.e.*, Bishop Bolton (*supra*, p. 173), who had been translated to that see from Clonfert just a year before. Notwithstanding Swift's distrust of him, Bolton had joined Archbishop King in the Privy Council, of which he was a member, in opposing the proclamation against the Drapier.

² *Journal*, xv, 263. It is also printed from the original, but evidently not correctly, in "Notes and Queries," 7, iv, 364.

am grieved at the difficulties your adversary's family must be under by their own wrong proceedings, and should be more so, if that puppy, who is heir, had not so behaved himself, as to forfeit all regard or pity. Mr. Worrall has the remaining bonds of Laracor, etc., and a power from me to receive the money, which I much want, having ruined myself by building a wall,¹ which is as bad as a law-suit. I desire Mr. Proudfoot² may, with his payments, give the names of every tenant, and the sums they paid, and take receipts from Mr. Worrall. Present my service to my cousin. I hope this journey has contributed to her health, as well as her fortune. I am,

Your most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

The postman tells me that a letter directed to me at Mr. Latimer's at Kells, and put into the by-bag at Trim, will be sent to me; so that if you have any occasion to write, you may take that way. I have desired Mr. Wallis³ to appear for me at the Visitation.

DXLIX. [*Copy.*']

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

May 27, 1725.

SIR,

THE place I am in is eight miles from the post, so it may be some days before I have convenience of sending this.⁴ I have recovered my hearing for some time, at least recovered it so as not to be troublesome to those I converse with, but I shall never be famous for acuteness in that sense, and am in daily dread of relapses; against which I prepare my mind as well as I can, and I have too good a reason to do so, for my eyes will not suffer me to read small

¹ *I.e.*, the one round Naboth's Vineyard (*supra*, p. 201).

² Proudfoot has been already mentioned as Swift's agent at Laracor (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 357).

³ *Supra*, p. 157.

⁴ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

⁵ This letter was evidently evoked by a reply from Chetwode to

prints, nor anything by candlelight, and if I grow blind, as well as deaf, I must needs become very grave, and wise, and insignificant. The weather has been so unfavourable, and continues so, that I have not been able to ride above once, and have been forced for amusement to set Irish fellows to work, and to oversee them. I live in a cabin and in a very wild country; yet there are some agreeablenesses in it, or at least I fancy so, and am levelling mountains and raising stones,¹ and fencing against inconveniencies of a scanty lodging, want of victuals, and a thievish race of people.²

I detest the world because I am growing wholly unfit for it, and could be only happy by never coming near Dublin, nor hearing from it, or anything that passes in the public. I am sorry your enemies are so restless to torment you, and truly against the opinion of philosophers I think, next to health a man's fortune is the tenderest point. For life is a trifle, and reputation is supplied by innocence, but the ruin of a man's fortune makes him a slave, which is infinitely worse than loss of life or credit, when a man hath not deserved either; and I repent nothing so much, as my own want of worldly wisdom, in squandering all I had

¹ These are doubtless the improvements which Sheridan says ("Life," p. 400) were intended by Swift to be a surprise to his father. According to that precise narrator Swift had "a canal cut of some extent, and at the end of it, by transplanting some young trees, formed an arbour, which he called Stella's bower, and furnished some acres of land about it with a dry stone wall," which Sheridan takes care to add was dry because there was no lime, and was built of stone because the ground was stony.

² It was on Swift's arrival at Quilca a month before that in my opinion the catalogue of the shortcomings of Sheridan's dwelling was composed (*supra*, p. 191, n. 4). The date on which it is said to have been begun was 20 April, and from Swift's letter to Carteret (*supra*, p. 234) it is probable that he had reached Quilca a day or two before. The catalogue is supplemented by some verses which are dated 1725, and were evidently written at the same time:

"Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain:

Through all the valleys, hills and plains,
The goddess Want, in triumph reigns:

saved on a cursed wall; although I had your example to warn me, since I had often ventured to rally you for your buildings, which have hindered you from that command of money you might otherwise have had. I have been told that lenders of money abound, not from the riches of the kingdom, but by the want of trade, but whether chattels be good security I cannot tell. I dare say Mr. Lightburne will be able to take up what he wants, upon the security of land, by the judgement of the House of Lords;² and I reckon he is almost a lawyer, and would make a very good solicitor.

I can give you no encouragement to go out of your way for a visit to this dismal place; where we have hardly room to turn ourselves, and where we send five miles round for a lean sheep. I never thought I could battle with so many inconveniencies, and make use of so many Irish expedients, much less could I invite any friend to share in them; and we are eight miles from Kells, the nearest habitable place. These is the state of affairs here. But I should be glad to know you had taken some method to lump your debts. I could have wished Mr. Stopford had let me know his intentions of travelling with Graham.³ I know not the conditions he goes on, and there is but one reason why I should approve of such a ramble. I know all young travelers are eager to travel again, but I doubt whether he consults his preferment, or whether he will be able to do any good to *un enfant gâté*, as Graham is. Pray desire him to write to me. I had rather your son might have the advantage of his care, than of his chambers. I received no prints. I know not whether we have a new King, or the old; much less anything of Barber. I did not receive any packet from you. I am,

Ever yours, etc.

The six months are over, so the discoverer of the Drapier will not get the three hundred pounds as I am told.⁴ I hope the Parliament will do as they ought, in that matter, which

¹ *Supra*, p. 236.

² *Supra*, p. 235.

³ A son of the Right Honourable William Graham, of Platten, near Drogheda. The young man married a daughter of Lord Lansdown.

⁴ The reward for the discovery of the Drapier was only offered for

is the only public thing, I have in my mind.¹ I hope you like Dr. Delany's country place,² and am glad to find you among such acquaintances, especially such a person as he.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq.

DL. [*Copy*.³]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JAMES STOPFORD

June 19, 1735.

DEAR JIM,⁴

I HAVE several reasons to be glad and sorry for your intention to travel again;⁵ I have one to be glad which I will leave you to guess.⁶ I doubt you will have but little satisfaction in your companion, for I fear he is incapable of being good for anything, but the more is your merit if you can make him so. He can bear no authority over him, and without it he will come to nothing but be a beau or a squire. However, you will glut yourself with travelling, and if you be wise you will be rich, at least out of debt, for which last, Mrs. Johnson, like all usurers, is sorry.

I am sure I can safely say everything that a human creature can deserve in your recommendation, if any of my friends be alive and unchanged when you return to London. But I know none of the Court. I wish you might see Lord Carteret before you go; I would write to him to receive you favourably, if you think fit. A Mr. Tickell may

¹ What Swift desired was an inquiry into the circumstances attending the grant of the patent to Wood, and the object of the "Address to both Houses of Parliament," which was no doubt written at that time although not published for many years, was to enforce his view ("Prose Works," vi, 179).

² *I.e.*, Delville. This villa, which is situated in a northern suburb of Dublin called Glasnevin, and which is still in existence, was built by Delany and his friend Helsham (*supra*, p. 22), and was originally called Heldelville.

³ In the Forster Collection.

⁴ During the preceding year Swift had become very intimate with Stopford (*supra*, p. 217), and Stella had taken him into her favour.

⁵ Stopford had no doubt received Swift's message (*supra*, p. 238) and written to him.

⁶ From a subsequent sentence it would appear that Swift was glad because Stopford would now be in a position to repay Stella money

world that I have lost all my foreign acquaintances. Perhaps in Paris they may ask after Monsieur Swift. If Monsieur Giraldi¹ be alive at Florence, you will make him my compliments; or if the Marquis de Monteleon be in any embassy, when you go, he will be kind to anyone that knew me—he is an Italian;² or young Davenant,³ if he be yet a minister abroad, or the Count de Gyllenborg,⁴ if he has not lost his head, may perhaps be an ambassador somewhere in your way; if he be, I would be glad to know where to write to him, upon an affair wherein he promised to inform me.

I have no advice to give you as to your conduct, for you want none, but look to your health, and make as many acquaintances among Englishmen of consequence as you can. I pray God protect you, and I shall be ever with the most entire affection,

Yours, etc.

I desire you will command Mr. Ford in London to carry you to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, and to recommend you as he would a friend that he and I esteem and love as much as possible, or I will write to them if you desire it, but do not carry your — with you.

Addressed—To the Reverend Mr. Stopford at his chambers in Trinity College, Dublin.

¹ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 267.

² Monteleon was, however, in the service of the King of Spain (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 14).

³ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 82, n. 3.

⁴ Gyllenborg had represented Sweden in England during Oxford's administration, and although there is no allusion to him in the *Journal* to Stella he had been known to Swift at that time. Six years before the date of this letter Swift had prepared a dedication to him of his "History of England," which he had written many years previously, and intended then to publish ("Prose Works," x, 195). His selection of Gyllenborg, who had been expelled from England for Jacobite intrigues, ought not, as Mr. Temple Scott says, to be taken as any evidence of a leaning towards the Pretender. Swift's original design had been to dedicate the work to Gyllenborg's master, Charles XII, who had possessed an extraordinary fascination for Swift long before any question of Jacobitism arose (*supra*, vol. i, p. 169), and Gyllenborg was chosen after Charles's death as the nearest person to that monarch with whom Swift was acquainted.

I HAVE a packet of letters, which I intended to send by Molly, who has been stopped three days by the bad weather; but now I will send them by the post to-morrow to Kells, and enclosed to Mr. Tickell there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.² I can do no work this terrible weather, which has put us all seventy times out of patience. I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again. Pray desire Mr. Staunton and Worrall to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr. Pratt; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.³ Mrs. Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pickaxe,⁴ that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown, and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off, and Mrs. Johnson—God help her—gives you many a cursc. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden,

¹ This letter has been hitherto dated January.

² Probably the preceding letter.

³ As Deputy-Vice-Treasurer of Ireland Captain Pratt became involved at that time in serious financial difficulties, and Swift had cause for great uneasiness with regard to the money which he had from time to time given him to invest (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 311). Writing on 12 May Archbishop King says: "My Lord Lieutenant looketh into everything, and the accounts of the Treasury are in such a condition that our Vice-Treasurers have thought fit to come over. There seems to be a deficiency of about £100,000, but I am of opinion a great part of it will be struck off when proper vouchers are procured. Whether all will be well accounted for, time will show." A month later, on 7 June, Pratt had been brought before a legal tribunal, and on failing to find security had been committed to prison (Bishop Nicolson's "Letters," ii, 605).

⁴ In an interesting article entitled "A Relic of Swift and Stella" ("Temple Bar," lxi, 568), the late Miss Frances Power Cobbe tells that this pickaxe is preserved at the seat of her family in the county of Dublin. She says that the head is nine inches long, both ends being pointed, and that the handle, which is of cherry wood, is sixteen inches long. In the handle there is a slip of lighter coloured wood with the inscription: "Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem." An illustration of the pickaxe is given in Dr. John Francis Waller's edition of "Gulliver's Travels."

neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer eve. You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for small beer and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all to be Dingleyed. The ladies' room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep, which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows. Their maxim is:

Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouse;
Be last at work,
At virtuals foremost;

which is all at present; hoping you and your good family are well, as we are all at this present writing, etc.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast; this is their way, but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up, and the clouds blow off. I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O what a draggletail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way. I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. [Mac],¹ Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

The Blessings of a Country Life

Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.

¹ *I.e.*, Sheridan's mother-in-law (*supra*, p. 147). The name was originally printed Mau (Faulkner, "Works," viii, 303), which has led subsequent editors to believe in error that the reference was to the wife of Henry Maule, who became successively Bishop of Cloyne

The Plagues of a Country Life

A companion with news,
 A great want of shoes;
 Eat lean meat, or choose;
 A church without pews.
 Our horses astray,
 No straw, oats, or hay;
 December in May,
 Our boys run away,
 All servants at play.

Molly sends for the letter.

DLII. [*Original.*']

SWIFT TO — SHERIDAN

Quilca, *June 26, 1725.*

SIR,²

I HAVE got two surveys from Mr. Sheridan of his lands here, but both very imperfect. If you please to send me a surveyor and let me know what I am to give him for surveying the land in parcels, I shall employ him, and if the weather mends, I shall want your advice. I hope the surveyor you send will not be too great a man to lodge in a barn, for you know the condition we are in. I desire my humble service to Mr. Fitzherbert and his lady. I am,

Your humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Mr. Sheridan at Shercock.

DLIII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Quilca, *June 28, 1725.*

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir, that spends his fortune

faster than it comes in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29th, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean;¹ but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own mare, and Dr. Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30th, and so they will have two nights' rest, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil, to get a living the farthest in the kingdom from Quilca. If it be worth two hundred pounds a year, my Lord Lieutenant has but barely kept his word,² for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the Bishop of Cork,³ he is a capricious gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland⁴ a hundred times, and his sermons, if he has printed any, have been always your model, etc.⁵ Be not disappointed if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the Bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly.

I often advised you to get some knowledge of tithes and Church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish,

¹ As he had no doubt informed Swift in this letter, Sheridan had been presented by Lord Carteret to the living of Rincurran in the county of Cork. His letters of presentation bear date 2 July, and his institution took place on the 19th of that month.

² It is probable that Swift had Rincurran in his mind when writing to Carteret (*supra*, p. 234). The living had been vacant for some months.

³ Swift's old friend, Dr. Peter Browne (*supra*, vol. i, p. 119, n. 2), then held that see.

⁴ "A Letter in Answer to a Book intituled Christianity not Mysterious; as also, to all those who set up for Reason and Evidence, in Opposition to Revelation and Mysteries" (Dublin, 1697). Browne was asked to write this book by Narcissus Marsh, "who so much prized the performance" that he urged the writer's promotion. It is said that Toland used to remark that it was he who made Browne a bishop by giving him occasion to write the reply.

⁵ There appears to have been some ground for Swift's allegation of capriciousness, but to Browne's great abilities there is wide testimony. As a metaphysician he has been said to be "the most original and independent of the followers of Locke," and as a preacher he drew from Queen Anne the remark that the text "Never man spake like this man," on which he had preached before her, might justly be applied to himself (Bell's "Reformed Church of England").

the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tithes for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe. Pray act like a man of this world. I doubt, being so far off, you must not let your living as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man; but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth, and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy, while you are there. It is one good circumstance that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tithes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful, if they please, but do not let them be your tenants. Advise with Archdeacon Walls, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal squire or squires; they will all tell you the worst of your living; so will the proctors and tithe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray show yourself a man of abilities. After all I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will further inform you. Mr. Townshend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter.

Take the oaths heartily, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies.¹ I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living.

DLIV. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Quilca, *June 29, 1725.*

I WROTE to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is strange that I and Stella and

Mrs. Macradden, should light on the same thought to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnson and I go further, and say, you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the Bishop of Cork,² I send you a letter enclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak side in that matter.³ I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wish you would say to him, if he refuses them, that I told you it was Mr. Addison's maxim to excuse nobody; "for here," says he, "I may have forty friends, whose fees may be two guineas apiece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two apiece." I must tell you, Dan Jackson ruined his living by huddling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next; therefore pray take all the care you can to inquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people. I know not whether you are under the Bishop of Cork or not; if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your expenses; no, not for some years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for anything you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better clothes for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute you cannot be less than thirty days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually; and we think you ought to have no breaking up this August, but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever, because you will find that your ill-wishers will give out you are now going to quit your school, since you have got prefer-

¹ *Supra*, p. 242.

² *Supra*, p. 244.

³ An allusion to his condemnation of the practice of drinking to the dead. "Such toasts he considered profane, and not free from disrespect to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper" (Ball's "Reformed

ment, etc. Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read. I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout. I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pounds on Mr. Worrall; I hope you have received it. Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worrall, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know it must come out just when the Parliament meets.¹ Keep these letters where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice. Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your living, be sure call the family that evening to prayers. I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, etc.

DLV. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO LORD CARTERET

July 3, 1725.

MY LORD,

I AM obliged to return your Excellency my most humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, because when I recommended him to you,² I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible, that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment.

Since your Excellency has had an opportunity so early in your government of gratifying your English dependents by a bishopric, and the best deanery in the kingdom,³ I cannot but hope that the clergy of Ireland will have their

¹ The reference is evidently to the Drapier's "Humble Address to Both Houses of Parliament" (*supra*, p. 239, n. 1).

² *Supra*, p. 244, n. 2.

³ Carteret brought with him to Ireland "three chaplains from Oxford." To one of them, William Burscough, he had given the only bishopric which had fallen vacant, that of Limerick, and to another,

body; and most of them who have sons, usually breed one of them to the Church, although they have been of late years much discouraged, and discontented, by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments, and too often, under governors very different from your Excellency, the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from England, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produces another great discouragement, that those prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college companions, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift, and thus the young men sent into the Church from the University here, have no better prospect than to be curates, or small country vicars, for life. It will become so excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality, wherein, as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cause of universal discontent; for I believe your Excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives, even those descended from the conquerors, have been treated, as if they were almost unqualified for any employment either in Church or State.

Your Excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen, who are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were Dr. Delany, Dr. Ward of the North, Mr. Echlin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbett.¹ They were

¹ Of these Synge (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 365) was raised to the episcopal bench, Delany became Dean of Down, Corbett was one of Swift's successors in the deanery of St. Patrick's, Echlin became Vicar-General of Tuam ("Memoirs of the Echlin Family," p. 69), and only Ward, who was then a prebendary of Derry, failed to obtain further promotion. The Rev. John Echlin is said by Delany ("Observations," p. 129) to have been consulted by Swift on all questions relating to the Cathedral choir, and to have set the cantata which Swift composed to music. He was one of the College Sanhedrim mentioned in some of Sheridan's verses ("Poetical Works," ii, 324), and according to

named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only the universal character they bear. This was the method I always took with my Lord Oxford at his own command, who was pleased to believe that I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him, for I always dealt openly when I offered anything in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom, because, in that case, I generally made use of the common method at Court, to solicit by another. I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom the three hopefulest are said to be Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr. Dobbs, all Fellows of the College, of whom I am only acquainted with the first.¹ But these are not likely to be great expecters under your Excellency's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such persons among the clergy, as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and am sure I have made you a great compliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past; whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best, and consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those from whom I least expected it. That your Excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of, my Lord,

Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Delany, "as complete a man, and as fine a gentleman, as any of his age."

¹ The one Swift knew attained to episcopal rank; the other two retired from academic life on College livings.

DLVI. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO ARCHDEACON WALLS

SIR,²

Quilca, July 9, 1725.

I THANK God we have found some good effect of our country life. Mrs. Johnson is generally much better, and I after a short return of deafness recovered in ten days, and in spite of the weather which is worse than ever was heard of, we make a shift to walk, and use exercise; and your hopes of seeing us in town were wrong, for we determined, happen what would happen, to stay here till the season of the year, and not the bad weather, should drive us to Dublin. However you are in the right to defer your ramble, for it is a different thing to stay where one is, and to take long journeys for pleasure in bad weather.

What you say of Sheridan is right. He might be blind, or deaf as I am, and besides the reputation of a schoolmaster is very precarious, and he has not been so well used by his friends as he might expect.³ You judge truly that we do not inquire after news; all our solicitude is about weather, and we are weary of vexing to see it so bad. I am glad they think of any man born in this kingdom, begging your pardon, to be a bishop,⁴ but we never object against those bred in our University; so your heart may be at rest.⁵ I have not been wholly negligent of that odd

¹ In the possession of Mr. John Murray. See Preface.

² After a lapse of eight years (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 400) another letter from Swift to Walls is found. The latter evidently preserved Swift's letters with care, and it is possible that there had been no correspondence between them during that period (see Appendix II).

³ The allusion is no doubt to the part which some of Sheridan's friends took in regard to the offer of the mastership of Armagh School which was made to him by Primate Lindsay on Swift's request. According to Sheridan's son ("Life," p. 376) these friends dissuaded his father from accepting the appointment on the ground that he was likely to do better in Dublin, and were afterwards instrumental in setting up an opposition school to which they gave all their interest.

⁴ The next bishopric which fell vacant, that of Cloyne, Carteret gave to Henry Maule (*supra*, p. 215).

preferment of Raphoe any more than of the bishopric; ¹ but I know not what good it may do, for I can only represent.

I find there is some expedient found out relating to my business with Mr. Pratt, and that I shall not be wholly undone.² I have witnesses enough that I behaved myself with sufficient temper in that matter; neither was I in raptures to find I had saved something out of that shipwreck by which the public would have been greater losers than I. What I had I came honestly by, and if it should please God to disappoint me of doing public service with it I must submit, and he will not lay the defect to my charge.

As to the paper you gave me to peruse, I read it often and told you my judgement of it, and what I desired should be corrected. Dr. Delany, if you knew him, could show you what is to be altered. The chief things are mistakes in measure and the little mechanical parts of poetry, which are easily set right; and then I think it will be very seasonable at this time or rather about the Parliament's meeting. The ladies present their service to you and Mrs. Walls, and I heartily to her. Mrs. Dingley lately answered your letter. I am,

Ever your most, etc.

Addressed—To the Reverend Mr. Archdeacon Walls at his House in Queen Street, Dublin.

DLVII. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRALL

Quilca, *July* 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not anybody, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me,³ and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved

acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, beside my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account, except this last quarter, and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt has acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds per cent. I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of Sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds. All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay,¹ as much as I did of my money, for I reckoned the weather had ruined it, but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan,² the critic, says, the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best. Mrs. Johnson says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds. Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the — from the wall-fruit. You have got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dugged as good husbandry requires; friend Ellis will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sheriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr. Pratt signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds. I had your letter about Mrs. Johnson's money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive. Little good may do you

¹ This

with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks. The ladies are pretty well, but Mrs. Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and so do I, and am ever yours, etc.

Joe, who brings you this,¹ desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the Deanery House, Mrs. Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

Pray desire Mrs. Brent to have ready a hogshead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it. Let Mrs. Brent take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Joe may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the Deanery for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

DLVIII. [*Copy.*²]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

July 19, 1725.

SIR,

I HAD yours of the 10th and your former of early date.³ Can you imagine there is anything in this scene to furnish a letter? I came here for no other purpose but to forget and to be forgotten. I detest all news, or knowledge of how the world passes. I am again with a fit of deafness. The weather is so bad and continues so beyond any example in memory, that I cannot have the benefit of riding and I am forced to walk perpetually in a great-coat to preserve me from cold and wet, while I amuse myself with employing and inspecting labourers digging up and

acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat, beside my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account, except this last quarter, and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt has acted very generously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may inquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds per cent. I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of Sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds. All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

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with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days these twelve weeks. The ladies are pretty well, but Mrs. Johnson, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and so do I, and am ever yours, etc.

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DLVIII. [*Copy.*²]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

July 19, 1725.

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breaking stones, building dry walls, and cutting through bogs, and when I cannot stir out, reading some easy trash merely to divert me.¹ But if the weather does not mend, I doubt I shall change my habitation to some more remote and comfortable place, and there stay till the Parliament is over, unless it sits very late.²

I send this directed as the former, not knowing how to do better, but I wonder how you can continue in that dirty town. I am told there is very little fruit in the kingdom, and that I have but twenty apples where I expected five hundred. I hear Sale expected Harrison's whole estate, and is much disappointed.³ Harrison's life and death were of a piece, and are an instance added to millions how ridiculous a creature is man. You agree with all my friends in complaining I do not write to them, yet this goes so far, that my averseness from it in this place has made me neglect even to write on affairs of great consequence to myself. I am,

Your most obedient, etc.

To Knightley Chetwode, Esq.

DLIX. [*Scott.*⁴]

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

July 19, 1725.

SIR,

YOUR whole behaviour, with relation to myself, ever since I had the honour to be known to you, hath tended maliciously to hinder me from writing, or speaking anything that could deserve to be read or heard. I can no

¹ It was possibly of this summer that Swift is reported to have said: "We had just such a summer as this last winter" (*Hist. MSS. Com., Rept. 9, App., pt. iii, p. 51*).

² The session actually lasted from September to March.

³ It appears from the will of Francis Harrison of the City of Dublin, who had numerous relations, that his friend John Sale was left in the position of a trustee without remuneration. As the will had been

to make me write worse, or not at all, for the future. I remember some faint strokes of this unjust proceeding in myself, when I had a little credit in the world, but in no comparison with yours, which have filled up the measure of iniquity.

I have often thought it a monstrous folly in us, who are tied to this kingdom, to have any friendship with *vous autres*, who are birds of passage,¹ while we are sure to be forsaken like young wenches who are seduced by soldiers that quarter among them for a few months. Therefore I prudently resolved to make no other use of you, than for my present satisfaction, by improving myself from your conversation, or making use of your interest to the advantage of my friends. But when you leave us, I will, for my own quiet, send as few sighs after you as I can. For, when gods used to come down to earth to converse with females, it was true judgement in the lady who chose rather to marry an earthly lover than Apollo, who would be always rambling to heaven, and, besides, would be young when she was old.

And, to show I am serious in my resolutions, I now entreat another good office from you, in behalf of a young gentleman, Mr. James Stopford, a Fellow of the College. He is a man of birth and fortune, but the latter a little engaged by travelling; and having now as strong temptations to travel again with great advantage, as governor to a young person,² he desires the honour of being admitted to my Lord Lieutenant by your means, with no other view but the credit that such a reception would give him, only whispering me, as all men have base ends, that he foresees his Excellency, being about his own age, will be always of so great a consequence in England, as, many years hence, he may find his account in his Lordship's protection and

¹ This is a delicate suggestion that Tickell was likely to receive further preferment. He remained, however, secretary in Dublin Castle until his death fifteen years later.

² *Supra*, p. 238.

countenance. He is reckoned the best scholar of his age among us, and abounds in every amiable quality, without any circumstance to detract from them, except one, which I hope his travels will put an end to, and that is, love.

In the letter directed to Dr. Delany, there is one to Mr. Stopford, who is soon expected in town, and therein I let him know what I write to you, and direct him to attend you, for which I humbly desire pardon, as well as for the trouble of sending the packet to Dr. Delany, and for teasing you with so long a letter, which I will conclude with the sincerest profession of being ever, with great respect,

Your most obedient and obliged servant,

J. SWIFT.

The ladies present their best service and thanks to you for your remembrance. Mrs. Johnson has blunted her pickaxe¹ with work.

DLX. [*Elwin.*²]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

July 19, 1725.

SIR,

THE young gentleman, Mr. Stopford, who delivers you this, you will use with all goodness, if you love me, *si me amas ut ames, et ut ego te amo et amabo*. (*Vide Tull. Epist. nescio ubi.*) He has had his tour of travels, and yet out of eagerness to travel again he goes governor to a rich lad in such a manner as to grow rich enough himself to put his estate out of debt.³ Yet, after all, he is no better nor worse than an Irish parson born in London, without any preferment, only fellow of the University here, and a little foolish land; but, excepting these abatements, he is such a youth as you could wish, with abundance of Greek and other learning, and modesty and good-nature, and an humble admirer of poetry and you, without any pretensions to the Muses, at least as he asserts. You will do him all the good offices you can, because, though an Englishman,

¹ *Supra*, p. 241.

² By permission of Mr. John M. ...

he well deserves them, and I would not have him leave London without the privilege of boasting that he is known to you. I must require you likewise to introduce him to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, and others whom you will think fit.

I am so full, *quod ad me attinet*, of grand designs that I believe I shall never bring them to pass, but to your comfort, *grandia loquimur*, they are all in prose. I would have seen you many times, if a cursed deafness did not seize me every two or three months, and then I am frightened to think what I should do in London, while my friends are all either banished or attainted, or beggars, or retired. But I will venture all, if I live, and you must in that case get me two or three harridam ladies that will be content to nurse and talk loud to me while I am deaf. Say nothing of my being eleven years older than when we parted. Lord Oxford, the young, writ me word that you were again embarked to Homer-land, as he called it.¹ Are you rich and healthy? *Det vitam, det opes, etc.* Reputation you will take care to increase, though you have too much in conscience for any neighbour of yours to thrive while he lives by you. Our Lord Oxford used to curse the occasions that put you on translations, and, if he and the Queen had lived, you should have entirely followed your own genius, built and planted much, and writ only when you had a mind. Pray come and show yourself in Ireland, and live some months in the Deanery;—you say right, and yet I have heard as wild propositions. I have empowered Mr. Stopford to tell you all my story, how I live, how I do nothing, how I grow old, what a sorry life I lead, how I have not the spleen, etc., etc., etc. I am,

Your obedient servant.

upon trial, although we an and our servants find he hath a terrible hitch in his pace, which is all the fault we can at present discover, and if Mrs. Johnson can any way support that hitch in riding some miles, she will content herself rather than want riding, for which she chiefly came into the country; but if she finds his gait too uneasy to bear, she will, since you say the bargain is not struck with the owner, make bold to send the horse back; but is as much obliged to you as if the matter had wholly succeeded to her wish. This she has directed me to say, with her humble service. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Mr. Sheridan at Shercock.

DLXII. [*Original*.¹]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

London, *July* 24, 1725.

MR. FORD will tell you how I do, and what I do.² Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises, and vernal excuses, a decision; and very little cared what that decision was, provided it left me at liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an Act, which, fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person here also; and those who had the least mind to see me in England have made it impossible for me to live anywhere else. Here I am then, two-thirds restored, my person safe, unless I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of Sir Walter Raleigh, and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the House of

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Bolingbroke had returned to England, contrary to his expectation (*supra*, p. 210), a few months before, having obtained, as he explains,

Lords, and his bad heaven should sour that sweet untainted mass.

This much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the Church and State of Ireland; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at a higher rate than that of the richest galleon.¹ Ford brought the Dean of Derry² to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into Ireland will perhaps defer for some time my making acquaintance with the other, which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of Father Malebranche,³ and who is fond of going a missionary in the West Indies. My zeal for the propagation of the gospel will hardly carry me so far; but my spleen against Europe has more than once made me think of buying the dominion of Bermuda, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people with whom I have passed the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you leave your Hibernian flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful, than that of Dr. Berkeley's college: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of Wood's halfpence: nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me, say something very kind to me, for I do not dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or not, God

¹ This sentence indicates that Swift had communicated to his friends in England some outline of "Gulliver's Travels."

² *I.e.*, Berkeley (*supra*, p. 212).

³ The death of that great French metaphysician is said to have been

knows; but surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. Ford says, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your Star will probably hinder you from taking the same journey.¹ Adieu, dear Dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

DLXIII. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO SWIFT

Dover Street, *July 26, 1725.*

REVEREND SIR,

MR. CLAYTON going to Ireland,² I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the first place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promise which I made of sending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, so that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to send it to you safe; you did tell me a gentleman should call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not.³ I am very desirous you should have it, because it has been so long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing anything that may in the least be agreeable to you. You had heard of this sooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I made a long progress, even beyond Edinburgh fifty miles.

I inquire of you sometimes of Dean Berkeley.⁴ I was sorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy distemper the want of hearing, although in some cases it is good, but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it suited best with one's inclinations. I am also sorry that there is no mention made of any design of your coming into England. I long much for it, and do flatter myself with the thoughts of seeing you under my roof,

¹ *Supra*, p. 211, n. 2.

² He was no doubt a relation of Dr. Robert Clayton, then a Fellow of Trinity College, and afterwards successively Bishop of Killala, Cork, and Clogher, to whose father there has been reference (*supra*,

where you shall exert more authority than I will allow to belong to any bishops made since [the Hanoverian succession]. Do not lay aside all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your sister is very well, considering the way she is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, she will be much better. She presents her humble service to you. Peggy¹ is very well. Pope is well I suppose; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleasure of seeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever Jervas painted.² I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant and brother,
OXFORD.

DLXIV. [*Copy.*³]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

August 14, 1725.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship's letter was sent me, where I now am, and have been four months, in a little obscure Irish cabin about forty miles from Dublin, whither I fled to avoid company in frequent returns of deafness, which hath been my only hindrance from waiting upon your Lordship's father and yourself for several years past. For while I am thus incommoded I must be content to live among those whom I can govern, and make them comply with my infirmities. But I still hope this cause will not always continue, and that I shall once [more] have the honour and happiness of seeing the worthy son of him from whom I received so many obligations, and who was pleased to love and distin-

¹ The future Duchess of Portland (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 269).

² This portrait, which Sir Frederick Falkner was unable to find ("Prose Works," xii, 12), is the subject of a letter from Jervas to Lord Harley, as Oxford then was, which is calendered under the year 1723-4 in the "Portland Manuscripts," v, 638: "When I gave orders to have the frame to our Dean's picture put on, I recollected that the engraver is to be with me next week to endeavour to make something more like than that done by Mr. Vertue for John Barber, besides it is a half length, and the former is a simple busto. Your Lordship says I do not keep my word, the Dean interposes 'Obstat reverentia famae,' which I think is a good reason of refusing another will do the business."

guish me in a very uncommon way. Although I could rather wish, that the times were such as would send you hither to visit me, at least the kingdom I am in.

I most humbly thank your Lordship for your present of my Lord your father's picture, but more for your favourable expressions in giving it me. I did tell your Lordship that a gentleman should attend you to receive the ring which you said you had for me, which was not done, either by your absence, or his. But I never intended that your Lordship should be put upon the trouble of sending to him. The person is Mr. Ford, whom you may remember to have been employed as writer of the Gazette, a very worthy gentleman of a considerable fortune here, and long in confinement upon his first return from France.¹ Either he or Mr. Charleton,² a person well known and chaplain to my Lord [Arran],³ will wait on you both for the picture and ring.

Your Lordship judgeth rightly that in some cases it is a happiness not to hear, and [in] this country where faction hath been so outrageous above anything in England, a wise or quiet man would gladly have his ears stopped much longer than open. But a silly accident of brass money hath more united them than it ever could have been imagined. I am glad your Lordship is pleased to countenance the Dean of Derry, Dr. Berkeley. He is a true philosopher and an excellent scholar, but of very visionary virtue, and is endeavouring to quit a thousand pounds a year for a hundred at Bermudas.

Pray God Almighty preserve my Lady Oxford, particularly in her present circumstances, and grant that the consequence may be such a successor to your Lordship as may make you both happy and prove a blessing to the nation. I hope the picture of me in your house is the same which Mr. Jervas drew in Ireland, and carried over, because it is more like me by several years than another he drew in London. It is placed where my heart would most desire to

¹ This is the only reference I have found to Ford's having been arrested on his return to England in 1715. He cannot have been confined for many months (*supra*, vol. ii, pp. 285, 325).

² The Duchess of Ormond's chaplain (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 366).

³ The name is Somers in the copy, but it is hardly possible that Somers, who had died ten years before, had so pronounced a Tory as Charleton as his chaplain and biographer, the Earl of Halifax.

have it, although it be an honour which in spite of my pride will make me vain. May God Almighty long preserve your Lordship and family, and continue to bless you in reward of your many excellent virtues. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I sometimes see my old friend Lord Carteret, who uses me with his old kindness, and at my request gave a small preferment in the Church to one of my friends.¹ I have a print of my Lord your father and under it this motto:

Veteres actus primamque juventam
Prosequar? Ad sese mentem praesentia ducunt.²

I will not tell your Lordship what other picture I desire; for I have a lawful title to that you have given me.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford, in Dover Street, London.

DLXV. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRALL

Quilca, *August 27, 1725.*

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices, yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to show your activity in leaping down a ditch, hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.³

I have not yet heard of Mr. Webb, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my

own judgement, but leave it to some other body to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom. I thank you for the purchase you have made of Bristol beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine, but I am afraid it is not good for your gout. My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it. Mrs. Worrall's observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs. Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar, than a country palace. I would fain have a shed thrown up in the furthest corner of Naboth's vineyard, toward the lower end of Sheba's garden, till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done? The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others.¹ He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the Parliament meets.² I hope you will contrive it among you, that it may be sent unknown, as usual, to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, etc., forced on us. My intention is to return about the beginning of October, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the Parliament will act. They who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases. My humble service to Mrs. Worrall. The ladies present theirs to you both.

¹ *I.e.*, the Address to both Houses of Parliament (*supra*, p. 247).

² The Irish Parliament met on 7 September.

DLXVI. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO SWIFT

Dover Street, *August* 30, 1725.

REVEREND SIR,

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter.¹ I am vexed that the trifle of the ring should not have reached you; I found where the fault lay. I hope you will soon receive both the picture and the ring safe. I have ordered them to the care of Erasmus Lewis, Esq., our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mr. Ford, and my Lord Arran's chaplain, Mr. Charleton; so I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the least trifle, by which I might show the value and esteem I have, and always must and will have for you. The picture I have of you is the same which Mr. Jervas drew of you in Ireland, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; though Mr. Jervas is honoured with the place of his Majesty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I shall so much value as I do that of the Dean of St. Patrick's. My old fellow collegiate has done so right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation.² I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

OXFORD.

My wife sends her compliments to you; she is as well as can be expected.

DLXVII. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRALL

Quilca, *Aug.* 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th.³ I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the be-

ginning of October, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue. Since Wood's patent is cancelled,¹ it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I suppose you, and Jack Grattan, and Sheridan will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her² be satisfied. The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. Johnson does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest. The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. Worrall. Mrs. Dingley at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless. Pray pay Joe Beaumont four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

When Joe brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds eight shillings.

DLXVIII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Quilca, *September 11, 1725.*

IF you are indeed a discarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder;³ you are too

¹ It is evident that the announcement to that effect which Carteret made in his speech to the Irish Parliament (*supra*, p. 264, n. 2) came as no surprise to the members.

² Harding had died in prison (*supra*, p. 224, n. 1) and was now represented by his widow.

³ Sheridan had written, as appears subsequently, to tell Swift of "the catastrophe" that had befallen him through his pulpit indiscretion on the occasion of the thanksgiving for George I's accession, which had come round while he was still in Cork (*supra*, p. 244), and which had fallen that year upon a Sunday. As to the circumstances which led to Sheridan's *faux pas* accounts differ. According to Swift, who wished no doubt to make out the best case for his friend ("Prose Works," vii, 242), Sheridan was actually in church when the invitation was sent to him, and had not sufficient presence of mind to alter the

young¹ for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you there is hardly a Whig in Ireland, who would allow a potato and butter-milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there anything in your countrymen upon this article more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text, as from a rock. For as Don Quixote said to Sancho, what business had you to speak of a halter in a family where one of it was hanged?² And your innocence is a protection, that wise men are ashamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense to think, that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favour from the Lord Lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling.³

You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe, every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest, and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind?

he had made some time before, until reminded of it by a message to say service had begun, and in his confusion preached the first sermon that came to his hand, and did not perceive its inappropriateness until spoken to about it. Whatever may have been the cause there is, however, no question as to the result. "A general murmur" arose from the congregation "at such a text on such a day," and the Viceroy, who learned of the occurrence through a kind friend who "took post" to Dublin, was compelled to remove Sheridan from the list of his chaplains and to forbid his appearance at Dublin Castle.

¹ He was then thirty-eight.

² "No se ha de mentar la Soga en casa del ahorcado" (Ormsby, *op. cit.* iv. 202)

anybody, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestic evils are no more within a man than others, and he who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second, and in my conscience I believe this is your case; for being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics, and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice had struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, etc.¹

I will hear none of your visions. You shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter. You shall be merry at the expense of others. You shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night, and laugh with all men, without trusting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts than to stop your progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the Lord Lieutenant, nor whether he is altered toward you;² for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down, whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford said once to me on an occasion, "these fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it." When I come to town, we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich and you will have no enemies; go sometimes to the Castle;

¹ "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—Phil., iv, 11.

² According to his son ("Life," p. 379), Sheridan was often asked to Dublin Castle, and sometimes visited at his own house, by Car-

keep fast Mr. Tickell and Balaguer;¹ frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

DLXIX. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

September 14, 1725.

I NEED not tell you, with what real delight I should have done anything you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power toward the bearer of your letter,² who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you, with which, after all, I sit down a gainer, since, to my great pleasure, it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others' hearts with busy vanities, such as, perhaps, at one time of life or other, take their tour in every man, but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels I hear much of;³ my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful investigation of my own territories.⁴ I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I will find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too

¹ Probably Carteret's private secretary or aide-de-camp.

² *I.e.*, Stopford (*supra*, p. 256).

³ *Supra*, p. 259.

⁴ This is what Pope forebodes here his "Essay on Man." The

old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess when I tell you they are my own mother and my own nurse.¹ I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself.² You will be pleased with one another I will engage; though you do not hear one another, you will converse, like spirits, by intuition. What you will most wonder at is, she is considerable at Court, yet no party woman; and lives in Court, yet would be easy and make you easy.

One of those you mention, and I dare say always will remember, Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels, which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be—he bids me tell you, and I write this by him—he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life is, the wish to see you once more. He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he would give you, if he could, such advice as might cure your deafness; but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me,

Yours, etc.

DLXX. [*Scott*.³]

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

September 18, 1725.

SIR,

YOU Court people have found out the way of vexing me in all my privacy and monkish manner of living. Here is Mr. Sheridan perpetually teasing me with complaints, directly in the style I have often met among state letters, of loss of favour by misrepresentation, and envy and malice, and secret enemies, and the rest of that jargon.⁴ I have had

¹ Pope's nurse, Mary Beach, died two months later, and about the same time his mother had a serious illness.

² The reference is to Swift's future friend Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, then lady of the bedchamber to the Princess of Wales. "She began to grow deaf in middle life, and in her later years almost lost her hearing" ("D. N. B." viii: 22).

share of it myself, and so I believe have you, and may have more in the course of your fortune. The worst evil is, that when ill opinions are instilled into great men, they never think it worth their while to be undeceived, and so a little man is ruined without the least tincture of guilt. And therefore, the last time I was in the world, I refused to deal with a chief minister, till he promised me, upon his honour, never to be influenced by any ill story of me, till he told it me plainly, and heard my defence;¹ after which, if I cleared myself, it should pass for nothing, and he kept his word, and I was never once in pain.

I was the person who recommended Mr. Sheridan; but the Bishop of Elphin² took upon him to do it in form, and give it a sanction, and was seconded by two other bishops, all principled according to your heart's desire, and therefore his Excellency hath nothing to answer for. I do believe Mr. Sheridan hath been formerly reckoned a Tory, but no otherwise than hundreds among your favourites, who, perhaps, grew converts with more zeal, noise, and cunning, but with less decency. And I hope a man may be a convert, without being a renegado, and however the practice is contrary, I know which of them I should most favour. It is most infallible, by all sorts of reason, that Mr. Sheridan is altogether innocent in that accusation of preaching, but, as he is a creature without cunning, so he hath not overmuch advertency. His books, his mathematics, the pressures of his fortune, his laborious calling, and some natural disposition or indisposition, gave him an *egarement d'esprit*, as you cannot but observe; but he hath other good qualities enough to make up that defect. Truth, candour, good-nature, pleasantness of humour, and very good learning, and it was upon these regards I was bold to recommend him, because I thought it was for the general good that he should have some encouragement to go on in his drudgery. But if it be determined that party must lay her talons upon him, there is no more to be said.

My Lord Lieutenant hath too many great affairs, to allow time for examining into every little business, and yet it is hard that even a beggar should suffer who is wholly

Ireland could be believed in what they said of each other, there was not an honest man in the kingdom. And if Mr. Sheridan guesses right of the person who is his chief accuser, there is no man who is not altogether drunk and mad with party, would value the accusation.¹ If, by the clatter made upon this occasion, it should be thought most proper for Mr. Sheridan not to appear about the Castle at this juncture, I believe he will content himself, but not that he should lose any degree of favour with his Excellency; and, if this be the case, I hope you will so order that my Lord will condescend to signify so much to him, for I know too well how often Princes themselves are obliged to act against their judgement, amidst the rage of factions. Upon the whole, the good treatment you have given me, hath produced an ill effect, encouraging me to farther requests, that you will endeavour to make Mr. Sheridan easy. None but converts are afraid of showing favour to those who lie under suspicion in point of principles; and that was Mr. Addison's argument, in openly continuing his friendship to me to the very hour of his death. And your case is the same, and the same I shall expect from you in a proper degree, both towards Mr. Sheridan and myself.

Whether you are in Parliament or no,² I am sensible you are too busy at this time to bear such an interruption as I have given you, and yet I have not said half what I had a mind; my excuse is, that I have title to your favour, as you were Mr. Addison's friend, and, in the most honourable part, his heir; and if he had thought of your coming to

¹ The allusion is to the Right Honourable Richard Tighe, to whom there is reference in many of Swift's later poems. They were no new acquaintances, and had known each other long enough before Swift's last visit to London to have fallen out and not to be on speaking terms ("Prose Works," ii, 39, 96). But the satire for which Tighe became henceforth the target, seems to have been poured out on him wholly as Sheridan's accuser. Sheridan's son implies ("Life," p. 382) that Tighe, who he says was in Cork and actually in church when his father preached, gave a biassed account of the sermon to Carteret, and Swift says ("Prose Works," vii, 242) that Tighe, although a man "of no large dimensions of body or mind," raised such a clamour that Dublin citizens could apprehend no less than the landing of the Pretender in the south of Ireland.

² Tickell did not occupy a seat in the Irish Parliament, which then assembled (*supra*, p. 264, n. 2), but as his predecessor, Joshua Dawson,

this kingdom, he would have bequeathed me to you. I am ever, with true esteem and respect,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

DLXXI. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Quilca, *September* 19, 1725.

WE have prevailed with Neal, in spite of his harvest, to carry up Miss,¹ with your directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching.² Have you seen my Lord? Who forbade you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the Castle? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is Tighe?³ Do you think my Lord acts thus, because he fears it would breed ill humour, if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think that is too mean for him.

I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method; pray read over the enclosed⁴ twice, and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent, not by a servant of yours, nor from you, to Mr. Tickell. There the case is stated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I shall see the Lord Lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time I believe it may keep cold; however, advise with Mr. Tickell and Mr. Balaguer.⁵ I should fancy that the Bishop of Limerick⁶ could easily satisfy his Excellency, and that my Lord Lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture, that he acts as he does; and if so, as I am confident it is, the effect will cease with the cause. But without doubt, Tighe and others have dinned the words Tory and Jacobite into his Excel-

¹ No doubt one of Sheridan's daughters.

² Before Carteret (*supra*, p. 266, n. 3).

⁴ The preceding letter.

³ *Supra*, p. 272, n. 1

⁵ *Supra*, p. 269, n. 1.

lency's ears, and therefore your text, etc., was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter you are no loser, but at least have got something.¹ Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because going into a gambling-house and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my Lord is in London we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the [4]th² of October, and hope to sup at the Deanery the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged. I am grown a bad bailiff toward the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well. I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me. Pray do not forget to seal the enclosed before you send it. I send you back your letter to the Lord Lieutenant.

DLXXII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Quilca, *September 25, 1725.*

YOUR confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress, till this last letter,³ and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent enclosed, subscribed by Mr. Ford, as we suppose; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect.⁴ I do think it is

¹ The allusion is probably to an act of generosity on the part of the Archdeacon of Cork, in whose church the contretemps had occurred, in presenting Sheridan with some land in the county of Cavan. According to Sheridan's son ("Life," p. 383) the land was worth £250 a year, and his father owed it to "the nice scruples" of the Archdeacon who "considered himself as instrumental, however accidentally, to the ruin of the Doctor's expectations," and who saw himself possessed of a considerable property and without any family, and Sheridan "loaded with a numerous offspring upon a precarious income."

² The 5th has been hitherto given as the day of the month.

³ A reply to the preceding letter.

agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, which is a new and wise remark out of my own head, and the devil take that animal, who will not offend his enemy when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the butt end of my stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spite of his dulness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast who has kicked against you, and try how far his insensibility will protect him, and you shall have help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her and your horse's shoes for fear of being rid, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighes, if they were but Privy Counsellors. You will never be at ease for your friend's horses or your own, till you have walled in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you sent it him or not; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's¹ company for the reason I mentioned in that letter, because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspectissimi*. When the Lord Lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it. I did a Sheridanism; I told you I had lost your letter enclosed, which you intended to Lord Carteret, and yet I have it safe here.

¹ *Supra*, p. 269, n. 1.

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

September 29, 1725.

SIR,

I CANNOT guess the reason of Mr. Stopford's management,² but impute it at a venture to either haste or bashfulness, in the latter of which he is excessive to a fault, although he had already gone the tour of Italy and France to harden himself. Perhaps this second journey, and for a longer time, may amend him. He treated you just as he did Lord Carteret, to whom I recommended him.

My letter you saw to Lord Bolingbroke³ has shown you the situation I am in, and the company I keep, if I do not forget some of its contents, but I am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the *grand monde*, for fear of burying my parts, to signalise myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern.⁴ I have employed my time, besides ditching, in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my Travels,⁵ in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press, when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design, without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading.⁶ I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of mis-

¹ By permission of Mr. John Murray. *Supra*, p. 148, n. 1.

² *Supra*, p. 269.

³ A reply to Lord Bolingbroke's letter of 24 July (*supra*, p. 258).

⁴ The allusion is to the area round St. Patrick's Cathedral, known as the Liberties, over which, as dean, Swift had civil authority.

⁵ It is evident from this passage that Gulliver was not written at Quilca as some have assumed.

⁶ Elwin is of opinion (*op. cit.*, vii, 52) that Swift is referring to the poet and "the most perfect of his kind."

employing your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one, and Judge Such-a-one: so with physicians—I will not speak of my own trade—soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, but do not tell, and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials toward a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it would be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, though not in Timon's manner,¹ the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion. By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyssey was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I shall thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three-fourths the less, from the mixture you mention of another hand;² however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery. I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica*.

I have almost done with harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party woman, I take to be mythology, but know not how to moralise it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at Court. Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf,

Mr. Lewis sent me¹ an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh! if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels. But, however, he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where, after abundance of praises he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year.² So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas! he has a sort of slouch in his walk. I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic, and as fit a man either to live or die as ever I knew.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Tickell is in a very good office. I have not seen Philips, though formerly we were so intimate.³ He has got nothing and by what I find will get nothing, though he writes little flams,⁴ as Lord Leicester called those sorts of verses, on Miss Carteret.⁵ It is remark-

¹ See Appendix II.

² The passage to which Swift refers is probably one concerning St. Aidan: "Accepit namque pontificem Aidanum, summae mansuetudinis et pietatis ac moderaminis virum, habentemque zelum Dei, quamvis non plene secundum scientiam; namque diem Paschae Dominicum more suae gentis . . . observare solebat" ("Hist. Eccles.," iii, 3).

³ Swift's old friend Ambrose Philips (*supra*, vol. i, p. 168) had come to Ireland with Primate Boulter.

⁴ "Or pumped for those hard trifles anagrams,
Or eteosticks, or your finer flams,
Of eggs, and halberds, cradles, and a horse,
A pair of scissars, and a comb in verse."

⁵ The opening lines of the poem, which is dated 10 August, 1725, are:

"Little charm of placid mien
Miniature of beauty's queen,

able, and deserves recording that a Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, has imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret that complainers never succeed at Court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left. I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the newspapers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, of which he has not been thrifty, but I wonder he has no more discretion.

DLXXIV. [*Copy*.¹]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

October 1, 1725.

MY LORD,

I HAVE given your Lordship too much trouble, and you are infinitely too condescending;² but you will please to consider that it is upon a matter of great concern to me. I had a letter from Mr. Lewis³ at the same time with the last from your Lordship, wherein he tells me he hath received the picture and the ring, and I have put him in the way of sending them to me. I here repeat my most humble thanks to your Lordship for this and all your favours.

I doubt not but the hearty prayers of all good men are added to mine for the health and success of my Lady Oxford, and that I shall soon hear of a son born, worthy of both your ancestors; or if it should prove of the other

Numbering years, a scanty Nine
Stealing hearts without design."

¹ In the Forster Collection.

sex, yet, God be praised, you both have youth and time and health enough before you.

I am glad to hear of your Lordship's manner of life, spent in study, in domestic entertainment, in conversation with men of wit, virtue and learning, and in encouraging their studies; in all which I doubt you lie too justly under the censure of singularity, at least in England, for my Lord Carteret seems to imitate you here as far as party will suffer him, to which he lately sacrificed the best Grecian¹ among us, and ordered him upon a false malicious information to be struck out of the list of his chaplains, the same to whom he gave a Church living at my recommendation. My Lord your father was never capable of such an action; he could not endure to have men of wit or learning to be his enemies, nor do I remember he had any of either.

I beg to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, with the highest acknowledgements of her favour in pleasing to remember me; and with my heartiest prayer for your Lordship and family, remain with the greatest respect and gratitude, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

DLXXV. [*Elwin.*²]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

Twickenham near Hampton Court, *October 15, 1725.*

I AM wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer.³ It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends in proportion as you draw nearer to them; in short that you are getting into our vortex. Here is one, who was once a powerful planet, Lord Bolingbroke, has now, after long experience of all that comes of shining, learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another,⁴ who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have dis-

¹ *I.e.*, Sheridan.

tinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot yet living, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world he has long despised every part of, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more cheerful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal. I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor Philips is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason: if they do not promote him, they will spoil a very good conclusion of one of my Satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus:

But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
In George's reign these fruitless lines were writ,
When Ambrose Philips was preferred for wit!¹

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift, in like manner as when anyone had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at Court in that lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether, if you knew her, you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall. I wish he had received no more by his other fall; our Lord Oxford had none by his.² But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind, since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being *paulo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us met again, after so many varieties and

¹ The last verse appears in a slightly altered form in the "Dunciad":

"Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit."

² The allusion is to the loss by the one and the retention by the

changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, after there has been such a new heaven and a new earth in our minds and bodies, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same—I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at all our own designs, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched, pitiful creatures of this world; nay, would make them eat your book, which you have made, I doubt not, as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I will not tell you what designs I have in my head, besides writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucauld's principles,¹ till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too, whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in everything that is addressed to you, or comes from you, expects you. That ought to be enough to bring you hither. It is vastly a better reason than if the nation expected you; for I really enter as fully as you can desire into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe, said a friend of mine, that any man can care for a hundred thousand people who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book,² which I guess

¹ It is probable from the reference to Rochefoucauld by Vanessa (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 44) that Swift was a diligent student of his "Maximes," and that the fact was known to Pope. The prevailing truth in them, according to Voltaire, is that self-love is the spring of all our actions and determinations.

² "Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights and Measures, Explain'd and Exemplified, in several Dissertations" which was published in 1724.

from the gates of death. Sir William Wyndham better,³ Lord Bathurst well, and a preserver of ancient honour and ancient friendship. The rest if they were damned, what is it to a Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a Papist, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad a one as yours, and hated by all bad people, from Hopkins and Sternhold⁴ to Gildon and Cibber.⁵ The first prayed against me joined with the Turk;⁶ and a modern imitator of theirs, whom I leave you to find out, has added the Christian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner:

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Christian is an infidel
That sitteth in a pew.

My paper is out without the Doctor's help.

DLXXVI. [*Original.*']

JOHN ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT

London, *October 17, 1725.*

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneasy when I am in distress; in consequence of which I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a most

¹ *Supra*, p. 259.

² *Supra*, p. 153.

³ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 277.

⁴ The writers of the metrical version of the Psalms.

⁵ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 329.

⁶ The allusion, as Elwin says (*op. cit.*, vii, 60), is to a line in the prayer at the end of the metrical version of the Psalms:

"From Pope and Turk defend us, Lord."

⁷ In the British Museum. See Preface.

kind paragraph in your letter to Mr. Pope,¹ to convince me that you are of the number; and I know, that I give you a sensible pleasure in telling you, that I think myself at this time almost perfectly recovered of a most unusual and dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; such a one, that had it been in the hands of a surgeon, in an outward and fleshy part, I should not have been well these three months. Duke Disney,² our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of such another. There have been several of them, occasioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet season. People have told me of new *impostures*, as they called them, every day. Poor Sir William Wyndham is an *imposture*:³ I hope the Bath, where he is going, will do him good.

The hopes of seeing once more the Dean of St. Patrick's revive my spirits. I cannot help imagining some of our old club met together like mariners after a storm. For God's sake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanswerable arguments, that it is absolutely necessary that you should come over to England; that it would be committing the greatest absurdity that ever was not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is just possible to save your soul without it, and that is all. As for your book, of which I have framed to myself such an idea, that I am persuaded there is no doing any good upon mankind without it, I will set the letters myself, rather than that it should not be published. But before you put the finishing hand to it, it is really necessary to be acquainted with some new improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhaustible source of invention in the way of folly and madness. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be so much coveted and taken up by the Ministry, that unless your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earnest. Your deafness is so necessary a thing, that I almost begin to think it an affectation. I remember you used to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already bespoke. It is worth your while to come to see our old friend Lewis, who is wiser than ever he was, the best of

husbands. I am sure I can say, from my own experience, that he is the best of friends. He was so to me, when he had little hope I should ever live to thank him.

You must acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you among your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I long to see you, and am most sincerely, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,
JO. ARBUTHNOT.

DLXXVII. [*Copy.*²]

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO SWIFT

Dover Street, *October 19, 1725.*

REVEREND SIR,

I HOPE you will excuse these few lines for once, when I tell you that yesterday morning, I thank God, my wife was safely delivered of a son,³ and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be disagreeable news to the Dean of St. Patrick's, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
OXFORD.

DLXXVIII. [*Copy.*⁴]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Dublin, *October 26, 1725.*

MY LORD,

I HAVE now for fifteen years been receiving continual favours from my Lord your father, from yourself, and from my Lady Oxford; but none of them fit to compare with

¹ Erasmus Lewis in the previous year, at the mature age of fifty-four, had taken unto himself a wife. He lived near Arbuthnot.

² In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2.

³ On the 18th of that month Lady Oxford gave birth to a son who died four days later.

that of your Lordship's last letter, which came yesterday to my hands, and yet upon second and third thinking I begin to doubt whether it were anything more than strict justice, for I should highly resent your making it the least question whether anything that concerns your Lordship did not equally affect me. I do therefore hope that if I live any reasonable time, your Lordship will do me the same justice on the like occasion, again and again and again.

I went yesterday to see the Lord Lieutenant and my Lady Carteret. Both of them received the good news of my Lady Oxford's delivery with great satisfaction; and his Excellency commanded me in a very particular manner to tell your Lordship, that no friend you have partakes more in your good successes than himself.¹

Mr. Clayton² was in such haste to return to England on my coming to town that I had but an half hour with him. I doubt this kingdom will make but a poor addition to your collection of coins. Several small silver ones have been sometimes found, but they are only of some Saxon kings, which I suppose are no rarities. The copper ones are not above three or four hundred years old, with the names on them of the cities where they were coined, as Drogheda, Waterford, and the like. For any before the Conquest, in Henry the Second's time, I know nothing: to inquire will cost no labour, nor money to purchase, and whatever can be got, shall be sent to your Lordship, which you may throw away when you please.³ If you knew Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was here with Lord Pembroke,⁴ he can tell your Lordship more than anybody.

¹ *Supra*, p. 265.

² *Supra*, p. 260.

³ Swift had no doubt been told by Clayton of Oxford's desire to procure rare coins. In addition to augmenting the collection of manuscripts with which the name of Harley is associated, the second Earl of Oxford made a large collection of coins, which, together with his library of printed books, was dispersed after his death. Swift was evidently not well versed even in the limited numismatology of his day, and would have regarded with amazement the vast number of coins struck in Ireland now to be seen in the National Museum, Dublin. They date from the time of the Scandinavian settlements, and include reproductions of the coins of some of the Saxon kings. Copper coins of so early a date as Swift mentions are unknown. It is possible that tradesmen's tokens of the seventeenth century may have been imposed on him (see Guide to the collection in the Museum, prepared

I pray God Almighty to bless your Lordship and family, and to preserve this important addition to it. I am ever with the greatest respect and gratitude, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and obliged servant,
JONATH. SWIFT

DLXXIX. [Scott.']

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

Deanery House, *November 12, 1725.*

SIR,

I HAVE got slowly out of a feverish disorder, that hath confined me these ten days. I shall dine to-morrow at home, after a sort *en famille* with the two ladies my nurses. And if you please to be a fourth, I shall take care that no unacceptable fifth be of the company. And pray let me know to-night or to-morrow morning, for as to Sunday, I look on you as a guest when you please.² I am,

Your most obedient,

J. SWIFT.

DLXXX. [Scott.]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JAMES STOPFORD

Wretched Dublin, in miserable Ireland,
November 26, 1725.

DEAR JIM,³

I HAD your kind letter from Paris, dated November 14, N.S. I am angry with you for being so short, unless you are resolved not to rob your journal-book. What have *vous autres voyageurs* to do but write and ramble? Your picture of King Charles the First will be a great present whenever I shall receive it, which I reckon will be about the time of your return from Italy; for my Lord Oxford's picture was two months coming from London.⁴

¹ *Supra*, p. 198, n. 1.

² Swift was writing on Friday. It would appear that Sunday was a day on which he was always at home to his friends.

³ *Supra*, p. 239.

⁴ The tortoise pace of that age is not only exemplified in this case,

him as a prophet, who is never esteemed in his own country, and he lays all the blame upon you, but will be pacified if you see him when you come back.¹ Your other correspondents tell me, that Mr. G[raham] beside his clothes, lost two hundred pounds in money, which to me you slur over. I like your Indian's answers well; but I suppose the Queen² was astonished if she was told, contrary to her notions, that the great people were treated and maintained by the poor. Mrs. Johnson denies you to be a slave, and says you are much more so in quality of a governor; as all good princes are slaves to their subjects. I think you are justly dealt with. You travelled with liberty to work your slavery, and now you travel with slavery to work your liberty. The point of honour will not be so great, but you have equal opportunities to inform yourself and satisfy your curiosity. The happier you were abroad in your first travels, the more miserable you were at your return; and now the case will be directly contrary. I have been confined a fortnight with a little feverish disorder, and the consequences of it, but now am as usual, with tolerable health.

As to intelligence, here is the House of Commons, with a little remains of the nation's spirit against Wood's coin, are opposing the Court in their unreasonable demands of money to satisfy the wanton and pretended debts of the Crown, and all party but that of Court and Country seem to be laid asleep.³ I have said and writ to the Lieutenant what I thought was right, and so have my betters; but all *surdis auribus*. This is enough for such a hermit as I to tell you of public matters. Your friends are all well, and you have not been long enough absent for any material accident to fall out. Here is a great rumour of the King's

Stopford and his young companion, Graham (*supra*, p. 238), had only got as far as Paris on their *grand tour*. The picture of Charles I, which was attributed to Vandyck, was bequeathed by Swift to the donor, and is in the possession of his descendants.

¹ *Supra*, p. 269.

² Presumably the consort of some Indian ruler whom Stopford had seen in London or Paris.

³ The Country had on the 15th of that month defeated the Court, by a majority of 111 to 83, on a question as to the sufficiency of the hereditary revenue and existing duties to meet the charges of the

being dead, or dying at Hanover, which has not the least effect on any passion in me. Dr. Delany is a most perfect courtier; Sheridan full of his own affairs and the baseness of the world; Dr. Helsham *à son aise* at home or abroad; the Dean of St. Patrick's sitting like a toad in a corner of his great house, with a perfect hatred of all public actions and persons.

You are desired to bring over a few of the testons, and what do you call [them], julios I think, of Parma, Florence, and Rome, which some people would be glad of for curiosities, and will give you other money for them. If you are rich enough to buy any good copies of pictures by great hands, I desire when you would buy two to buy three, and the third shall be taken off your hands, with thanks, and all accidents be answered by the buyer. The people of Ireland have just found out that their fathers, sons, and brothers, are not made bishops, judges, or officers civil or military, and begin to think it should be otherwise; but the government go on as if there were not a human creature in the kingdom fit for anything but giving money.¹ Your brother paid the money to the lady.² What would you have more? This is a time of no events. Not a robbery or murder to be had, for want of which and poetry the hawkers are starving. Take care of your health, and come home by Switzerland; from whence travel blindfold till you get here, which is the only way to make Ireland tolerable. I am told the Provost has absolutely given away all your pupils. Pray God give you grace to be hated by him and all such beasts while you live.³ I excused

¹ Although since the accession of George I native talent had been increasingly ignored in the exercise of Irish patronage by the Crown, there is no doubt that at that time the practice received a great impetus and reached its zenith. This was attributable to the influence of Primate Boulter. On him the English Ministers relied to counteract any weakness in regard to party interests which might be displayed by Carteret, and their confidence in his loyalty to them, capacity for affairs, and firmness of character was not misplaced. In the administration of Ireland his only thought was how that country could be used for the advantage of England, and in order to attain his object he urged, from the moment of his arrival until his death, the appointment of Englishmen, free from every tie with the country in which they were to live, to the higher places in Church and State.

your bashfulness to the Lieutenant,¹ who said he observed and understood it, and liked you the better. He could govern a wiser nation better, but fools are fit to deal with fools;² and he seems to mistake our calibre, and treats *de haut en bas*, and gives no sugar plums.

Our Dean Maule and Dr. Tisdall have taken upon them the care of the Church, and make wise speeches of what they will amend in St. Andrew's vestry every week, to a crew of parsons of their own kind and importance.³ The Primate and the Earl of Cavan govern the House of Lords.⁴ The Archbishop of Dublin attacked the same in the Castle for giving a good living to a certain animal called a [Waltham] Black,⁵ which the other excused, alleging he was preferred to it by Lord Townshend. It is a cant word for a deer stealer. This fellow was leader of a gang, and had the honour of hanging half a dozen of his fellows in quality of informer, which was his merit.⁶ If you cannot match me

of him. He used to say that in his college days Swift was remarkable for nothing except making a good fire (Craik's "Life," i, 20).

¹ *Supra*, p. 276.

² According to Delany ("Observations," p. 17), when overpowered on one occasion by Carteret in argument Swift exclaimed: "What the vengeance brought you amongst us, get you gone, get you gone, pray God Almighty send us our boobies back again."

³ It is difficult to reconcile the appearance of the High Church and Tory Tisdall (*supra*, p. 163), unless his views had greatly changed, on the same platform with Maule, who was sufficiently in favour with the government to be raised in the following year to the episcopal bench. The vicar of St. Andrew's, the parish church of the Irish Parliament, was, however, a Tory (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 273).

⁴ It is not surprising to find with the qualities which he possessed that Boulter had so soon become predominant in Parliament, but nothing is known of the temporal peer whom Swift mentions beyond the fact that he was an officer of high rank who had seen much service, and was married to a niece of Sir Richard Steele.

⁵ The name has been previously printed "Walsh," but the allusion is to famous deer-stealers who had lately raided the Forest of Waltham in Essex, of which Epping Forest is a survival, and had given occasion for an enactment, known as the Black Act, conferring special powers in dealing with their offence.

⁶ Although there is reason to doubt whether he admitted the truth of the allegation, Boulter found before long that the conduct of his nominee brought scandal on religion as well as disrepute on himself. The transaction is an extraordinary instance of the extent to which the ecclesiastic was subordinated to the statesman in Boulter. With-

and in Italy, stop to Moscow, and from thence to the Hottentots.

I am just going out of town for two days, else I would have filled my paper with more nothings. Pray God bless you, and send you safe back to this place, which it is a shame for any man of worth to call his home.

DLXXXI. [Elwin.¹]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin, November 26, 1725.

SIR,

I SHOULD sooner have acknowledged yours,² if a feverish disorder, and the relics of it, had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance, because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots. I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth, which I immediately acknowledged, but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea;³ I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. It is hard that parsons and beggars should be overrun with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture,⁴ but I lament, *sub sigillo confessionis*, that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. I had a very kind letter from Dr. Arbuthnot,⁵ but I will not trouble him with

his gift, but also bestowed on him priest's orders (*cf.* Mant, *op. cit.*, ii, 443-5; Leslie's "Armagh Clergy," p. 122).

¹ By permission of Mr. John Murray. *Supra*, p. 148, n. 1.

² *Supra*, p. 280.

³ Having heard in the interval of the death of Oxford's infant son (*supra*, p. 285, n. 3).

⁴ *Supra*, p. 270.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 283.

an answer. This is no excuse, for I would rather write than not. I will answer him when I see him. In the mean time you shall do it for me. It is enough that I know he is in health and loves me.

Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. Mr. Philips is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the Church. Yet we think it a severe judgement, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He has published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a poem sent from London in imitation of his on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Hervey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours.¹ I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies. You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. I would have the preferment just enough to save your lines; let it be ever so low, for your sake we will allow it to be preferment.

Mr. Ford has explained to me your allegorical lady. She is our friend Gay's steward.² He would better find his account in dealing with the devil than with me, who have not one friend left at Court. To hear boys like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever—you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord

¹ It has been hitherto supposed that this poem was the one known as "Namby-Pamby," by Henry Carey, but there is no reference to Miss Hervey in that poem or in the original title, which was as follows: "Namby Pamby, or a Panegyric on the New Versification, addressed to A. P., Esq., by Capt. Gordon, author of the Apology for Parson Alberoni and the Humorist."

² Ford was under the impression that Pope had referred not to

looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it has never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty-eighth year of my life; pray fill that blank charitably. I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind: it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry for being disappointed. I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with [Walpole] than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucauld,¹ who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him. However I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations.

Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Maevius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, it is a perfect trifle. I guess your modern imitator, and desire to be a sub-imitator of his. I must bestow four lines on one sect:

The heathen doth believe in Christ
And doth all Christians hate;
For never was informer he,
Nor Minister of State.

But this, on second thoughts, is not of a-piece with yours, because it is a commendation for which I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning myself whether you write or no. I am,

Ever, etc.

My service to the Doctor, your friend Gay, Mr. Lewis, etc.

¹ *Supra*, p. 282, n. 2.

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

December 14, 1725.

DEAR SIR,

YOU say you do not much care whether I write to you or not,² and therefore I do not much care if I do; but whereas you tell me you will write whether I do or not, I take it as kindly as I do many another favour you have had the kindness to do for me whether I deserved it or not. I shall, however, begin to fancy I do deserve it, because I find my own heart so prodigiously pleased with it. Let me tell you I am the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction. Absence does but hold off a friend to make one see him the truer. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at anything you seem to think in my favour—an opinion which perhaps has been aggrandised by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs; and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. For praise is like ambergrise; a little unexpected whiff of it, such as I meet with in your letter, is the most agreeable thing in the world, but where a whole lump of it is thrust to your nose it is a stink, and strikes you down. However, like the verses on Miss Hervey as well as you will, I am never the better for it; for they are none of mine, but I am much the happier for finding, a better thing than our wits, our judgements jump in the notion that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slanders, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by showing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Maevius, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I do not know, but I think a bright author should put an end to slanders only as the sun does to stinks—by shining out exhale them to nothing. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the

reception both you and your works might possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindictive as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for the hospital to lodge the despisers of the world in; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service; and I would rather have those that out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great; my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piss-pot than by a thunderbolt. As to great oppressors, as you say they are like kites or eagles—one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death, as poor Wycherley said to me on his death-bed,¹ by apothecaries' apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries—this would provoke as dull a dog as Philips himself. But I beg your pardon. I am tame again at your advice. I was but like the madman who on a sudden clapped his hand to his sword of lath, and cried, "Death to all my enemies"; when another came behind him and stopped his wrath by saying, "Hold! I can tell you a way worth twenty on't; let your enemies alone, and they will die of themselves."

So much for enemies, now for friends. Lewis thinks all this very indiscreet; the Doctor not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord Bolingbroke is above trifling; he is grown a great divine. Jervas and his Don Quixote are both finished.² Gay is writing tales for Prince William;³ I suppose Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons: one, that he thinks all

¹ The friendship between Pope and the old dramatist, which has become more notable on account of revelations as to the changes made by Pope in their correspondence before its publication, was interrupted for some years, but appears to have been renewed when Wycherley was dying.

² Pope did not think Jervas competent to undertake the translation of "Don Quixote," for which he is responsible, and means probably that it would ruin his friend's reputation.

³ Gay's famous fables are dedicated to "his Highness William Duke of Cumberland" and as the inscription tells us were "invented

but that Lord Oxford, the best man in the world, desires earnestly to see you; and that many others whom you do not think the worst will be gratified by it; none more, be assured, than

Your very affectionate faithful servant.

What is become of Mr. Ford? I am glad to hear his name; but tell him from me, he does not know a maid of honour from a woman of honour, by what you write of Gay's steward.¹ I am much his servant.

DLXXXIII. [*Elwin*.²]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

[*December 14, 1725.*]

I AM so far from being above trifling, that I wish with all my heart I had nothing else to do.³ But I need not take any pains to convince you that Pope advances a mere slander. His way of proving is like that of an Irishman whose life and death were lately transmitted to posterity by that great historiographer Paul Lorrain.⁴ "I did not rob the witness," said your country-man, "for by my showl I did put my hand into his left pocket and seize him by the left arm, not by the right."

Pope and you are very great wits, and I think very indifferent philosophers. If you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect, that noble

¹ These words are confirmation of the theory that it was to the Duchess of Queensberry (*supra*, p. 292, n. 2) Ford believed Pope to have referred:

"To many a Kitty, Love his car would for a day engage,
But Prior's Kitty, ever young, obtained it for an age."

² By permission of Mr. John Murray (*supra*, p. 148, n. 1).

³ This letter was appended to the foregoing one from Pope.

⁴ The ordinary of Newgate, who was accustomed to make public the last speeches of those whom he attended to the scaffold ("Prose Works," vii, 34).

original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the Court;¹ and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world has used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal capax rationis*, instead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination:² define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio* and *bona ratio*.³ But enough of this. Make us a visit, and I will subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wished me banished again; but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England than I was in France.

Yours, etc.

B.

DLXXXIV. [*Nichols.*]

SWIFT TO VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

Dublin, *January 1, 1725-6.*

MY LORD,⁴

I AM desired by one Mr. Curtis, a clergyman of this town,⁵ to write to your Lordship upon an affair he has

¹ The reference is to Rochefoucauld, but has been hitherto stated to be to Seneca. Apart from the fact that Seneca had not been mentioned in Swift's letter while Rochefoucauld had been, the context here plainly shows that Bolingbroke's reference is to the latter.

² *Supra*, p. 293.

³ Cicero, "De Nat. Deorum," iii, 28.

⁴ This letter is addressed to Sir William Temple's eldest nephew (*supra*, vol. i, p. 57), who had a few years before been granted his peerage. Since the correspondence with Lady Giffard (*supra*, vol. i, p. 170) Swift had broken off all friendly intercourse with the family. She had made some attempt on his return to London to restore their acquaintance to its former footing, but he had always replied "with a vengeance" to her advances, and had exchanged no more than "a few careless words" with Lord Palmerston's brother when he met him ("Prose Works," ii, *passim*).

⁵ William Curtis was an ex-scholar and master of arts of Dublin University. He was appointed a few years later a minor canon of

and injuriously treated. I am now told that I hear your Lordship has written hither, that you were pleased many years ago, at my recommendation, to give Dr. Elwood a grant of a chamber in the College, which is at your disposal;¹ for I had then some credit with your Lordship, which I am told I have now lost, although I am ignorant of the reason. I shall therefore only inform your Lordship in one point. When you gave that grant, it was understood to continue during Dr. Elwood's continuance in the College; but, he growing to be a Senior Fellow, and requiring more conveniences, by changing one room, and purchasing another, got into a more convenient apartment, and therefore those who now derive under the doctor, have, during the doctor's life, the same property as if they derived under your Lordship; just as if one of your tenants should let his holding to another during the term of his lease, and take a more convenient farm. This is directly the case, and must convince your Lordship immediately; for Mr. Curtis paid for the chamber, either to the doctor, or to those who derived under him, and till the doctor dies, or leaves the College, the grant is good.

I will say nothing of Mr. Curtis's character, because the affair is a matter of short plain justice; and, besides, because I would not willingly do the young man an injury, as I happened to do to another whom I recommended to your Lordship merely for your own service, and whom you afterward rejected, expressing your reason for doing so, that I had recommended him, by which you lost the very person of the whole kingdom who by his honesty and abilities could have been most useful to you in your offices here.² But these are some of the refinements among you great men, which are above my low understanding, and,

¹ The recommendation was no doubt the one made twenty years previously through John Temple (*supra*, vol. i, p. 56). According to Faulkner ("Works," viii, 287) the disposal of the chamber, or as he says, "two handsome chambers," was vested in Lord Palmerston "on account of the benefactions of his family towards the College buildings."

² The austerity and abruptness of this letter afford a great contrast to the conciliatory tone which Swift adopted when seeking a favour from Archbishop King for Provost Pratt (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 336), and indicate to my mind that the desire to find a ground of quarrel with his correspondent was as much Swift's object as the hope of obtaining a

whatever your Lordship thinks of me, I shall still remain

Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Lord Palmerston, at his house in St. James's Square, London.

DLXXXV. [*Nichols.*]

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON TO SWIFT

January 15, 1725-6.

MR. DEAN,

I SHOULD not give myself the trouble to answer your polite letter, were I as unconcerned about character and reputation as some are. The principles of justice I hope I have learned from those, who always treated you in another manner than you do me, even without reason.

You charge me with injury and injustice done Mr. Curtis; he is still in his chamber, till he is turned out, none is done him, and he is satisfied with my proceedings, and the issue I have put it on. Your interest with me, which, if ever lost, such letters will not regain, procured Dr. Elwood the use of that chamber, not the power to job it. Your parallel case of landlord and tenant will not hold, without Dr. Elwood has a writing under my hand; if he has, I will fulfil it to a tittle; if not, he is as a tenant at will, and when he quits, I am at liberty to dispose of the premises again.

Whoever told you Mr. Staunton¹ was dismissed, because you recommended him, told you a most notorious falsehood; he is the young man I suppose you mean. The true reason was, his demand of a large additional salary, more than he had before my time; so he left the office, and was not turned out.

benefit for his friend. It is suggested by Sir Henry Craik ("Life," ii. 104) that the want of courtesy may have been caused by Swift's

My desire is to be in charity with all men; could I say as much of you, you had sooner inquired into this matter, or if you had any regard to a family you owe so much to; but I fear you hugged the false report to cancel all feelings of gratitude that must ever glow in a generous breast, and to justify what you had declared, that no regard to the family was any restraint to you. These refinements are past my low understanding, and can only be comprehended by you great wits.

I always thought in you I had a friend in Ireland, but find myself mistaken. I am sorry for it; my comfort is, it is none of my fault. If you had taken anything amiss, you might have known the truth from me. I shall always be as ready to ask pardon when I have offended, as to justify myself when I have not. I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

PALMERSTON.

DLXXXVI. [*Nichols.*¹]

SWIFT TO VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

January 29, 1725-6.

MY LORD,

I DESIRE you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to, I mean of reading this letter. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr. Curtis, and if you had read that passage relating to his bad usage a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice he received were from those who claimed a title to his chambers, took away his key, reviled and threatened to beat him, with a great deal more of the like brutal conduct. Whereupon at his request I laid the case before you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange if, on account of a trifle, and

Now, if what I writ of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the College here, whose names were below my remembrance, you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line, full of foul invectives, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms, and what title you have to give me such contumelious treatment who never did you the least injury, or received the least obligation from you. I own myself indebted to Sir William Temple, for recommending me to the late King, although without success, and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my living in his family as an obligation, for I was educated to little purpose, if I retired to his house, on any other motives than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as far to seek as ever, and perhaps you will allow that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance. Yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them for ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it; for, thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed in what you mention of Mr. Staunton, you have not been much better: that I declared no regard to the family, as you express it, was a restraint to me. I never had the least occasion to use any such words. The last time I saw you in London was the last intercourse I ever had with the family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I shall not be inquisitive to know my accusers. When I mentioned my loss of interest with you I did it with concern, but I had no resentment, because I supposed it only to arise from different sentiments in public matters.

My Lord, if my letter were polite, it was against my

intentions, and I desire your pardon for it; if I have wit, I will keep it to show when I am angry, which at present I am not; because, though nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen has let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person, hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first Minister of State had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style, because in that case retaliating would be thought a mark of courage. But as your Lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor, I am sure, of a disposition to do me mischief, so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I could incur no danger, if I gave myself a liberty which your ill usage seemed to demand. In this point alone we are exactly equal, but in wit and politeness I am ready to yield to you, as much as I do in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret, that although you call me a great wit, you do not think me so, otherwise you would have been too cautious to have writ me such a letter. You conclude with saying you are ready to ask pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence, but whether you will acquit yourself must be left to your conscience and honour. I have formerly upon occasion been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still; but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other, and I hope my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am, my Lord,

Your most humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

Addressed—To Lord Palmerston at his house in St. James's Square, London.

Endorsed by Lord Palmerston—Not answered.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT

Tuesday [*April* 12, 1726].
Three o'clock.

DEAR SIR,²

I HAVE been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her Royal Highness³ begs the honour of a visit from you on Thursday night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour;⁴ but I shall see you before that time.

Endorsed—Dr. Arbuthnot's to me in London.

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

[London,] *April* 16, 1726.

SIR,

THOUGH I am to desire a favour of you, yet I was glad it gave me an opportunity of paying you my respects. I

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Swift had crossed to England early in March, and taking the road through Oxford had arrived about the middle of that month in London, where he took up his abode in lodgings "in Bury Street, next door to the Royal Chair." There he was joined by Pope, who, writing on the 22nd, says that he had spent two days with him, and had found him in perfect health and spirits, "the joy of all here who know him as he was eleven years ago." During the next fortnight, as Pope's letters show, Swift was taken by Dr. Arbuthnot "a course through the town with Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pulteney, etc.," stayed with Lord Bolingbroke at his newly acquired residence Dawley, near Uxbridge, and visited Pope at Twickenham (*cf.* "Portland Manuscripts," vii, 431; Elwin and Courthope's "Works of Pope," viii, 221, 222; ix, 107).

³ *I.e.*, the Princess of Wales.

⁴ It may be inferred from these words that this was not the first attempt which Arbuthnot had made to bring Swift to Leicester House. In letters written some years later Swift says that the Princess sent for him nine or eleven times before he obeyed her command.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 198, n. 1.

am here now a month picking up the remnant of my old acquaintance and descending to take new ones. Your people are very civil to me, and I meet a thousand times better usage from them than from that denomination in Ireland.¹ This night I saw the wild boy, whose arrival here hath been the subject of half our talk this fortnight.² He is in the keeping of Dr. Arbuthnot, but the King and Court were so entertained with him, that the Princess could [not] get him till now.³ I can hardly think him wild in the sense they respect him. Mr. Arundel is made Surveyor of the Works,⁴ which I suppose you will hear before you read this. I hope I am to give you joy, and I am sure I wish it you.⁵ The reason I trouble you with the enclosed, is, because it contains a bill of lading for a picture

¹ During that month Swift was once more placed in a situation that has given opportunity to his detractors to impugn the sincerity of his political opinions, and to accuse him of self-interested motives. All that is known with certainty of the circumstances up to the time this letter was written is that within the preceding fortnight Swift and some of his friends had dined with Sir Robert Walpole. It will be seen from subsequent letters that Swift said the invitation was spontaneous, and it has been surmised that it originated in a letter from Primate Boulter ("Letters," i, 51), apprising the Ministers of Swift's visit to England and suggesting that he should be watched. But there seems to me little doubt that Walpole sent the invitation to Swift in consequence of representations made to him by Lord Harcourt and Lord Peterborough, whose intention of carrying Swift to Walpole is mentioned by Pope, and that he was led to believe that Swift was like themselves "a convert on the way."

² An account of this boy, who was found in a German forest, is given in the tract entitled, "It cannot rain but it pours, or London strewed with rarities," which is included in the works of Dr. Arbuthnot, but which was attributed, in my opinion correctly, by Sir Walter Scott ("Works," xiii, 191) to Swift.

³ Swift had evidently seen the boy at Leicester House, and may have been introduced to the Princess at the same time. Subsequent letters show that he had dined with Walpole before he saw her.

⁴ Richard Arundel, who was member for Knaresborough.

⁵ Tickell was married a week later, on St. George's Day, to a lady who had been known to the Deanery circle as "the brat," and who is said by the public prints of that day to have been the possessor of "a great fortune and singular accomplishments." She was a daughter of Sir Maurice Eustace, one of the nephews and heirs of a Lord Chancellor of Ireland in Restoration times, and with her mother, who was Sir Maurice's second wife, and who had been for many years a widow, was a frequent guest at the Deanery, where they enjoyed the distinction of being allowed to choose their own dinner at most nights.

You will please to send one of your servants to the person it is directed to, and accept my excuses. I am, with true respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

DLXXXIX. [*Hawkesworth.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRALL

London, *April* 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung.² I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you enclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea. You will be so kind to get it out of the Custom House. Mr. Medlycott³ will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. Worrall, and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more. I hope you are all well. I got no voice at Oxford; but am endeavouring for one here.⁴

DXC. [*Copy.*⁵]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

London, *April* 19, 1726.

SIR,

I HAVE the favour of your letter of the 7th instant.⁶ As to the poem you mention, I know several copies of it have former marriage Sir Maurice had two other daughters; one of them was married to Knightley Chetwode's uncle Benjamin (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 290).

¹ The picture sent to him by Stopford (*supra*, p. 287).

² For Naboth's Vineyard (*supra*, p. 252).

³ *Supra*, p. 232.

⁴ Evidently there was a vacancy in the Cathedral choir, and filling it was one of the objects of Swift's visit to Oxford (*supra*, p. 303, n. 2).

⁵ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

⁶ As appears from this letter, Chetwode, who had probably not

been given about, and [the] Lord Leighton told me he had one. It was written at Windsor near fourteen years ago, and dated. It was a task performed on a frolic among some ladies, and she it was addressed to died some time ago in Dublin, and on her death the copy [was] shown by her executor.¹ I am very indifferent what is done with it, for printing cannot make it more common than it is;² and for my own part, I forget what is in it, but believe it to be only a cavalier business, and they who will not give allowances may choose, and if they intend it maliciously, they will be disappointed, for it was what I expected, long before I left Ireland.

Therefore what you advise me, about printing it myself is impossible, for I never saw it since I writ it.³ Neither if I had, would I use shifts or arts, let people think of me as they please. Neither do I believe the gravest character is answerable for a private humorsome thing, which, by an accident inevitable, and the baseness of particular malice, is made public. I have borne a great deal more; and those who will like me less, upon seeing me capable of having writ such a trifle so many years ago, may think as they please, neither is it agreeable to me to be troubled with such accounts, when there is no remedy, and only gives me the ungrateful task of reflecting on the baseness of mankind which I knew sufficiently before.

I know not your reasons for coming hither. Mine were only to see some old friends before my death, and some other little affairs, that related to my former course of life here. But I design to return by the end of summer. I should be glad to be settled here, but the inconvenience and charge of only being a passenger, is not so easy

heard from Swift since the previous summer (*supra*, p. 253), had written to warn him that copies of "Cadenus and Vanessa" were being circulated, and had suggested that it would be well to forestall the publication of the poem in an unwelcome form by issuing an authentic version. He had also thrown out some idea of joining Swift in London.

¹ Berkeley's co-executor and beneficiary under Vanessa's will, Robert Marshall, afterwards a justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland. His connection with Vanessa and attitude towards Swift are discussed in Appendix III.

² The poem was published that year in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh ("Prose Works," xii, 143).

as an indifferent home, and the stir people make with me gives me neither pride nor pleasure. I have said enough and remain, Sir,

Yours, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq.

Endorsed—Dr. Swift, from London, in answer to a letter I wrote him concerning Cadenus and Vanessa. Sent by hand.

DXCI. [*Original*.¹]

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO SWIFT

Saturday evening [*April* 23, 1726].

ONE of your Irish heroes, that from the extremity of our English land came to destroy the wicked brazen project,² desires to meet you on Monday next at Parson's Green.³ If you are not engaged, I will send my coach for you. Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tuesday and Thursday which are his public days, about nine in the morning, will be glad to see you at his London house.⁴ On Monday, if I see you, I will give you a further account.

Your affectionate servant,

PETERBOROUGH.

Addressed—For Doctor Swift at his lodgings in Bury Street.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *I.e.*, Lord Carteret.

³ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 127, n. 2.

⁴ As will be afterwards seen this was a reply to a request from Swift himself. The fact that Peterborough sought an interview for him tends to discount an assertion that after the dinner at Chelsea Walpole told Peterborough that he could place no reliance on any profession which Swift might make, as in a letter to Arbuthnot which had been opened in the post Swift had mentioned his intention of deluding him by flattery.

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

April 28, 1726.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship having, at my request, obtained for me an hour from Sir Robert Walpole, I accordingly attended him yesterday at eight o'clock in the morning, and had somewhat more than an hour's conversation with him.¹ Your Lordship was this day pleased to inquire what passed between that great Minister and me, to which I gave you some general answers, from whence you said you could comprehend little or nothing.

I had no other design in desiring to see Sir Robert Walpole, than to represent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever; and, because I understood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and observed the representations he had received were such as I could not agree to, my principal design was to set him right, not only for the service of Ireland, but likewise of England, and of his own administration. I failed very much in my design; for, I saw he had conceived opinions, from the example and practices of the present and some former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a possession always understood by the British nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.²

Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to enlarge very much upon the subject of Ireland, in a manner so alien from what

¹ By his detractors it is alleged that in this interview Swift tendered Walpole his support in return for preferment in England, and by his encomiasts that he was actually offered by Walpole, and declined, a benefice in that country. The truth is probably to be found in Sir Henry Craik's solution ("Life," ii, 110), that "he was encouraged to hope that without loss either of honour or consistency, it was open to him to make terms with the new powers," and that his object in seeking an audience was to ascertain if he could obtain such advantages for Ireland as would justify him in surrendering his independence.

² It is to "the English garrison," and to it alone, that Swift refers in this letter. In the following year, March 1727, he wrote to his friend

I conceived to be rights and privileges of a subject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him so much as I otherwise might, because I found it would be in vain. I shall, therefore, without entering into dispute, make bold to mention to your Lordship some few grievances of that kingdom, as it consists of a people, who, beside a natural right of enjoying the privileges of subjects, have also a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the present King and his family:—

First, that all persons born in Ireland are called and treated as Irishmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predecessors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly conceived they ought to be on as good a foot as any subjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.

Secondly, that they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

Thirdly, that whereas there is a University in Ireland, founded by Queen Elizabeth, where youth are instructed with a much stricter discipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge, it lies under the greatest discouragements, by filling all the principal employments, civil and ecclesiastical, with persons from England, who have neither interest, property, acquaintance, nor alliance, in that kingdom; contrary to the practice of all other States in Europe which are governed by viceroys, at least what hath never been used without the utmost discontents of the people.

Fourthly, that several of the bishops sent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obscure condition, and without other distinction than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintance or kindred, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift. The like may be said of the judges, who take with them one or two dependents, to whom they give their countenance, and who, consequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief business of their courts. The same practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a cousin, a valet, or footman, in their family, born in England.

subjects in the world, cannot but conceive that most of these hardships have been the consequence of some unfortunate representations, at least, in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very sensible part, being utterly destitute of all means to make provision for their younger sons, either in the Church, the law, the revenue, or, of late, in the army: and, in the desperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leases, to rack their tenants, which they have done to such a degree, that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who can afford shoes or stockings to his children, or to eat flesh, or drink anything better than sour milk or water, twice in a year; so that the whole country, except the Scottish plantation in the north, is a scene of misery and desolation, hardly to be matched on this side Lapland.

The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half million at least is spent by lords and gentlemen residing in England, and by some other articles too long to mention. About three hundred thousand pounds more are returned thither on other accounts; and, upon the whole, those who are the best versed in that kind of knowledge, agree, that England gains annually by Ireland a million at least, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt. But, as this mighty profit would probably increase, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more, so it must of necessity sink, under the hardships that kingdom lies at present.

And whereas Sir Robert Walpole was pleased to take notice how little the King gets by Ireland, it ought, perhaps, to be considered, that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above four hundred thousand pounds a year; and reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the King's revenues there would be equal to more than five millions here; which, considering the bad payment of rents, from such miserable creatures as most of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as such a kingdom can bear. The current coin of Ireland is reckoned, at most, but five hundred thousand pounds; so that above four-fifths are paid

I think it manifest, that whatever circumstances can possibly contribute to make a country poor and despicable, are all united with respect to Ireland. The nation controlled by laws to which they do not consent, disowned by their brethren and countrymen, refused the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures but even their native commodities, forced to seek for justice many hundred miles by sea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of serving their King and country in any employment of honour, trust, or profit, and all this without the least demerit; while the governors sent over thither can possibly have no affection to the people, further than what is instilled into them by their own justice and love of mankind, which do not always operate, and whatever they please to represent hither is never called in question. Whether the representatives of such a people, thus distressed and laid in the dust, when they meet in a Parliament, can do the public business with that cheerfulness which might be expected from free-born subjects, would be a question in any other country, except that unfortunate island, the English inhabitants whereof have given more and greater examples of their loyalty and dutifulness than can be shown in any other part of the world.

What part of these grievances may be thought proper to be redressed by so wise and great a minister as Sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will please to consider; especially because they have been all brought upon that kingdom since the Revolution, which, however, is a blessing annually celebrated there with the greatest zeal and sincerity. I most humbly entreat your Lordship to give this paper to Sir Robert Walpole, and desire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Twickenham, *July 3, 1726*.²MY LORD,³

MR. POPE by writing first hath limited me to what space you see.⁴ He prescribes all our visits without our knowledge, and Mr. Gay and I find ourselves often engaged for three or four days to come, and we neither of us dare dispute his pleasure. Accordingly this morning we go to Lord Bathurst,⁵ on Tuesday company is to dine here.⁶ However I will certainly attend your Lordship towards the end of the week. It is too true to my sorrow, that I have not many weeks to stay in England, and besides I have some business that will keep me several days in my journey. I confess I squandered away these four months, as people do their lives, in neglecting their chief business, which in me was to see and discourse with your Lordship as often as I could, wherein however I am not so faulty as unfortunate, by your long absence. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Postscript written by Pope.—My Lord, indeed you are very unreasonable. I never knew you so before. You say

¹ In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2.

² Swift appears to have gone to stay with Pope at Twickenham early in May. They were subsequently joined by Gay, and set out with him on a riding tour, during which they paid a visit to Lord Bathurst at his seat, Oakley Park, near Cirencester. There is ground to believe that on that occasion Pope took Swift to see his old haunts in Windsor Forest, and that Gay composed the well-known ballad "Molly Mog," in which he was assisted by them, while they were staying in the inn at Wokingham (see "Notes and Queries," II, viii, 172, 175).

³ Whether Swift had seen Oxford since coming to England is doubtful. The latter appears to have been in the country when Swift came to London (Elwin and Courthope, *op. cit.*, viii, 220-224).

⁴ The allusion is to the postscript.

⁵ Bathurst was probably then at his other country house, Ritchings Park, near Colnbrook.

you will quarrel with me if I keep the Dean here and let nobody see him. Pray what hinders you? "Here we are to be seen" is the motto over my house, but it is so written that none but such as are worthy and enlightened can understand it. Pray show that you do any day after Thursday.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford in Dover Street.

DXCIV. [*Scott*.¹]

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

London, *July 7, 1726.*

SIR,

I HAVE led so restless, and visiting, and travelling, and vexatious a life, since I had the honour of your letter,² that I never had humour enough to acknowledge it, though I carried it wrapped up safely in my pocket. You are now so old a married man, that I shall not congratulate with you, but pray God you may long congratulate with yourself, and that your situation will make you a tolerable Irishman, at least till you can make the lady a good Englishwoman, which, however, I hope will be late. I cannot complain of any want of civility in your friends, the Whigs; and I will tell you freely, that most of them agree with me in quarrelling about the same things. I have lived these two months past for the most part in the country, either at Twickenham with Mr. Pope, or rambling with him and Mr. Gay for a fortnight together. Yesterday my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Congreve³ made up five at dinner at Twickenham. I have been very little more than a witness of any pleasantries you may have seen from London. I am in no sedentary way for speculations of any kind, neither do I find them so ready to occur at this late time of my life. The thing you mention, which no friend

¹ *Supra*, p. 198, n. 1.

² An answer to Swift's letter of 16 April (*supra*, p. 303).

³ Congreve, to whom the translation of the "Iliad" is dedicated, was one of Pope's earliest friends, but is said by Elwin (*op. cit.*, vii,

and shows how indiscreet it is to leave anyone master of what cannot without the least consequence be shown to the world. Folly, malice, negligence, and the incontinence in keeping secrets, for which we want a word, ought to caution men to keep the key of their cabinets.

As to what you mention of an imaginary treatise,¹ I can only answer that I have a great quantity of papers somewhere or other, of which none would please you, partly because they are very incorrect, but chiefly because they wholly disagree with your notions of persons and things; neither do I believe it would be possible for you to find out my treasury of waste papers, without searching nine houses, and then sending to me for the key.

I find the ladies make the Deanery their villa. I have been told that Mrs. Johnson's health has given her friends bad apprehensions; and I have heard but twice from them, but their secretary, Dr. Sheridan, just tells me she is much better, to my great satisfaction. I wonder how you could expect to see her in a morning, which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey. I desire to present my most humble service to Mrs. Tickell.

I shall return in a few days to Twickenham, and there continue till August, at the latter end of which month I propose to wait on you at the Castle of Dublin, for I am weary of being among Ministers whom I cannot govern, who are all rank Tories in government, and worse than Whigs in Church; whereas I was the first man who taught and practised the direct contrary principle. I am, Sir, with sincere respect,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

¹ *I.e.*, "Cadenus and Vanessa" (*supra*, p. 305, n 6).

² *I.e.*, "Gulliver's Travels."

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

London, *July 8, 1726.*GOOD DOCTOR,¹

I HAVE had two months of great uneasiness at the ill account of Mrs. Johnson's health, and as it is usual, feared the worst that was possible, and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures that her friends and physicians advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from Archdeacon Walls, dated six days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he can honestly tell me she is now much better. Pray thank the Archdeacon, and tell him you are to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my thousand pounds, which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to the Princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole, I scorned to ask him for it.² But blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies, because I know Mrs. Johnson would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The Archdeacon further says, that Mrs. Johnson has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike.

I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself; I am sorry for your new laborious studies, but the best of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new style, and most useful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the grace of the house, you will never get the grace

The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon Sheridan at the summer commencements in Dublin University that year.

² In reference to this passage Deane Swift, who designates the message to Walpole an oblique reminder, says ("Essay," p. xxx) that Swift more than once thought of formally demanding the *douceur* promised to him (*supra*, vol. ii. p. 210, n. 2). "although he never expected

because it is a syllable shorter than doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the superscription, and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business, and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old servant Archy¹ is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the Castle² writ to me two months ago to have a sight of those papers, etc., of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention anything of papers in general, either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, etc.

My service to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helsham, the Grattans, and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend with the soft verses on children.³ I heartily pity him. This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland, but it is because go I must, for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched, dirty doghole and prison, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten years younger I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities.⁴ But so it is, that I must be forced to get home, partly by

¹ *Supra*, p. 146.

² *I.e.*, Tickell (*supra*, p. 314).

³ *I.e.*, Philips (*supra*, p. 278).

⁴ It is assumed by Churton Collins ("Jonathan Swift" n. 200) that

stealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much stronger, which is of a fine house and garden, and park, and wine-cellar in France, to pass away the winter in,¹ and if Mrs. Johnson were not so out of order I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she could go to Montpellier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

DXCVI. [*Original.*²]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRALL

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would send me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. We have been perfect friends these thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever since my constant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy scene, when one of them is gone, whom I most esteemed, upon the score of every good quality that can possibly recommend a human creature. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises. And indeed, ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away.

I must tell you, as a friend, that if you have reason to believe Mrs. Johnson cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland; and in that case, I would expect of you, in the beginning of September, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will spend in some retirement far from London, till I can be in

Walpole. In my opinion the words have reference to Swift's position and emoluments as Dean of St. Patrick's, and "the settlement" was in the gift of some private patron.

¹ *I.e.*, an invitation to pass the winter with Bolingbroke at his wife's seat on the Seine (outre-mer, 1726).

a disposition of appearing after an accident that must be so fatal to my quiet. I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterward to Dr. Steevens's Hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there as she designs.¹ Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some airy healthy part, and not in the Deanery, which besides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in. This I leave to your discretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any person alive.

Pray write to me every week, that I may know what steps to take; for I am determined not to go to Ireland, to find her just dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me so familiar with those terrible words, applied to such a dear friend. Let her know I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her ease in winter nights. I designed to have surprised her with it; but now I would have her know it, that she may see how my thoughts were always to make her easy. I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable. On the back of Brereton's note there was written the account of Mrs. Johnson's sickness. Pray, in your next avoid that mistake, and leave the backside blank. When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I desire, pray burn it, and let all I have said lie only in your breast.

Pray write every week. I have, till I know further, fixed on August the 15th to set out for Ireland. I shall continue or alter my measures according to your letters. Adieu.

Pray tell Mr. Dobbs of the College,² that I received his

letter; but cannot possibly answer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials. As to what you say about promotion, you will find it was given immediately, to Maule as I am told, and I assure you I had no offers, nor would accept them.¹ My behaviour to those in power has been directly contrary, since I came here. I would rather have good news from you than Canterbury, though it were given me upon my own terms. Direct your letters still to Mrs. Rice, etc.

Addressed—To the Reverend Mr. Worrall, at his house in Big Sheep Street,² Dublin, Ireland.

DXCVII. [*Original*.³]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Twickenham, *July* 18, 1726.

MY LORD,

I HAVE taken some time to think of what I was saying to your Lordship, relating to my Lord your father's papers.⁴ My stay in England will be now so short, and the work of looking into these papers so long, that, being engaged in some little affairs of my own, it will be impossible that the time remaining will suffice. What I could wish is that Mr. Thomas⁵ and his brother would be at the pains of separating those papers which were written since that great change of Ministry, and the steps preceding to it, from those others which refer only to the time when my Lord

¹ The allusion is to the bishopric of Cloyne, which had become vacant by the death of Swift's old friend Crow (*supra*, vol. i, p. 49) on 26 June, and was filled, as Swift expected, by the appointment of Maule (*supra*, p. 250, n. 4). Maule is remarkable as an early promoter of Irish historical and topographical studies.

² A street near St. Patrick's Cathedral and Dublin Castle now known as Ship Street.

³ In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2.

⁴ Swift had evidently met Oxford since writing to him on the 3rd (*supra*, p. 312). On the previous day, in writing to Pope, Oxford had complained that Swift had not kept his word with him (Elwin and Courthorne, *op. cit.* viii. 224).

was Secretary of State, and if your Lordship would trust them with me in Ireland, I would engage either to bring them back myself, or in case of accidents, to send them by such a sure hand as yourself shall approve of. Your Lordship will please to consider this proposal, and when I come to town I will do myself the honour to discourse with you further upon it. I am with great respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

Since you go out of town the end of this week, Mr. Pope hopes you will please to remember your promise by the beginning of the next, to see him here. I hope my Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret are in good health.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford
in Dover Street, London.

DXCVIII. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JAMES STOPFORD

Twickenham, near London, *July 20, 1726.*

DEAR JIM,

I HAD a letter from you three months ago, with an account of a fine picture you had sent me, which is now safe in Ireland,¹ for which I heartily thank you; and Robert Arbuthnot² swears it is an original. I did not answer you because I was told you were in motion. I had yours of July 12th, N. S., yesterday; and since you are fixed at Paris, I venture to send you this, though Robert Arbuthnot be here. He has lately married a lady among us of nine hundred pounds a year,³ and I think will soon go to France; but I have chiefly lived about two months with Mr. Pope, since the town grew empty. I shall leave him the beginning of August, and so settle my affairs to be in Ireland by the end of that month, for my licence of half a year will be then out.

¹ *Supra*, p. 305.

² *Supra*, p. 17, n. 2.

³ "About the same time [July 17] Mrs. Duke of Bentley in Suffolk

commanded, that whenever I came hither, as the news said I intended, that I should wait on her. I was latterly twice with the chief Minister; the first time by invitation, and the second at my desire for an hour, wherein we differed in every point. But all this made a great noise, and soon got to Ireland, from whence upon the late death of the Bishop of Cloyne,² it was said I was offered to succeed, and I received many letters upon it, but there was nothing of truth, for I was neither offered, nor would have received, except upon conditions which would never be granted. For I absolutely broke with the first Minister, and have never seen him since, and I lately complained of him to the Princess, because I knew she would tell him. I am, besides, all to pieces with the Lord Lieutenant, whom I treated very roughly, and absolutely refused to dine with him.³ So that, dear Jim, you see how little I shall be able to assist you with the great ones here, unless some change of ministry should happen. Yet when a new governor goes over, it is hard if I cannot be some way instrumental. I have given strict charge to Mr. Pope to receive you with all kindness and distinction. He is perfectly well received by all the people in power, and he loves to do good; and there can hardly go over a governor to whom he may not, by himself or friends, strongly recommend you.

I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour to me in Ireland; and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great a dejection of spirits. For I

¹ The two friends were no doubt Pope and Lord Oxford, and Swift's business was to take counsel with the former as to the publication of "Gulliver's Travels," and to obtain from the latter material for a memoir of his father.

² *Supra*, p. 319, n. 1.

³ It is possible that Swift had fallen out with Carteret on account of the refusal of the Government shortly before to grant Delany a dispensation to hold a prebend in Christ Church Cathedral with his fellowship, but the opposition really came from Boulter, who represented Delany as a great Tory with much influence in Dublin (Boulter's "Letters," i, 40-45).

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lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world is in so desperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two, with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years.¹ I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable, but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing, from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. They have hitherto writ me deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which, however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden. Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting, and as much engaging, as violent love. Adieu.

If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall stay this winter in England, where it will be at least easier to find some repose, than upon the spot. If I were your adviser, I would say one thing against my own interest, that if you must leave your College, for the reason you hint at,² I think it would be better to live in England on your own estate, and the addition of one thousand pounds, and trust to industry and friends, and distinction here, than pass your days in that odious country,

¹ In referring to his long friendship with Stella when writing to Worrall (*supra*, p. 317), Swift uses figures which convey an impression of no great exactitude, but on the present occasion he was evidently seeking to fix the date of some event. Can it be the time when he became conscious that the sickly child was likely to develop into a woman of no ordinary charm ("Prose Works," xi, 128)? As Dr. Stanley

native of London; here you will be a free-man, and in Ireland a slave. Here your competitors will be strangers; there every rascal, your contemporary, will get over your head by the merit of party. Farewell again; though my head is now disturbed, yet I have had these thoughts about you long ago.

DXCIX. [*Original.*']

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT, ALEXANDER
POPE, AND JOHN GAY

From the Banks of the Severn,² *July 23, 1726.*

MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS,
THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing, yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself, that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley Farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business, will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John! Mirth be with you.

Addressed—To the three Yahoos of Twickenham, Jonathan, Alexander, John.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Bolingbroke was probably on a visit to Lord Bathurst (*supra*, p. 312, n. 2).

DC. [*Faulkner.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

July 27, 1726.

I HAVE yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies, and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpelier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I entreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood, and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body. Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself.

I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation, which could only make it tolerable. I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral; she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitations. I writ to you about a week ago.

I HAD rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborough spoiled everybody's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same, although you had never touched a pen further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey. I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you. This I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know nobody has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be, in spite of my heart,

Entirely yours.

DCII. [*Copy.*²]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JAMES STOPFORD

London, *August 6, 1726.*

DEAR JIM,

I HAD your letter to-day,¹ and take this opportunity by my friend, Mr. Rollinson,⁴ to acknowledge it. You act

¹ Swift had come to stay with Gay in his lodgings at Whitehall.

² In the Forster Collection.

³ An answer to Swift's letter of 20 July (*supra*, p. 320).

⁴ William Rollinson, who was one of Pope's correspondents, and is mentioned in the "Welcome from Greece," figures in the Journal to

very generously in your concern for our dear friend, of whom I had some hopes a week ago, but they are now again dashed, and I expect to hear the worst every day, for which I am preparing myself as well as I can.

Mr. Rollinson will be ready to do you all the civilities he can. He is a very worthy person, a friend to me and all my friends, a gentleman of a good education and family, but suffering somewhat by party hath for several years past fallen into the wine trade, and absolutely recovered his affairs. He will tell you that Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay will be ready to receive you with open arms, and introduce you into the best company; I have told them that modesty was your only fault, and may it ever be your fault, though in a less degree.

I think in prudence you are in the right to differ from me and rather choose a certainty than the contrary, at least under your circumstances. I do not see why a man of honour may not be anywhere in a healthy climate with a tolerable fortune, and an easy domestic companion, especially in a bad world, where everything that relates to the public must displease, and therefore the farther one is from it the better, and at your age it is easy to reconcile oneself to new scenes. This is all I can say in my present situation. I determined to leave town on the [15]th instant, on my journey to Ireland, where I expect to find a very melancholy reception. Pray God bless you, and believe me to be ever,

Yours, etc.

Addressed—A Monsieur Stopford, chez Monsieur Robert Arbuthnot, banquier, Paris.

Stella as an alternative host to Bolingbroke on the occasion when Swift quarrelled with that great statesman and did not consider it consistent with his self-respect to "make up matters and to dine with him" ("Prose Works," ii, 148). Rollinson had been at Oxford University, and married, as his second wife, the widow of the fourth Earl of

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRALL

London, *August 6, 1726.*

AT the time that I had your letter,² with the bill, for which I thank you, I received another from Dr. Sheridan,³ both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The Doctor advises me to go over at the time I intended, which I now design to do, and to set out on Monday the 15th from hence. However, if any accident should happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the 1st of September, I would have you renew my licence of absence from the 2nd of September, which will be the day that my half year will be out; and since it is not likely that you can answer this, so as to reach me before I leave London, I desire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. Kenna, in Chester, where I design to set up, and shall hardly be there in less than a fortnight from this time; and if I should then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be absent a month or two in some parts of Derbyshire or Wales. However, you need not renew the licence till the 1st of September; and, if I come not, I will write to you from Chester. This unhappy affair is the greatest trial I ever had, and I think you are unhappy in having conversed so much with that person under such circumstances. Tell Dr. Sheridan I had his letter, but care not to answer it. I wish you would give me your opinion, at Chester, whether I shall come over or not. I shall be there, God willing, on Thursday, the 18th instant. This is enough to say, in my present situation. I am, etc.

My humble service and thanks to Mrs. Worrall for the care of our friend, which I shall never forget.

Addressed—To the Reverend Mr. Worrall at his house in Big Sheep Street, Dublin, Ireland.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 317.

³ *Supra*, p. 324.

"RICHARD SYMPSON" TO BENJAMIN MOTTE

London, *August 8, 1726.*SIR,²

MY cousin, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, entrusted me some years ago with a copy of his travels, whereof that which I here send you is about a fourth part, for I shortened them very much, as you will find in my Preface to the Reader. I have shown them to several persons of great judgement and distinction, who are confident they will sell very well; and, although some parts of this and the following volumes may be thought in one or two places to be a little satirical, yet it is agreed they will give no offence; but in that you must judge for yourself, and take the advice of your friends, and if they or you be of another opinion, you may let me know it when you return these papers, which I expect shall be in three days at furthest. The good report I have received of you makes me put so great a trust into

¹ N. S., vol. xlv, p. 34.

² "Gulliver's Travels" were, as Lord Bolingbroke's letter shows (*supra*, p. 323), a chief topic that summer at Twickenham, but owing to Swift's apprehension that their satire would provoke ministerial displeasure, and his innate love of mystery, all knowledge of their authorship was confined to the charmed circle at Pope's villa. To such an extent were precautions to preserve anonymity carried that it was not until he was on the point of leaving London that Swift took a definite step towards their publication, and sent under an assumed name this letter to Benjamin Motte, who had succeeded to the publishing business of his old friend Benjamin Tooke. It has been hitherto thought that arrangements for the publication of the "Travels" were even postponed until after Swift had left England, but such a conclusion is in my opinion not well founded. The grounds for it are a statement in one of Pope's letters to Swift that Motte said the copy had not reached him until a date subsequent to that of Swift's departure, and the fact that Swift attributed the profit which he received from the "Travels" to Pope's "prudent management." But there is nothing in the statement to deny that previous negotiations had taken place, and it is evident from this letter, which no one can doubt was Swift's own composition, that Pope's part in them was that of an adviser. In the selection of Richard Sympson as a pseudonym, Swift would appear to have acted on no chance impulse, and probably had knowledge of the fact that nearly a century before the daughter of a certain Richard Swift had married John Sympson, jeweller to Charles I and II

your hands, which I hope you will give me no reason to repent, and in that confidence I require that you will never suffer these papers to be once out of your sight.

As the printing these Travels will probably be of great value to you, so, as a manager for my friend and cousin, I expect you will give a due consideration for it, because I know the author intends the profit for the use of poor seamen, and I am advised¹ to say that two hundred pounds is the least sum I will receive on his account; but if it shall happen that the sale will not answer, as I expect and believe, then whatever shall be thought too much, even upon your own word, shall be duly repaid.

Perhaps you may think this a strange way of proceeding to a man of trade, but since I begin with so great a trust to you, whom I never saw, I think it not hard that you should trust me as much; therefore, if after three days' reading and consulting these papers you think it proper to stand to my agreement, you may begin to print them, and the subsequent parts shall be all sent you one after another in less than a week, provided that immediately upon your resolution to print them you do within three days deliver a bank-bill of two hundred pounds, wrapped up so as to make a parcel, to the hand from whence you receive this, who will come in the same manner exactly at nine o'clock on Thursday, which will be the 11th instant.

If you do not approve of this proposal, deliver these papers to the person who will come on Thursday. If you choose rather to send the papers, make no other proposal of your own, but just barely write on a piece of paper that you do not accept my offer. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

RICHARD SYMPSON.

For Mr. Motte.

¹ *I.e.*, by Pope.

DCV. [*Gentleman's Magazine*.¹]

BENJAMIN MOTTE TO "RICHARD SYMPSON"

[*August 11, 1726.*]

SIR,²

I RETURN you your papers with a great many thanks, and do assure you that since they have been in my custody I have faithfully deserved the good opinion you expressed of my integrity; but you were much mistaken in the estimate you made of my abilities when you supposed me able in vacation time, the most dead season of the year, at so short notice to deposit so considerable a sum as two hundred pounds. By delivering the papers to the bearer I have put you entirely in the same condition you were in before I saw them, but if you will trust my promise or accept any security you can contrive or require for the payment of the money in six months, I will comply with any method you shall propose for that purpose. In the mean time I shall trust to your honour and promise that what shall appear to be more than the success of it deserves shall be repaid, as you may depend upon a proper acknowledgment if the success answers or exceeds expectation. I have only to add that before I received your letter I had fixed a journey into the country, and wrote to some dealers there to appoint times when I should call upon them, so that I shall be obliged to set out this day sennight at furthest; therefore if you think fit to favour me with any further correspondence, I desire I may hear from you as soon as possible. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

¹ N. S., vol. xliv, p. 35.

² As the correspondence between Swift and Motte was contributed to the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" by a descendant of the latter, Mr. Charles Bathurst Woodman, it is probable that this letter was printed from a copy kept by Motte.

DCVI. [*Gentleman's Magazine*.¹]

"RICHARD SYMPSON" TO BENJAMIN MOTTE

August 13, 1726.

I WOULD have both volumes come out together, and published by Christmas at farthest.²

R. SYMPSON.

To Mr. Motte.

DCVII. [*Gentleman's Magazine*.³]

BENJAMIN MOTTE TO "RICHARD SYMPSON"

[*August 13, 1726.*]

THAT the book shall be published within a month after I receive the copy, and, if the success will allow it, I will punctually pay the money you require in six months.⁴ I shall thankfully embrace the offer. The bearer stays for an answer, so that I can only offer a proposal without assigning a reason.

B. MOTTE.

DCVIII. [*Hawkesworth*.]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRALL

August 13, 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I set out for Ireland. I desired you would send me a letter to Chester. I suppose I shall be in Dublin, with moderate fortune, in ten or

¹ N. S., vol. xlv, p. 35.

² It has been conjectured that this sentence was a postscript to Swift's letter of the 8th, the delivery of which it has been assumed was delayed until Swift had left England, but there is no allusion to volumes in that letter, and it would have been very unlike Swift's careful habits to attach the name of the recipient both to the letter and the postscript. There seems to be little ground to doubt that the sentence was part of a reply to the foregoing letter from Motte.

³ N. S., vol. xlv, p. 35.

⁴ As in the case of Motte's previous one this letter is probably printed

eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I shall stay two days at Chester, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of August; but however, if I am not with you by the 2nd of September, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come; but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to Chester, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. Sheridan from writing to me any more. This is all I have to say to you at present. I am, etc.

DCIX. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

[*August, 1726.*]¹

MANY a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished, and when I came home found it no home. It is a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man: you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you. Habit itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have.

Beside my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent. I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's,² the woods of

¹ This letter has been hitherto dated the 22nd, but as appears from a subsequent letter (*infra*, p. 336) that was probably the date on which it reached Swift.

² On their way to Cirencester (*supra*, p. 312, n. 2) Pope had evidently taken Swift to see his friend Lord Cobham's princely improvements at Stowe:

“Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance

Cirencester, or the pleasing prospect of Bibury,¹ but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester. I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day, how far soever off it be, be the morrow.

Since I cannot, may it be my amends that everything you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him or her—so that your visits to us may have no other effect than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected, which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should choose to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me with so kind an inscription,² and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too; and had I suspected any such usage from you I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say, *nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te*. I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, etc. Till then I will drink, or Gay shall drink, daily healths to you, and I will add to

¹ The church of Bibury is situated on an eminence, near Cirencester, over the river Colne, and with the surrounding wooded heights and neighbouring downs is said to complete a scene perfect in its kind.

² Elwin says (*op. cit.*, vii, 71) that they were silver cups bearing the inscription, "Josephus, Scit. Alaura, Bonas. Pignus amicitiæ exiguum

your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, *votis x, votis xx*. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

All those of your friends whom I have seen are constant in their remembrance, and good wishes to you,—only the Doctor¹ I have never been able to see since. Poor Congreve is desperately ill of the gout.² Lord Bolingbroke bids me again tell you he will take as a letter to himself, and reply to, every one that you shall write to Gay or me, so that we hope you will not be deferred from writing to some of us by an imagination that all will expect it.

Yours, etc.

DCX. [*Elwin.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin [*August, 1726*].³

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay, but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter,⁴ I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some philosophers, who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley,⁵ and Mrs. Blount,⁶ and many

¹ *I.e.*, Arbuthnot.

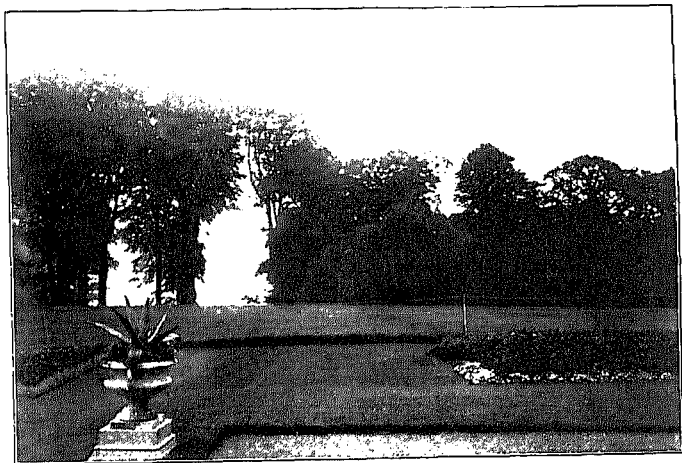
² *Supra*, p. 313, n. 3.

³ This letter is dated by Elwin (*op. cit.*, vii, 72) the 30th, but was probably written some days earlier, as the following letter from Pope, which is dated 3 September, is a reply to it.

⁴ The preceding one.



LOUGHGALL MANOR



A VIEW FROM LOUGHGALL MANOR

From photographs by Mr. H. Allison

other at times, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope.¹ I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God has given you, and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health, in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other physicians.

When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting Scripture, not to your advantage, I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart." I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, "if we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" This is more proper still if you consider the French word *spirituel*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pounds, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings, and although I forgave Sir Robert Walpole a thousand pounds,² *multa gemens*. I see no reason, at least my friendship and vanity see none, why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged. I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you

Kept dress for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good humour, and a poet."

¹ Pope's mother, with whom Swift played cards or backgammon.

civility and good nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance who used to correspond with the last great Duke of Tuscany,¹ showing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letter, "I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good." The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of "real good" was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me. I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and, which is almost as rare, a good woman. Adieu.

DCXI. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

September 3, 1726.

YOURS to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me,² though that gave me a great deal; for, to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it; otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guessed reached you the day after your arrival.³ Since then I had a conference with Sir Robert Walpole, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us, which I did not deny, but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved; but that indeed all those wished it, and

¹ It is suggested by Elwin (*op. cit.*, vii, 74) that Swift's acquaintance with the Tuscan Court (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 267) was through Sir Andrew Fountaine.

² *I.e.*, the preceding letter. It seems possible that some sentences were expunged in the printed version.

particularly Lord Peterborough and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain truth, did they know either it or you.

I cannot help thinking, when I consider the whole short list of our friends, that none of them except you and I are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor goes to cards, Gay to Court; one loses money, one loses his time; another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling soil.² One lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales;³ another is too much a subject to Princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty.⁴ Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she that leads him too rich to enjoy anything.⁵ Lord Peterborough can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel, indeed, is too good and too honest to live in the world,⁶ but yet it is fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas;⁷ and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately,⁸ by which I

¹ *I.e.*, Arbuthnot.

² *I.e.*, Bolingbroke.

³ *I.e.*, Lady Bolingbroke.

⁴ *I.e.*, Mrs. Howard.

⁵ The eldest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, who married Francis, second Earl of Godolphin, and succeeded under a special remainder to her father's titles.

⁶ The member for Pontefract (*supra*, p. 22):

“On air and sea new notions be impress’d
O blanceless Bethel, to relieve thy breast.”

⁷ An allusion to Berkeley's scheme.

⁸ William Pulteney, the future Earl of Bath, to whom Swift's letter was addressed, had in the previous year broken with Walpole, and was then by a combination of discontented Whigs and Tories forming the new party, the Patriots as they called themselves, which proved so formidable to the Ministry both in Parliament and the country. As has been already stated (*supra*, p. 303, n. 2) he was one of the first

find you are, like the vulgar, apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps it is a mistake, but however there is something in it generous. Mr. Pulteney takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he has only to thank his ill fortune; for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power than out.

To show you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: those that are in, may abide in, and those that are out, may abide out; yet to me, those that are in, shall be as those that are out, and those that are out, shall be as those that are in. I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when, with a short sigh, I parted. Wherever you are, or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis aequoris,

I am, and ever shall be,

Yours, etc.

DCXII. [*Original*.¹]

WILLIAM PULTENEY TO SWIFT

London, *September 3, 1726.*

DEAR SIR,²

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my Lord Chetwynd's,³ and though you had so much goodness as to forbid my answering it at that time, yet I should be inexcusable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and strength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illness. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to assure you, that even among your old friends you have not many who have a juster regard for your merit than I have. I could wish that those who are more able to serve you than I am, had the same desire of doing

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 337, n. 8.

³ There has been already reference to Lord Chetwynd in connec-

it. And yet methinks, now I consider it, and reflect who they are, I should be sorry they had the merit of doing so right a thing. As well as I wish you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by those that I do not like.

Mr. Pope tells me that we shall see you in spring. When we meet again, I flatter myself we shall not part so soon, and I am in hopes you will allow me a larger share of your company than you did. All I can say to engage you to come a little oftener to my house, is, to promise that you shall not have one dish of meat at my table so disguised but you shall easily know what it is. You shall have a cup of your own for small beer and wine mixed together; you shall have no women at table, if you do not like them, and no men, but such as like you.

I wished mightily to be in London before you left it, having something which I would willingly have communicated you, that I do not think so discreet to trust to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raised, as if it was a matter of any great consequence: it is not that, though I should be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may soon find a way of letting you do so.

Our Parliament, they now say, is not to meet till after Christmas. The chief business of it being to give money, it may be proper the Ministers should know, a little before it meets, how much further they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble that England should be obliged to support the charge of a very expensive war, while all the other powers of Europe are in peace.¹ But I will enter no further into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raising the curiosity of some of our vigilant Ministers, and that they will open it; though we know it is not customary for them so to do. Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and I am, with great truth, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WM. PULTENEY.

¹ The allusion is to the fear of war on account of the interference with trade by the Ostend Company.

JOHN GAY TO SWIFT

London, *September 16, 1726.*

DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote last, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordshire with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and at Petersham,² and wheresoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltshire without me, on Tuesday next,³ for two or three months, I believe I shall then have finished my travels for this year, and shall not go farther from London, than now and then to Twickenham. I saw Mr. Pope on Sunday, who has lately escaped a very great danger, but is very much wounded across his right hand. Coming home in the dark about a week ago, alone in my Lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned where a bridge has been broke down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own house. He was thrown into the river, with the glasses of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his periwig in water. The footman broke the glass to draw him out, by which he thinks he received the cut across his hand. He was afraid he should have lost the use of his little finger and the next to it; but the surgeon, whom he sent for last Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were safe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good spirits, and the wound in a fair way of being soon healed.

The instructions you sent me to communicate to the Doctor⁴ about the singer, I transcribed from your own letter, and sent to him; for at that time, he was going every other day to Windsor Park⁵ to visit Mr. Congreve, who has been extremely ill, but is now recovered, so that I was prevented from seeing of him by going out of town myself. I dined and supped on Monday last with Lord and Lady Boling-

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Besides Amesbury, his well-known residence in Wiltshire, the Duke occupied then Ham House, and also a house at Stony Middleton.

³ Gay was writing on Friday.

⁴ *I.e.*, Arbuthnot.

⁵ To the residence of the Duchess of Marlborough (*supra*, p. 337).

broke, at Lord Berkeley's, at Cranford,¹ and returned to London, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, on Tuesday, by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great respect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wishes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next,² but my week of attendance will be the first in October. I am obliged to follow the gravers to make them dispatch my plates for the Fables;³ for without it, I find they proceed but very slowly. I take your advice in this, as I wish to do in all things, and frequently revise my work, in order to finish it as well as I can.

Mr. Pulteney takes the letter you sent him in the kindest manner;⁴ and I believe he is, except a few excursions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark;⁵ but Mr. Pope will follow your instructions. Mr. Lancelot⁶ sent for the spectacles you left behind you, which were delivered to him. Mr. Jervas's sheets are sent home to him, mended, finely washed, and neatly folded up.⁷ I intend to see Mr. Pope to-morrow or on Sunday. I have not seen Mrs. Howard a great while, which you know must be a great mortification and self-denial; but in my case it is particularly unhappy that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the same time; if I could, while you are there, one of them should be always Dublin. But, after all, it is a silly thing to be with a friend by halves, so that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive that we shall meet again soon. I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend and servant,
J. G.

¹ Where Swift had been in years gone by a guest (*supra*, vol. i, p. 151), and where Lord and Lady Bolingbroke appear to have been then residing, while Dawley was undergoing repair.

² Gay was one of the commissioners.

³ *Supra*, p. 295.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 338.

⁵ Probably the reference is to "Gulliver's Travels."

⁶ Lancelot was the second husband of Swift's cousin Patty Rolt (*supra*, vol. i, p. 382).

⁷ Gay had borrowed them while Swift was living with him (*supra*, p. 325, n. 1).

London, *September* 20, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear Sir, these three days, whether I should write to you first. Laying aside the superiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I considered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a Lord Lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend should dispute this? Then I considered that letters were always introduced at first from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In short, my affection and the pleasure of corresponding with my dear friend prevailed; and, since you most disdainfully, and barbarously confined me to two lines a month, I was resolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a sort of a compliment, to be supposed capable of saying anything in two lines. The Gascon asked only to speak one word to the French King, which the King confining him to, he brought a paper, and said, *signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the singing man² is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can assure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: she has wrote about it. I believe you did not get receipts for your subscribers,³ which they ought to have had. However I shall lodge the names with Mr. Tonson that they may call for the books.

Mr. Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning.⁴ Coming late, two weeks ago, from Lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and six, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it, and the glass being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near drowned; for the footman was stuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to help him. He had that in common with Horace, that it was

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 340.

³ To Arbuthnot's book (*supra*, p. 282).

⁴ *Supra*, p. 340.

occasionally by the trunk of a tree, but it was *truncus rhead illapsa*, neque *Faunus ictum dextra levabat*; for he was wounded in the left hand, but thank God, without any danger, but by the cutting of a large vessel lost a great deal of blood.

I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has had a most intolerable pain in one side of her head. I had a great deal of discourse with your friend, her Royal Highness. She insisted upon your wit, and good conversation. I told her Royal Highness, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the Duchess of Marlborough's, with Mr. Congreve,¹ who has been likely to die with a fever, and the gout in his stomach; but he is better, and likely to do well. My brother was near being cast away going to France;² there was a ship lost just by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with most sincere affection to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds everybody more than me, except what concerns my interest. My dear friend, farewell.

DCXV. [*Original*.³]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

London, *September 22, 1726.*

A BOOKSELLER,⁴ who says he is going in a few days to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to say more by this conveyance, than I should have by that of the post; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a most elegant epistle to you in prose and verse; and though I wrote the other day the first paragraph of that Cheddar letter⁵ which is preparing for you. The only excuse, then, which I can plead for writing now is that the letter will cost you nothing. Have you heard of

¹ *Supra*, p. 340.

² *Supra*, p. 320.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ It is said the bookseller was George Faulkner.

⁵ *I.e.*, a letter to which several persons contribute, as several dairies

mer. A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side; a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned. The fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand was severely cut, but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers. However, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downward, which might create a suspicion that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. St. André² says there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear that Dr. Arbuthnot says that Mr. Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much. I will endeavour to see him to-morrow.

Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end, which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world, who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it, in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

DCXVI. [*Original*.³]

JOHN GAY TO SWIFT

[*September, 1726.*]

AS we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt for stewing veal:¹

Take a knuckle of veal,
You may buy it or steal.

¹ *Supra*, p. 342.

² Anatomist to George I.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ These verses are part of the Cheddar letter referred to by Boling-

In a few pieces cut it,
 In a stewing-pan put it.
 Salt, pepper, and mace,
 Must season this knuckle;
 Then what's joined to a place,¹
 With other herbs muckle:
 That which killed King Will,²
 And what never stands still;³
 Some sprigs of that bed
 Where children are bred,⁴
 Which much you will mend, if
 Both spinach and endive,
 And lettuce and beet,
 With marigold meet.
 Put no water at all,
 For it maketh things small;
 Which, lest it should happen,
 A close cover clap on.
 Put this pot of Wood's metal⁵
 In a hot boiling kettle,
 And there let it be
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)
 About,—let me see,—
 Thrice as long as you preach:⁶
 So, skimming the fat off,
 Say grace with your hat off.
 O then with what rapture
 Will it fill Dean and Chapter!

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's
 in Dublin, Ireland.

broke (*supra*, p. 343). It appears from subsequent allusions that the contributors to the letter were Bolingbroke, Pope, Gay, Pulteney, and Mrs. Howard.

¹ Salary, otherwise celery.

² Sorrel, which is said to have been the name of the horse on which William III was riding when he had his fatal fall (Elwin, *op. cit.* vii, 81).

³ Time or thyme.

⁴ Parsley; an interpretation for which the reader is referred to Chamberlayne, a noted midwife (*ibid.*).

⁵ Copper.

⁶ Supposed to be "near four hours."

the accident which befell poor Pope in going lately from me? ¹ A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank steep, a hole on one side; a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In short, he overturned. The fall was broke by the water; but the glasses were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glass, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand was severely cut, but the surgeon thinks him in no danger of losing the use of his fingers. However, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the shoulder downward, which might create a suspicion that some of the glass remains still in the flesh. St. André ² says there is none. If so, these pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him across the water to see Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Just as I am writing, I hear that Dr. Arbuthnot says that Mr. Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He suffers very much. I will endeavour to see him to-morrow.

Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would say something to you of myself, if I had any good to say; but I am much in the same way in which you left me, eternally busy about trifles, disagreeable in themselves, but rendered supportable by their end, which is, to enable me to bury myself from the world, who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it, in an agreeable sepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next spring, and shall be glad to see you at my funeral. Adieu.

DCXVI. [*Original*.³]

JOHN GAY TO SWIFT

[*September, 1726.*]

AS we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt for stewing veal: ⁴

Take a knuckle of veal,
You may buy it or steal.

¹ *Supra*, p. 342.

² Anatomist to George I.

In a few pieces cut it,
 In a stewing-pan put it.
 Salt, pepper, and mace,
 Must season this knuckle;
 Then what's joined to a place,¹
 With other herbs muckle:
 That which killed King Will;²
 And what never stands still;³
 Some sprigs of that bed
 Where children are bred,⁴
 Which much you will mend, if
 Both spinach and endive,
 And lettuce and beet,
 With marigold meet.
 Put no water at all,
 For it maketh things small;
 Which, lest it should happen,
 A close cover clap on.
 Put this pot of Wood's metal⁵
 In a hot boiling kettle,
 And there let it be
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)
 About,—let me see,—
 Thrice as long as you preach:⁶
 So, skimming the fat off,
 Say grace with your hat off.
 O then with what rapture
 Will it fill Dean and Chapter!

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, Ireland.

broke (*supra*, p. 343). It appears from subsequent allusions that the contributors to the letter were Bolingbroke, Pope, Gay, Pulteney, and Mrs. Howard.

¹ Salary, otherwise celery.

² Sorrel, which is said to have been the name of the horse on which William III was riding when he had his fatal fall (Elwin, *op. cit.*, vii, 81).

³ Time or thyme.

⁴ Parsley; an interpretation for which the reader is referred to Chamberlayne, a noted midwife (*ibid.*).

⁵ Copper.

SWIFT TO THE REV. JAMES STOPFORD

Dublin, *October 15, 1726.*

I HAVE yours of September 14th,² and have since received an account of Mr. Rollinson's return to England with good news of a good vintage, for we are in terror of losing the wine of two years together. Mr. Rollinson hath been talking to my friends very much to your advantage, and I am confident you will find them disposed to do you all the good offices in their power.

Pray God preserve you from being preferred on account of any qualification that is now in esteem, and yet a wise man may sometimes in the worst times rise to a moderate station without the necessity of first dipping himself over head and ears in the dirt. And beginners are under no obligation of conscience or honour to offend the powers that be, or refuse their favour when it is not tacked to any scandalous condition. I believe some friends you may find in London will be fitter to recommend you than I, for a chaplain to the Lieutenant. The misfortune of Sheridan³ hath sunk my credit, and I have shown myself so little compliant to his Excellency⁴ or the Ministry that I am a very ill canal. But you can attend Lord Carteret with my introducee upon the character I gave him of you. For my own part I reckon he will never return hither, but however if you can get yourself fixed with him by some English recommendation, it will be worth forty Irish ones. I imagine that I shall be able to do any reasonable job for a friend with a new Governor. The Bishop of London I know nothing of, but Dean Berkeley does.

Mrs. Johnson is much recovered since I saw her first, but still very lean and low. I saw Mac⁵ and all your other folks there, who are in good health and cheerful to think you will soon return; yet I think it would be better to stay at London some time to be known. You know they have

¹ In the Forster Collection.² A reply to Swift's letter of 6 August (*supra*, p. 325).³ *Supra*, p. 266.⁴ *Supra*, p. 321.⁵ Possibly Sheridan's relation MacEadden (*supra*, p. 147).

made a baby of this kingdom¹ a Bishop about a month or two ago. Pray write to me as soon as you get to London. Dr. Sheridan gives you his service, and says you are a Senior Fellow; which will have one advantage to you among many to any other, that you will be able to command the best benefice in your College gift. Pray God bless and prosper you. I am,

Ever entirely your.

Addressed—To Mr. Stopford at Messieurs Alexander Forbes, and William Wright, merchants in London.

DCXVIII. [*Elwin*.²]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE AND JOHN GAY

October 15, 1726.

I RECEIVED your map and pictures. By the latter I could not find out the originals, and your map is as much a caricature of Bibury,³ as the others must be of I do not know who.

As for your tripartite letter⁴ which begins with his Lordship, I think, Gentry, it should be settled what foot we are upon, and how you intend we are to live together in absence. His Lordship takes the office of a critic, and is in a dozen lines acting a critic, telling me of a very indifferent letter. Is it imagined that I must be always leaning upon one hand while I am writing with the other, alway upon the *qui vive* and the slip-slop, instead of an honest plain letter, which only should contain in more words *si vales bene est*, etc., and *me ama ut*, etc.? I have since writ him a much longer and a more indifferent letter, which will cost him two dozen lines at least to find fault with, and will be so much matter for an answer; *aliquisque malo fuit usus*, etc. However, as to the writing part, you shall no more com-

¹ *I.e.*, Maule (*supra*, p. 319), who was born in Ireland and educated in Dublin University.

² By permission of Mr. John Murray. *Supra*, p. 148.

may I never think again, if I think three seconds whenever I write to the best or the worst of you. Let builders and ministers think till they have not a penny left in their pockets, or a friend in the world. Besides, I am so busy with railing at those odious beasts you send us for all employments, that I can think of nothing else. Breed a man a dozen years in a coal-pit, he shall pass his time well enough among his fellows; but send him to light for a few months, then down with him again, and try what a correspondent he will be.

I take you in order. The next is my landlord at Whitehall,¹ who treats me with kindness and domesticity, and says that he is laying in a double stock of wine. He is to return my Lord Chesterfield thanks for the honour I receive in his remembering me.² He is to make Mr. Stopford be received by all who deserve it, in the best manner possible, and to thank Mr. Rollinson, etc.; but as for Tom, the water fool,³ I think he treats me with little respect, therefore upon mature thoughts I conclude it below me to return his compliment, and he must polish his manners before I will do him a good office to Mr. Pope's maid.

To speak in the second person, I would advise you to inquire diligently whether the mice who eat up your buttons were Whigs or Tories, or whether of the Court or Country party. Plutarch tells us that Diogenes was encouraged to continue in the study of philosophy by a mouse.⁴ If this be true, by parallel reasoning you should have enemies at Court, and probably Mrs. Howard sent those mice to eat your buttons, as the readiest instruments to make you a heathen philosopher. But if mice be like rats, who haunt only ships that are not in danger of sinking, then you are safe enough, and they may perhaps be some of Knight Robert's⁵ mice to pay you a visit. I would be glad to know whether your buttons were green; if so,

I.e., Gay.

² The author of the famous letters to his son had only just succeeded his father in the title. He was then paying great court at Leicester House, and was a free-lance in politics. As has been mentioned (*supra*, p. 303, n. 2), Swift had been introduced to him by Arbuthnot.

³ Probably Pope's waterman Bowry.

⁴ The anecdote is told by Diogenes Laertius (*op. cit.*, p. 326).

then they must have been Pontic mice, which, as Olaus Magnus assures us, always devour whatever is green, and it never flourishes again.¹ Upon the whole, Pliny allows them to have been always an ill omen,² and therefore you should be advised to prepare against it either by averruncation or traps. For the latter you may consult Avicenna.³ The last part of your part relates to my Twickenham host;⁴ therefore I shall answer it to him.

You ought to give me joy that I was not present to be overturned with you. In answer, let me say that I am ready to stand or fall with you as long as I live. However, I believe my weight would have saved us all if it had been rightly applied. I am so far of your opinion that life is good for nothing otherwise than for the love we have to our friends, that I think the easiest way of dying is so to contrive matters as not to have one friend left in the world, and perhaps it would be no ill amendment to add, nor an enemy neither. I hope you jest when you say you have lost two fingers, and it is so bad and provoking a jest, that, if I did not love you, I should wish it were true. Neither are your hopes worth a rush. A lawyer, a usurer, a physician, a minister, a senator, a judge, must open their hand before they shut it, else they will go off empty-handed. But other letters tell me you have only lost some blood which you can ill spare; for you had nothing to venture except blood and bones. I am mustering, as I told you, all the little things in verse that I think may be safely printed,⁵ but I give you despotic power to tear as many as you please.

I now turn to Mr. Gay. I desire you will let me know where I am to direct to Lord B[olingbroke], when I am disposed towards him; I desire he may only see the most indifferent part of this letter; and lastly to make my acknowledgement to Mr. Pulteney for his letter, and that nothing hinders me from writing again, but the fear that

¹ See "History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals, and Other Northern Nations," by Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala and Metropolitan of Sweden, p. 185; "Of the Ermins which, according to Pliny, I take to be Pontic Mice."

² "Nat. Hist.," viii, 82.

³ "Avicenna de Animalibus per Magistrum Michaellem Scotum de Arabico in Latinum translatus."

⁴ *I.e.*, Pope.

⁵ For the "Miscellanies" published by Swift and Pope in the

spondence; or, if you think he did expect a second letter, I would readily do it, although I am ever at a loss in dealing with persons too civil, for I have a cloud of witnesses, with my Lord Bolingbroke at their head, to prove I never practised or possessed such a talent as civility; which Sir William Wyndham knew well enough when he refused to make any returns to what I writ to him before I left you, wherein he knew me better than Mr. Pulteney does, although what I did was a pure effect of friendship, brotherly love, esteem, and concern.¹ I have received a box with the spectacles, but by whose care they were conveyed I know not. I only desire that my Lord Bolingbroke may be assured the spectacles were for two old cousins, and not for me. Mr. Ford is just landed, after a month's raking by the way with some of his Tory Lords, for want of whom he must here sink into spleen as he uses to do.² I am going to try your receipt of the knuckle of veal, and I wish the measure of ingredients may prove better than [that] of the verses; but I want the other, of a chicken in a wooden bowl, from Mrs. Howard, upon which you may likewise exercise your poetry. The ladies here object against both. They swear that a saucepan cannot get into a kettle, and therefore they resolve to change it into a deep earthen pot. This day I was forced to dine upon eggs alone, that I might have time to write my letter. This is all I have leisure to say at present.

Upon four dismal stories in the Doctor's letter³ relating to four of my friends:—

Here four of you got mischances to plague you,
Friend Congreve a fever, friend Howard an ague,
Friend Pope overturned by driving too fast away,
And Robin at sea had like to be cast away.

¹ Wyndham was one of the founders of the Brothers' Club, and had known Swift as a brother member. Unlike most of his colleagues he had retained his seat in the House of Commons under the Hanoverian dynasty, and had led the small band of Tories in it since the death of Queen Anne. He was now united with Pulteney in a joint leadership of the Opposition which gained for them the designation of "the consuls of the Patriots."

² Ford is said by Sir Walter Scott ("Life," p. 325) to have delivered the copy of "Gulliver's Travels" to Motte (*supra*, p. 328, n. 2).

³ *Supra*, p. 342.

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But alas! the poor Dean neither shudders or burns,
No sea overwhelms him, no coach overturns;
Though his claret is bad, and he foots it on stones,
Yet he gets home at night with health and whole bones.

DCXIX. [*Original.*']

JOHN GAY TO SWIFT

Whitehall, *October 22, 1726.*

DEAR SIR,

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair.² The letter was sent, and the answer was, that everything was finished and concluded according to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be so in a very few days, so that, I think, there can be no occasion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope was not received till eleven or twelve days after date;³ and the post-office, we suppose, have very vigilant officers, for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wish I could tell you that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke, but it is really so. The wound is quite healed. His hand is still weak, and the two fingers drop downward, as I told you before, but I hope it will be very little troublesome or detrimental to him.

In answer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter.⁴ If you will examine it once again, you will find some lines of Mrs. Howard, and some of Mr. Pulteney, which you have not taken the least notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monsieur Devaux, Mr. Pulteney's cook, and it has been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the saucepan, I believe you will find is owing to a negligence in perusing the manuscript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a stewpan.⁵ Your earthen vessel, provided it

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *I.e.*, "Gulliver's Travels."

³ The letter to Pope conveyed probably one in the name of Sympson to Motte.

ashamed to consult Mrs. Howard upon your account, who thinks herself entirely neglected by you, in your not writing to her, as you promised; however, let her take it as she will, to serve a friend, I will venture to ask it of her. 'The Prince and his family come to settle in town to-morrow.'¹ That Mr. Pulteney expected an answer to his letter, and would be extremely pleased to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a slight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occasioned by a cold, which my attendance at the Guildhall improved.² I have not a friend who hath got anything under my administration, but the Duchess of Queensberry, who has had a benefit of a thousand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. Rollinson so kindly will, I know, give him much pleasure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the strongest terms of friendship. He has been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered so as to go abroad and take the air.

If the gravers keep their word with me, I shall be able to publish my Fables soon after Christmas. The Doctor's book is entirely printed off, and will be very soon published.³ I believe you will expect that I should give you some account how I have spent my time since you left me. I have attended my distressed friend at Twickenham, and been his *amanuensis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil, and half Spenser's Fairy Queen. I still despise Court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men; and still can find amusement enough without quadrille, which here is the universal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, so that I determined not to stir out of my lodgings till I had answered your letter; and I think I shall very probably hear more of the matter which I mention in the first paragraph of this letter as soon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. Stopford; Mr.

¹ The Prince and Princess of Wales were then at Richmond, where they had gone from London early in June.

² As a commissioner of the Lottery (*supra*, p. 341).

³ Arbuthnot's "Tables of Ancient Coins" (*supra*, p. 342).

Rollinson told me he shall know of his arrival, and will send me word. Lord Bolingbroke hath been to make a visit to Sir William Wyndham. I hear he is returned, but I have not seen him. If I had been in a better state of health, and Mrs. Howard were not come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. Pope's to-day,¹ to have dined with him there on Monday.

You ask me how to address to Lord B——, when you are disposed to write to him. If you mean Lord Burlington,² he is not yet returned from France, but he is expected every day; if you mean Lord Bathurst, he is in Gloucestershire, and makes but a very short stay; so that if you direct to one of them in St. James's Square, or to the other at Burlington House in Piccadilly, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney; and, I beg you in return, to make mine to Mr. Ford. Next week I shall have a new coat and new buttons for the birthday, though I do not know but a turn-coat might have been more for my advantage.

Yours most sincerely and affectionately.

I hear that Lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his own house in Pall Mall, next week.

DCXX. [*Original.*³]

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

MADAM,⁴

[*October, 1726.*]

BEING perpetually teased with the remembrance of you, by the sight of your ring on my finger, my patience at last

¹ Saturday.

² British Museum, Addit. MSS., 22625, f. 6.

³ *Supra*, p. 145.

⁴ Pope mentions in the letter already cited (*supra*, p. 303, n. 2) his intention of himself introducing Swift to his friend Mrs. Howard, but before he was able to do so Swift had been presented by A. J. J.

is at an end, and in order to be revenged, I have sent you a piece of Irish plaid,¹ made in imitation of the Indian; wherein our workmen are grown so expert, that in this kind of stuff they are said to excel that which comes from the Indies, and because our ladies are too proud to wear what is made at home, the workman is forced to run a gold thread through the middle, and sell it as Indian. But I ordered him to leave out that circumstance, that you may be clad in Irish stuff, and in my livery. But I beg you will not tell any Parliament-man from whence you had this plaid; otherwise, out of malice, they will make a law to cut off all our weavers' fingers.

I must likewise tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to use you very scurvily; for my real design is, that when the Princess asks you where you got that fine nightgown, you are to say, that it is an Irish plaid sent you by the Dean of St. Patrick's, who, with his most humble duty to her Royal Highness, is ready to make her another such present, at the terrible expense of eight shillings and threepence a yard, if she will descend to honour Ireland with receiving and wearing it. And in recompense I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her Royal Highness's health drank by five hundred weavers as an encourager of the Irish manufactory. And I command you to add that I am no courtier, nor have anything to ask.

I hope the whole royal family about you is in health. Dr. Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your head.² I believe no head that is good for anything is long without some disorder, at least that is the best argument I have for anything that is good in my own. I pray God preserve you; and entreat you to believe that I am, with great respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and most obliged servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

¹ *I.e.*, poplin.

² *Supra*, p. 343.

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *October 24, 1726.*SIR,²

SINCE I came to Ireland to the time that I guess you went out of town, I was as you observe much in the country; partly to inure myself gradually to the air of this place, and partly to see a lady of my old acquaintance who was extremely ill. I am now going on the old way having much to do of little consequence, and taking all advantage of fair weather to keep my health by walking. I look upon you as no very warm planter who could be eighteen months absent from it, and amusing yourself in so wretched a town as this; neither can I think any man prudent who hath planting or building going on in his absence.

I believe our discoursing of friends in England would be very short, for I hardly imagine you and I can have three of the same acquaintance there, death and exile having so diminished the number; and as for occurrences, I had as little to do with them as possible, my opinions pleasing very few, and therefore the life I led there was most in the country, and seeing only those who were content to visit me, and receive my visits, without regard to party or politics. One thing I have only confirmed myself in, which I knew long ago, that it is a very idle thing for any man to go for England without great business, unless he were in a

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² As appears from this letter Chetwode had not carried out his design of going to London (*supra*, p. 306). The project had probably originated in the hope of enjoying Swift's society and of being introduced to his friends, and the reply had not been encouraging to such an expectation. Although Chetwode had been in Dublin since the time when Swift was at Quilca, there had been little intercourse between them, and there are also indications in the correspondence that Chetwode's ardent friendship had begun to pall upon Swift. He had never been entirely in sympathy with Chetwode's character, and had probably been estranged from him first by the circumstances attending his separation from his wife, and then by his want of tact in referring to

way to pass his life there, which was not my case, and if it be yours, I shall think you happy.

I am as always an utter stranger to persons and occurrences here, and therefore can entertain you with neither, but wish you success in this season of planting, and remain,

Your most faithful, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Mountmellick.

DCXXII. [*Original.*']

JOHN ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT

London, November 8, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly that a man of your high post, dear Sir, was pleased to write me so long a letter.¹ I look upon the Captain Tom² of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it. I am sorry your commission about your singer has not been executed sooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has spoke several times to Dr. Pepusch³ about it, and writ three or four letters, and received for answer that he would write for the young fellow; but still nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myself. Your books shall be sent as directed: they have been printed above a month, but I cannot get my subscribers' names.⁴ I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's Travels, which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan.⁵ Gulliver is a happy man that at his age can write such a merry work.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Probably a reply to Arbuthnot's letter of September 20 (*supra*, p. 342).

³ *I.e.*, the leader of the mob.

⁴ John Christopher Pepusch was overshadowed by Handel as a composer, but has left a great reputation as a teacher of music.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 352.

I made my Lord Archbishop's compliments to her Royal Highness, who returns his Grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The Princess immediately seized on your plaid for her own use, and has ordered the young Princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling Prince,¹ which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt in time.² I gave your service to Lady Hervey.³ She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad that was writ on her, to the tune of Molly Mog,⁴ and sent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres, which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and Lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper about quadrille,⁵ describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their ***** , etc. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms. It was not found out for a long time. The ladies imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great Minister was for hanging the author. In short it has made very good sport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: so is Mr. Pope. We shall meet at Lord Bolingbroke's on Thursday,⁶ in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver

¹ See "A Voyage to Lilliput" ("Prose Works," viii, 49).

² Esdras Barnevelt, who wrote "A Key to the Lock, or a Treatise proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous Tendency of a late Poëm, entitled the Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion."

³ "For Venus, sure, never saw bedded
So comely a Beau and a Belle,
As when Hervey, the Handsome, was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell."

inventor of stories, told me, that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver, but that the printer had mistaken, that he lived in Wapping, and not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to search for Lilliput.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it, and they shall be undone without it, there being now a total stoppage of all trade.² I think one of the best courses will be to rig out a privateer for the West Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr. Dean Berkeley to be our manager.

I had the honour to see Lord Oxford, who asked kindly for you, and said he would write to you. If the project goes on for printing some papers, he has promised to give copies of some things which I believe cannot be found elsewhere. My family, thank God, are pretty well, as far as I know, and give you their service. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatism. Wishing you all health and happiness, and not daring to write my paper on the other side, I must remain, dear Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

Addressed—To the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

DCXXIII. [*Elwin.*]

JOHN GAY AND ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

November 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which has been the conversation of the whole town ever since: the whole impression sold in

¹ Richard, second Earl of Scarborough, then Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales:

“When I confess there is one who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?”

Owing to the recognition of the trading body known as the Ostend Company by Spain

a week, and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. It is generally said that you are the author;¹ but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet-council to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and it is highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord [Bolingbroke] is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it; she declares that she has now found out, that her whole life has been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she should give up her present acquaintance for his friendship.²

You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a

¹ The authorship is attributed by Boyer (*op. cit.*, xxxii, 431) to either Steele or Swift.

² A passage is quoted by Elwin (*op. cit.*, vii, 89) to show that the Duchess became, towards the end of her life, an admirer of Swift. It is, however, possible that anything but mental derangement can have

Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess² has read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining;³ and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, it is agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this has its defenders too. It has passed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children are quite full of it. Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which has not yet reached Ireland. If it has not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you. But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*, which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny,⁴ in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, style Gregorian, at farthest.⁵ But to us, your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court. The Princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers.⁶ We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money.⁷ I hope you

¹ See "A Voyage to Brobdingnag" ("Prose Works," viii, 121).

² *I.e.*, the Princess of Wales.

³ See "A Voyage to Laputa" (*ibid.*, pp. 161 *et seq.*).

⁴ "Nat. Hist.," x, 49.

⁵ The allusions in this paragraph are no doubt to the contents of Swift's reply to Gay's letter of 22 October (*supra*, p. 351).

⁶ As appears subsequently, the Princess had taken possession of the poplin sent to Mrs. Howard (*supra*, p. 354).

⁷ On Swift's return from England, as Sheridan tells us ("Life," p. 261), "the bells were all set a-ringing and bonfires kindled in every street." Many of his fellow citizens went out in boats "adorned with streamers and colours" to meet the ship in which he returned, and the populace greeted him on his landing with cries of "Long live the Drapier!"

Proyminim, have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service.² I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself. You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better. You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

DCXXIV. [*Original.*³]

MRS. HOWARD TO SWIFT

[*November 17, 1726.*]

I DID not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the Princess,⁴ that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design; but as this is not proper for the public, you are desired to send over, for the same Princess's use, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by two and a half.⁵ The young Princesses must be taken care of; theirs must be in three shares, for a short method, you may draw a line of twenty feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle, then measuring each side, you will find the proper quantity and proper division.⁶ If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of Lagado.⁷ I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly necessary, that care be taken of disposing of the purple, the yellow, and the white

¹ "Prose Works," viii, 248.

² Possibly B is a misprint for P and the allusion is to his agent Proudfoot.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 354.

⁵ *I.e.*, twenty-five yards ("Prose Works," viii, 110).

⁶ *I.e.*, six and two-thirds yards each.

⁷ "Prose Works," viii, 186 *et seq.*

are very vigilant, so take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant how you dispose the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge safest. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be best managed.

The Princess will take care, that you shall have pumps sufficient to serve you till you return to England; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels, and therefore advises your keeping close till they arrive.² Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians, so that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends the five hundred weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many disputes have arisen here, whether the Big-Endians, and Lesser-Endians, ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs,³ when they were either to be buttered or poached? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput?

I cannot conclude without telling you, that our island is in great joy; one of our Yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half Yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits.⁴ May we not hope, and with some probability expect, that in time our female Yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms! I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SIEVE YAHOO.⁵

¹ See "A Voyage to Laputa" ("Prose Works," viii, 39). The colours were intended to represent those of the chief English orders, and were in subsequent editions altered to the actual colours borne by the Knights of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle.

² *Ibid.* p. 48.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 49.

⁴ The allusion is to the imposture practised by Mary Tofts of Godalming which deceived the King's anatomist St. André (*supra*, p. 344) and, although in a lesser degree, the Prince of Wales's secretary, Samuel Molyneux (*supra*, vol. i, p. 375, n. 7). The occurrence is satirized by Hogarth in the engraving of the "Cunicularii or the Wise Men of Godliman in Consultation."

⁵ Of "Gulliver's Travels" Mrs. Howard had been no superficial reader. In ridiculing the discoverers of plots in the "Voyage to Laputa" (*ibid.*, p. 201) Swift gives a long list of words to which he says it requires no great dexterity to attribute a hidden meaning, and amongst the number includes sieve as being easily understood to indicate a Court lady.

every day to have sent it with the picture by a gentlewoman who was to go for England, but hath now put off her journey. This was the reason of your not hearing from me sooner. I have at last heard of a Chester owner, one Mr. Whittle, who hath undertaken to deliver it to you. It is the best of the several cuts that have been drawn for me, and made up as well as our workmen here can do it. I hope Mr. Greenvil and you are in health, as well as your girl, if you have not spoiled her with fondness. When you see Mrs. Kenna, pray give her my thanks for the friendly care she took of my goods which came all safe.³

Addressed—To Mrs. Greenvil at her house in Abbey Court, Chester.

DCXXVI. [*Elwin*.]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

November [26], 1726.

I HAVE resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability

¹ Hist. MSS. Com., Rept. v, App., p. 296.

² As appears from the address, the recipient of this letter resided in Chester. She may possibly have been a relation of Swift (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 46).

³ Mrs. Kenna, who, as appears from a subsequent letter, kept the inn in which Swift stayed at Chester, was fortunate in pleasing him. For the inhabitants in general he had a profound contempt ("Poetical Works," i, 290), and wrote of her predecessor or a rival innkeeper:

"My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d—l."

According to a contemporary authority the inn to which Swift went was in Watergate Street, and was called the Yacht ("Cheshire Sheaf," 235, 291).

of any kind can be thrown in my way, to write you, at intervals, a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the other, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for them. I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen is delightful. I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight.¹ I have never been a night in London, since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book. Some, indeed, think it rather too bold, and too general a satire; but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections—I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgement; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them—so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so, for my part, I suspend my judgement.²

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the Princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. Howard, her Royal Highness laid hold of, and has made up for her own use.³ Are you determined to be national in everything, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you; you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say of Mr. Pulteney,⁴ by which it seems to me that you

¹ This reference has shown that the date hitherto affixed to this letter, November 16, was wrong. It is evident from Arbuthnot's letter that Pope only came to town from Twickenham about the 10th (*supra*, p. 357).

² It is suggested by Sir Henry Craik ("Life," ii, 127), that Pope himself was the messenger. Sir Walter Scott gives no authority for

value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world. *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*. I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest; but God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all—but perhaps it is full as wise to play the fool any other way—surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborough; no man is more affectionate towards you. Do not fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be at most but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

DCXXVII. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

November 27, 1726.

MADAM,

WHEN I received your letter² I thought it the most unaccountable one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it together. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended downwards to the right on one page, and upward in the two others. This I thought impossible to be done by anyone who did not squint with both eyes; an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with, that after you had writ me down, you repented, and writ me up. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a book-seller sent me the Travels of one Captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer, although, at the same time,

much pestered with commentators. The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection. But he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money; for he is become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I rightly remember, is benevolence; and as to myself, I am so highly affronted with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her Royal Highness, that you are a mercenary Yahoo, fond of shining pebbles.

What have I to do with you or your Court, further than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it, and my gratitude to her Royal Highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me; which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever paid, and may probably be the last, for I am not such a prostitute flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices, and magnify the virtues, of mankind, and perpetually dins our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruption, and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and probably will have a pension, which, I suppose, was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of the devotion which our sex ought always to pay to yours.

You need not be in pain about the officers searching or seizing the plaids, for the silk hath already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence. I am sure the Princess and you have got the length of my foot, and Sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head, so that you need not give me the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you in general, that I never had a long head, and, for that reason few people have thought it worth while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs buttered or poached; but I possess one talent which admirably qualifies me for roasting them; for as the world, with respect to eggs, is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and consequently to be persecuted by the former.

the meaning of those monstrous births you mention. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some dark Court intrigue, and perhaps some change in the administration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal, that loves to work in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities; but rabbits being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram, by which is meant the Ministry, butting with his two horns, one against the Church, and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory; and whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and Yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or which is the same thing, chief minister to Achilles, who was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of Princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line, and my linen. This is without a cover, to save money, and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets between us. In a little room for words, I assure you of my being, with truest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Honourable Mrs. Howard, at her Royal Highness's house in Leicester Fields, London.

DCXXVIII. [*Elwin.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin [*November 27, 1726.*]

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours.¹ I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered,

¹ *Supra*, p. 358.

me, the flying island. Some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A Bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your Ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a Court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.³

I am just going to perform a very good office: it is to assist, with the Archbishop,⁴ in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the Ministry in my favour as a point of merit: so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? And yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

¹ An apprehension that certain passages might bring him within the power of the law led Motte to make various alterations and insertions in the copy ("Prose Works," viii, xxviii).

² *Supra*, p. 357.

³ *Supra*, p. 352.

⁴ *I.e.*, King.

"LEMUEL GULLIVER" TO MRS. HOWARD

Newark in Nottinghamshire,² *November* 28, 1726.

MADAM,

MY correspondents have informed me, that your Ladyship has done me the honour to answer several objections that ignorance, malice, and party have made to my *Travels*, and been so charitable as to justify the fidelity and veracity of the author. This zeal you have shown for truth calls for my particular thanks, and at the same time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me, by reconciling me to the Maids of Honour, whom, they say, I have most grievously offended.³ I am so stupid as not to find out how I have disoblged them. Is there any harm in a young lady's reading of romances? Or did I make use of an improper engine to extinguish a fire that was kindled by a Maid of Honour?⁴ And I will venture to affirm, that if ever the young ladies of your Court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt; but I submit myself and my cause to your better judgement, and beg leave to lay the crown of Lilliput at your feet, as a small acknowledgement of your favour to my book and person.⁵ I found it in the corner of my waistcoat pocket, into which I thrust most of the valuable furniture of the royal apartment when the palace was on fire, and by mistake brought it with me into England, for I very honestly restored to their Majesties all their goods that I knew were in my possession. May all courtiers imitate me in that, and in my being, Madam,

Your admirer and obedient humble servant,

LEMUEL GULLIVER.

¹ British Museum, Addit. MSS., 22625, f. 11.² Where, according to "his cousin," Gulliver retired after the publication of his "*Travels*" ("*Prose Works*," viii, 3).³ *Supra*, p. 360.⁴ "*Prose Works*," viii, 56.⁵ This trinket is said by Sir Walter Scott ("*Life*," p. 345) to have been in the possession of Mrs. Howard's descendants at the time he was writing.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH TO SWIFT

November 29, 1726.

SIR,

I WAS endeavouring to give an answer to yours in a new dialect, which most of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes she might have taught me to draw sounds out of consonants.² But she, being a professed friend to the Italian speech and vowels, would give me no assistance, and so I am forced to write to you in the Yahoo language. The new one in fashion is much studied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Everybody, since a new turn, approves of it; but the women seem most satisfied, who declare for few words and horse performance. It suffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange distempers rage in the nation, which your friend the Doctor³ takes no care of. In some, the imagination is struck with the apprehension of swelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an eloquent bard, and some take the braying of an ass for the Emperor's speech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no use; men have lost their titles; continents and islands have got new names just upon the appearance of a certain book in the world. Women bring forth rabbits;⁴ and every man, whose wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded, not long ago, that such confusion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the spells of a notorious scribbling magician, who was generally suspected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquisition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of sorcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid that the exasperated pettifoggers would persuade the jury to

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Possibly the allusion is to Anastasia Robinson, the singer, about whose relation to Peterborough there is doubt.

³ *I.e.*, Arbuthnot.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 362.

chapier, at another a wapping surgeon, sometimes a nardac,¹ sometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raise the dead; that he had brought philosophers, heroes, and poets in the same caravan from the other world; and, after a few questions, had sent them all to play at quadrille in a flying island of his own.

This was the scene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizard. But what mutations among the Lilliputians! The greatest lady in the nation resolves to send a pair of shoes without heels to Captain Gulliver: she takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was sent to, which is soon to appear upon her royal person; and now who but Captain Gulliver? The Captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to see him a bishop.² Verily, verily, I believe he never was in such imminent danger of preferment. Sir,

Your affectionate,
TAR.³

DCXXXI. [*Elwin.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

December 5, 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent,⁴ because I remember to have heard a great man say,

¹ "Prose Works," viii, 56.

² *Supra*, vol. i, p. 245.

³ "In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land commander, and a tar."

("Poetical Works," i, 49.)

⁴ *Supra*, p. 364.

sent,¹ which, when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. Pulteney. Besides it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not three pence whether a Prince or Minister will see us or not: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that riches are liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses² I most earnestly entreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes, though it be against the laziness of your nature, be so kind as to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting;³ if you please I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to choose the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy as to have a letter from my Lord Peterborough, for which I entreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *mira poemata*, the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself.⁴ You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not

¹ Cf. what Swift says on this subject in his remarks on Stella ("Prose Works," xi, 134).

² *Supra*, p. 349.

³ "Prose Works," i, 271.

Yours, etc.

DCXXXII. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO —

Dublin, *December* 28, 1726.

DCXXXIII. [*Gentleman's Magazine*.²]

CHARLES FORD TO BENJAMIN MOTTE

Dublin, *January* 3, 1726-7.

SIR,³

I BOUGHT here Captain Gulliver's Travels published by you, both because I heard much talk of it, and because of a rumour that a friend of mine is suspected to be the author. I have read this book twice over with great care, as well as great pleasure, and am sorry to tell you it abounds with many gross errors of the press,⁴ whereof I have sent you as many as I could find, with the corrections of them as the plain sense must lead, and I hope you will insert them if you make another edition.⁵

I have an entire respect for the memory of the late Queen, and am always pleased when others show the same; but that paragraph relating to her looks so very much beside the purpose that I cannot think it to have been written by the same author.⁶ I wish you and your friends would consider it, and let it be left out in the next edition; for it is plainly false in fact, since all the world knows that

¹ It was sold by Sotheby on 10 June, 1909.

² N. S., vol. xliii, p. 148.

³ Although signed by Ford this letter is in my opinion Swift's composition.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 368.

⁵ A long list of corrections was enclosed which were made in subsequent editions (see "Prose Works," viii, xxvii).

⁶ This paragraph, which is printed in full by Mr. Dennis (*ibid.*, p. 266), was inserted by Motte to prove that the sovereign of England was not a mere cipher in the hands of the chief minister.

the Queen during her whole reign governed by one first Minister or other. Neither do I find the author to be anywhere given to flattery, or indeed very favourable to any Prince or Minister whatsoever.

These things I let you know out of perfect good will to the author and yourself, and I hope you will so understand me, who am, Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

CHA. FORD.

Addressed—To Mr. Benjamin Motte, Bookseller, near the Temple in London.

DCXXXIV. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

February 1, 1726-7.

MADAM,

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her Royal Highness.² The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, has obtained my leave for a second attempt, in which he promiseth to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour be gone off both with the Princess and you; for such were Courts when I knew them.

I desire you will order her Royal Highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer,³ because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London about the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there; and I expect to find you are not altered by flattery or ill company. I am glad to

¹ British Museum, Addit. MSS., 22625, f. 13.

² *Supra*, p. 361.

³ In the "Pastoral Dialogue" ("Poetical Works," i, 157) Swift tells that he was accustomed when the Prince and Princess of Wales were at Richmond Lodge, the Ormonds' old residence (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 133),

tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem, because, when the Princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. Besides it so happens that the King is too tough a person for me to value any reversion of favour after him, and so you are safe. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another shoe for his Royal Highness,¹ against there shall be occasion. I will tell you an odd accident, that this night, while I was caressing one of my Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger so cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo, for so you are pleased to call yourself.

Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that if he does not use me better next summer than he did the last, I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclésiastique*. I hope you will get your house and wine ready,² to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are safe at Court; for, as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth mentioning on such occasions. I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her Royal Highness; therefore, I think, I may let you tell her, that every grain of virtue and good sense, in one of her rank, considering their bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person. Now, if what the world say be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times, then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If anyone can say a civiler thing, let him; for I think it too much from me.

I have some title to be angry with you for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be anything more base, than to make

¹ *Supra*, p. 362.

² The allusion is to Mrs. Howard's own house, Marble Hill, near Twickenham. Pope mentions in one of his letters during the previous summer that he was entertaining Swift there in the absence of its owner (Elwin and Courthope, *op. cit.*, ix, 465), and in the "Pastoral Dialogue" Swift refers to his exploits on such occasions:

to reproach you in person, when, at the same time, I feel myself, with the most entire respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

DCXXXV. [*Original.*']

VISCOUNTESS BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

De Dawley, ce Premier *Fevrier*, 1726-7.

ON m'a dit, Monsieur, que vous vous plaignés de n'avoir point reçu de mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traite comme les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ay celle de vous écrire;² avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoître l'idée, que je me faisois de vôtre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ay eu celui de voir vôtre reverence, je ne me suis pas trouvée asses d'imagination pour l'hazarder.

Un certain M. de Gullivers avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination si eteinte par l'air de Londres, et par des conversations dont je n'entend que le bruit, je voulû me saisir de ce moment pour vous ecrire, mais je tomboit malade, et je l'ay toujours esté depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, Monsieur, de premier retour de ma santé de vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je suis tres flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami Monsieur Gulliver. J'apprend avec une grande satisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en François, et comme mon séjour en Angleterre a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je suis ravi qu'ils puissent participer au plaisir, que m'a fait ce bon monsieur, et profiter de ses decouvertes. Je ne desespere meme pas que douze vaisseaux que la France vient d'armer ne puissent

¹ In the British Museum. As in the case of other letters written in French, the original orthography has been followed.

² It was not until after his marriage to her that Bolingbroke alluded to the Marquise de Villette in writing to Swift (*supra*, p. 170), but as has been mentioned he had been living with her for some years before the death of his first wife in October 1718 (*supra*, p. 23, n. 4).

nation, qui pour instruire les dames, les quelles comme vous scavés, Monsieur, sont icy un grand usage de leurs éventails, en a fait faire, ou toutes les aventures de notre veridique voyageur sont depeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur conversation. Cela fera a la verité beaucoup de tort a la pluye et au beauteys, qui en remplisoient une partie, et en mon particulier je serai privée des *very cold* et *very warm*, qui sont les seuls mots que j'entende. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un merite avec les dames d'Irlande, si tant est que vous en ayes besoin; ce qui je ne crois pas, du moins si elles pensent comme les Françoises.

Le Seigneur de Dawley, Mr. Pope, et moy sommes ici occupés a boire, manger, dormir, ou ne rien faire, priant Dieu qu'ainsi soit de vous. Revenez ce printems nous revoir, Monsieur; j'attend vôtre retour avec impatience pour tuer le bœuf le plus pesant, et le cochon le plus gras, qui soit dans ma ferme: l'un et l'autre seront servis entier sur la table de vôtre reverence, crainte qu'elle n'accuse mon cuisinier deguisement. Vous brillieres parmy nous du moins autant que parmy vos chanoines, et nous ne serons pas moins empressé a vous plaire. Je le disputerai a tout autre, etant plus que personne du monde vôtre tres humble et tres obeissante servante.

DCXXXVI. [*Copy.*]²

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *February* 14, 1726-7.

SIR,

I SHOULD have sooner answered your letter³ if my time had not been taken up with many impertinences, in spite

¹ Although it was averted, war between the European nations, as a result of the rival treaties of Vienna and Hanover, seemed then inevitable. The preparations by France as a party to the latter treaty, were against the Emperor and his allies.

² In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

³ No doubt a reply to Swift's letter of 24 October (*supra*, p. 355).

my preparing a new edition of the book, which I have patched before I go for England, as I intend to do in a very short time, and I believe it will be the last journey I shall ever take thither, but the omission of some matters last summer, by the absence of certain people, hath made it necessary.¹ As to Captain Gulliver, I find his book is very much censured in this kingdom which abounds in excellent judges; but in England I hear it hath made a bookseller almost rich enough to be an alderman. In my judgement I should think it hath been mangled in the press, for in some parts it doth not seem of a piece,² but I shall hear more when I am in England.

I am glad you are got into a new part of your improvements, and I know nothing I should more desire than some spot upon which I could spend the rest of my life in improving. But I shall live and die friendless, and a sorry Dublin inhabitant, and yet I have spirit still left to keep a clatter about my little garden,³ where I pretend to have the finest paradise stocks of their age in Ireland. But I grow so old, that I despond, and think nothing worth my care except ease and indolence, and walking to keep my health.

I can send you no news, because I never read any, nor suffer any person to inform me. I am sure whatever it is it cannot please me. The Archbishop of Dublin is just recovered after having been despaired of, and by that means hath disappointed some hoppers.⁴ I am, Sir,

Your, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Mountmellick.

¹ Swift alludes probably to his failure to make any progress towards a memoir of the first Earl of Oxford owing to the absence of the second Earl of Oxford from London during the previous summer (*supra*, p. 319).

² *Supra*, p. 373.

³ *I.e.*, Naboth's Vineyard.

⁴ Primate Boulter was much concerned about King's illness, not from regret at the possibility of King's death, but from fear that a successor who did not share his own views might be slipped in.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I shall have less to say to you than I should have by another conveyance, Mr. Stopford² being fully informed of all that passes in this boisterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions.³ You will find anger on one side and rage on the other; satire on one side and defamation on the other. *Ah! ou est Grillon?*⁴

You suffer much where you are, as you tell me in an old letter of yours which I have before me; but you suffer with the hopes of passing next summer between Dawley and Twickenham; and these hopes, you flatter us, [are] enough to support your spirits. Remember this solemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a Dean, you are not great enough to despise the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafness must not be a hackney excuse to you as it was to Oxford.⁵ What matter if you are deaf? What matter if you cannot hear what we say? You are not dumb, and we shall hear you, and that is enough. My wife writes to you herself,⁶ and sends you some fans just arrived from Lilliput, which you will dispose of to the present Stella, whoever she be.⁷ Adieu, dear friend, I cannot, in conscience, keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. Stopford's conversation.

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Stopford was then in London, on his way home to Ireland from the Continent (*supra*, p. 346).

³ The "Craftsman," the well-known organ of Pulteney's party, had been appearing regularly since December, and had given rise to much controversy, which was accentuated at the time Bolingbroke was writing by the publication of the first of his own letters under the name of the "Occasional Writer."

⁴ The allusion is to the speech in which the King of Brobdingnag thanked Gulliver, whom he called Gildrig, or mannikin, for his exposition of the British Constitution, and expressed the hope that he did not resemble the bulk of the pernicious race of little odious vermin to which he belonged ("Prose Works," viii, 135).

⁵ *Supra*, p. 223.

⁶ *Supra*, p. 376.

⁷ *Supra*, p. 260.

for Dawley, where I hope that you will find me established at your return. There I propose to finish my days in ease, without sloth; and believe I shall seldom visit London, unless it be to divert myself now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than

Your faithful,
B.

DCXXXVIII. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

[*February 18, 1726-7.*²]

MR. STOPFORD will be the bearer of this letter,³ for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed.⁴ I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity, not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought, but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses, but I would choose to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguished for ours, from other writers. There is no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all, of making Miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from

¹ *I.e.*, in London.

² This letter has hitherto borne the date 8 March, but as the succeeding letter shows not correctly. That date was possibly the one on which the letter was received.

³ See the preceding letter.

⁴ "The Miscellanies in Prose and Verse" (*supra*, p. 349) was published in three volumes, which all appeared that year but not at the

them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write, and if you were with us, you would be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. I stay at Twickenham without so much as reading newspapers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks, I am at Glubbudrib,² with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand, though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning, is frequently in very awkward sensations rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long lively letter, which will attend this.³ She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborough has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would; you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him, but I thank God I have known him no longer; if every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

¹ The three poems are included in Elwin and Courthope's edition of Pope's "Works," iv, 504, 509, 510.

² Or the Island of Sorcerers, where Gulliver conversed with the mighty dead ("Prose Works," viii, 203).

³ *Supra*, p. 379.

JOHN GAY TO SWIFT

Whitehall, *February* 18, 1726-7.

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. Pope has taken all I have to say, and put it into a long letter, which is sent too by Mr. Stopford; but however, I could not omit this occasion of thanking you for his acquaintance. I do not know whether I ought to thank you or not, considering I have lost him so soon, though he has given me some hopes of seeing him again in the summer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together, and I may now glory in my success, since I could contribute to his.

We dined together to-day at the Doctor's,¹ who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. Stopford gave us, that we are likely to see you soon. My Fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finished, which hinders the publication.² I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needless to write, for Mr. Stopford can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. Howard desires me to make her compliments; she has been in an ill state as to her health all this winter, but I hope is somewhat better. I have been very much out of order myself for the most part of the winter; upon my being let blood last week, my cough and my headache are much better. Mrs. Blount always asks after you.³ I refused supping at Burlington House,⁴ in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the Park. Bowry⁵ told me this morning, that Pope had a cold, and that Mrs. Pope is pretty well.

The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with less than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I shall bring myself into that

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.² *I.e.*, Arbuthnot.³ *Supra*, p. 334.⁴ Pope's waterman.⁵ *Supra*, p. 368.⁶ *Supra*, p. 353.

state which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with so little, lest my good friends should censure me for indolence, and the want of laudable ambition, so that it will be absolutely necessary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How solicitous is mankind to please others! Pray give my sincere service to Mr. Ford. Dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

J. GAY.

Addressed—To Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

DCXL. [*Deane Swift.*]

"THE PRINCE OF LILLIPUT" TO "STELLA"

[*March 11, 1726-7.*]

The high and mighty Prince Egroego,¹ born to the most puissant empire of the East,

Unto Stella, the most resplendent glory of the Western hemisphere, sendeth health and happiness.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS,

THAT invincible hero, the Man Mountain,² fortunately arriving at our coasts some years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happiness. But now the martial people of Blefuscu, encouraged from his absence, have renewed the war,³ to revenge upon us the loss and disgrace they suffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your superexcellent person and virtue, and the huge esteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our second distress to sue for your favour. In order to which, we have set our able and trusty Nardac Koorbnilob,⁴ requesting, that if our general does yet tread

¹ *I.e.*, O'George.

² *I.e.*, Swift ("Prose Works," viii, 44).

³ Although there had been no declaration of war Spain had begun to besiege Gibraltar in February.

⁴ *I.e.*, Lord Bolingbroke. From this reference Mr. Sichel draws (*op. cit.*, ii, 245) the inference that Bolingbroke, who he assumes ap-

would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And lest any apprehensions of famine among us, should render Nardac Mountain averse to the undertaking, we signify to you, that we have stored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars with plenty of provision for a long supply of the wastes to be made by his capacious stomach.

And furthermore, because as we hear you are not so well as we could wish, we beg you would complete our happiness by venturing your most valuable person along with him into our country; where, by the salubrity of our finer air and diet, you will soon recover your health and stomach.

In full assurance of your complying goodness, we have sent you some provision for your voyage, and we shall with impatience wait for your safe arrival to our kingdom. Most illustrious lady, farewell.

PRINCE EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th moon, in the
2001 year of the Lilliputian era.¹

DCXLI. [*Scott.*²]

SWIFT TO THOMAS TICKELL

Deanery House, *April* 7, 1727.

SIR,

I *HUMBLY* desire the favour of you to order one of your clerks to prepare a licence for me to go to England for six months.³ I wish it might be finished by to-morrow, or at least the order got, after which I find I may set out legally. I am told the vessel I go in will set out to-morrow, or on

¹ In affixing a date to this letter the figures in the year have been taken to denote half, and to be intended to convey that there were only six months in the Lilliputian year.

² *Supra*, p. 198, n. 1. The original passed subsequently into the possession of Mr. Alfred Morrison (see his "Catalogue of Manuscript Letters," vi, 219).

³ *Supra*, p. 274.

Sunday morning. I would desire that instead of England it might be expressed *partes transmarinas*, because it is probable my health may force me to Aix-la-Chapelle. I suppose the Bishop of Ferns' licence, when he went to France,² ran in some such style. I have been so embroiled in my private affairs by the knavery of agents, that I have not had time to wait on you. I am, with true respect, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

I desire my most humble service to Mrs. Tickell.

DCXLII. [*Sheridan*.]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS WALLIS

Dublin, *April 8, 1727*.

SIR,

I AM just going for England, and must desire you to be my proxy at the Bishop's visitation.³ I find there is likewise a triennial visitation,⁴ and think the enclosed may serve for both, with your wise management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the Deanery for this summer. You have their service, and so has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanery proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him six

¹ Swift was writing on Friday.

² Josiah Hort, who had been appointed Bishop of Ferns a few years before, lost his voice while on his first visitation, and went abroad for its recovery. After a journey of two thousand miles he returned "with a voice but a very weak one" (Bishop Nicolson's "Letters," ii, 566, 607).

³ Swift's old rival Lambert, who was not likely to view his absence with a lenient eye, had shortly before been translated from the bishopric of Dromore (*supra*, vol. ii, p. 383, n. 2) to that of Meath, which had become vacant by the translation of Downes to the bishopric of Derry. These removes were consequent on the death of Archbishop Palliser (*supra*, p. 95, n. 3), in whose room Nicolson had been promoted from Derry to Cashel.

hundred pounds, and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise one, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England. I am,

Ever yours, etc.

DCXLIII. [*Copy.*¹]

"RICHARD SYMPSON" TO BENJAMIN MOTTE

*April 27, 1727.*²

MR. MOTTE,³

I SENT this enclosed by a friend to be sent to you to desire that you would go to the house of Erasmus Lewis in Cork Street, behind Burlington House, and let him know that you are come from me. For to the said Mr. Lewis I have given full power to treat concerning my cousin Gulliver's book, and whatever he and you shall settle I will consent to, as I have written to him. You will see him best early in the morning. I am,

Your humble servant,

RICHARD SYMPSON.

Addressed—These for Mr. Motte, a bookseller, at the Middle Temple Gate, in Fleet Street.

Endorsed—London, May 4, 1727. I am fully satisfied.
E. Lewis.

¹ In the Forster Collection. The letter is also printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," N.S., xlv, 36.

² Swift appears to have crossed to England on the day arranged, and to have gone from Chester to Herefordshire to see the old residence of his family at Goodrich. Thence he came to London by Oxford, where he arrived on the 18th. He visited that evening Lord Oxford's friend Stratford, who had not seen him since he was at Letcombe, and thought him as little altered as any man he had ever seen "in so many years' time," and remained chatting with him until midnight. The next day, after dining with Stratford, he left Oxford for Tetsworth, the first stage on his journey, and was with Pope at Twickenham on the 22nd ("Portland Manuscripts," vii, 446; Elwin and Courthope, *op. cit.*, viii, 228).

MY LORD,²

MR. POPE'S mother hath been so much out of order for about a fortnight past, and still continues so weak, that he cannot yet think of being absent from her. I am just going down with Doctor Arbuthnot to Twickenham, and from thence shall be able to give your Lordship a better account what time we can appoint to attend you.³

Here are every day new scribbles coming out full of the meanest and most stupid scurrility against those who have dared to glance at the Ministry, by which proceeding I apprehend those in power have acted in a manner that may not be to their advantage, their credit, or their ease, but I am none of their counsellors. It is said they pay well, but are a little unlucky in the choice of their advocates, whether by want of judgement, a failure of genius in the nation, or the sterility of other arguments in the cause than what are to be gathered among the shoeboys.

I wish your Lordship health and satisfaction in the country, and remain with great respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

DCXLV. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

London, *May* 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopped and opened. I had

¹ In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2.

² Before he had been many hours at Twickenham (*supra*, p. 386, n. 2), Swift had caused his arrival to be notified to Lord Oxford, and was evidently determined to lose no opportunity of seeing him.

³ As will appear subsequently, Lord Oxford was then going to Wimpole, where Swift visited him at the end of July.

yours of the 4th instant, and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland, since I left you. I hardly thought our friend¹ would be in danger by a cold. I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town.

We are here in a strange situation; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it if possible.² It is certain that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind, and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans:³ a great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the Prince's Court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends not to go to France as I intended for two months, for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here. I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern.

I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends and Mr. P[ratt];⁴ his cousin with the red ribbon inquired very kindly after him. I hear no news about your Bishops, further than that the Lord Licutenant stickles to have them of Ireland,⁵ which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter,

¹ *I.e.*, Stella.

² The attack on the Ministry had at that time become very formidable owing to the success of subterraneous methods. Through the Duchess of Kendal, to whose influence he owed his pardon, Bolingbroke had been enabled to lay his views before the King, and had actually been admitted to an audience by him.

³ It is probable that Walpole believed Swift to have inspired the Opposition more than was actually the case.

⁴ *Supra*, p. 241, n. 3.

⁵ The archbishopric of Cashel (*supra*, p. 385, n. 3) had become again vacant by the death of Nicolson within a few weeks of his promotion to that see. There was great delay in appointing his successor, as Carteret and Primate Boulter disagreed in their recommendations. The former, influenced by Archbishop King, urged the translation of Theophilus Bolton from Elphin, and the latter, who was successful,

although ten thousand men are ordered to Holland;¹ but this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages against those in power in the next sessions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the Princess twice this week² by her own commands. She retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. She charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book, though I told her how angry the Ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the Prince were very well pleased with every particular; but I disown the whole affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave since she liked the book to suppose what author she pleased.

You will wonder to find me say so much of politics, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles. I stole this time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see this town. My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the *Drapiers*,³ by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

DCXLVI. [*Original*.⁴]

SWIFT TO THE EARL OF OXFORD

Twickenham, May 18, 1727.

MY LORD,

I HAD this morning the honour of a letter from yourself to invite me to Wimpole,⁵ which having read to Mr. Pope, he pressed me to entreat your Lordship to excuse me, because Mrs. Pope is recovering, and he is determined to accompany me to your Lordship's as soon as his mother is

¹ To resist the advance which the Emperor was then expected to make on that country (*supra*, p. 377, n. 1).

² Swift was writing on Saturday.

³ The "*Drapier's Letters*" had before then been issued in a collected

quite out of danger, and he is so kind to add that it would be uneasy to him to be left alone during her indisposition, which altogether confines him at present. Your Lordship will therefore please to leave us to shift for ourselves, and we will find some means of waiting on you together, with the first opportunity, or we will give notice to my Lady Oxford, as soon as we are able. I am with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

Addressed—To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford.

DCXLVII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO ARCHBISHOP KING

[*May 18, 1727.*]

MY LORD,

I UNDERSTAND, by some letters just come to my hands, that at your Grace's visitation of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was insisted on from the Dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month.¹ If your Grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a Dean of St. Patrick's, you will have some reason to insist upon it; but, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my Chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: it is only through them that you visit me, and my sub-dean is to answer for me. I am neither civilian nor canonist: your Grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dexterous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim; never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced.

I see very well how personal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the Queen's death, your Grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my

whole life, one single mark of your favour, beyond common civilities; and if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six and twenty years past.¹ This has something in it the more extraordinary, because during some years when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it to the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly, by which I got more ill-will than by any other action in my life, I mean from my friends.

My Lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds, and I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your Grace has often said, you would never infringe any of our liberties. I will call back nothing of what is past: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be absent.² Neither my age, health, humour or fortune, qualify me for little brangles, but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predecessors. I thought, and have been told, that I deserved better from that Church and that kingdom: I am sure I do from your Grace. And I believe, people on this side will attest, that all my merits are not very old.³

It is a little hard, that the occasion of my journey hither, being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on

¹ The reference is possibly to circumstances to which Swift alludes in his first letter to Archbishop King when seeking exemption from attendance at the triennial visitation held by King for Archbishop Boyle (*supra*, vol. i, p. 36).

² Swift had evidently told Archbishop King that he was leaving Ireland, and had been reminded by him of the necessity of obtaining a licence from the government.

³ In the opinion of Mason (*op. cit.*, p. 365) Swift was justified in his contention, and displayed becoming dignity and superior force of argument. It is remarked by that authority that King "appears often in the case of Swift to have stooped beneath the dignity of his nature and to have exhibited symptoms of that sort of jealousy which is the characteristic of an inferior understanding." Such a view is to some extent borne out by the manner in which King had referred to Swift's visit to England in the previous year when writing to a London friend: "As to our Irish copper-farthen Dean, he has behaved himself very well in his station, very agreeable to me, and been useful to the public,

account of my health, partly on business of importance to me, and partly to see my friends, I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your Grace interposing to disturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of those in power here, who allow themselves to be my professed adversaries, make some atonement for the unkindness of others, who have so many reasons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conscience were quite out of the case for me to do a base thing, I will set no unworthy examples for my successors to follow: and, therefore, repeating it again that I shall not concern myself upon the proceeding of your Lordship, I am, etc.

DCXLVIII. [*Original*.¹]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

May 18, 1727.

I LIVED on Tuesday² with you and Pope. Yesterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat, and I shall pass this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the same manner; two-thirds to friendship, one-third to myself, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epistle, a part of which you showed me, mention is made of the author of three Occasional Letters, a person entirely unknown.³ I would have you insinuate there, that the only reason Walpole can have had to ascribe them to a particular person, is the authority of one of his spies, who wriggles himself into the company of those who neither love, esteem, nor fear the Minister, that he may report, not what he hears, since no man speaks with any freedom before him, but what he guesses.

Friday morning.

I was interrupted yesterday when I least expected it;

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Bolingbroke was writing on Thursday from Dawley.

³ The allusion is evidently to the first draft of Swift's "Letter to the Writer of the Occasional Paper" ("Prose Works," vii, 377). The

and I am going to-day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have slipped out of my memory. Do not forget the sixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the Min[ister's] character transferred into the administration. Adieu, I am ever faithfully yours, my dear and reverend Dean. I embrace Pope.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Mr. Pope's, at Twickenham.

DCXLIX. [*Copy*.¹]

ARCHBISHOP KING TO SWIFT

Dublin, *June 3rd*, 1727.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAD yours without date, time or place;² for answer to it, I am advised that it is necessary you should appear either in person or by proxy; if a proxy come any time this month it will do; writing is very uneasy to me which is the reason of the shortness of this from, Reverend Sir,

Your most humble servant and brother,

W. D[UBLIN].

To Dean Swift.

Addressed—To Revd. Mr. Jonath. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at the lodgings of John Gay, Esq., in Whitehall, London.

DCL. [*Original*.³]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

Tuesday [*June 6*, 1727].

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here.⁴ They are extremely well; but the Craftsman has not only advertised the public, that he in-

¹ In King's Correspondence. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 390.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁴ The original version of Swift's "Letter to the Writer of the Occa-

tended to turn newswriter, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character.¹ This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the Occasional Writer, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs, and, in short, to revive and animate the paper war.² When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let Pope share my embraces with you.

DCLI. [*Original*.³]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

Sunday [*June 11, 1727*].

YOU may be sure of letters from me to people,⁴ who will receive you with all the honours due to so great a traveller, and so exact an author. I am obliged to stay to-morrow in the country, by some business relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpose a person is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my summons. On Tuesday, by seven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall Mall, and there you shall have if you meet me, and not otherwise, both my letters and instructions, which will be of use to you.

Raillery apart, since you do go into France, I shall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England without embracing the man in England who loves you best. Adieu. My best services attend all with you.

Addressed—To the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's.

¹ In his Letter Swift says that the "Craftsman" had declared an intention of giving accounts of domestic and foreign intelligence ("Prose Works," vii, 377).

² Swift's Letter is incomplete, and was not published for many years. It seems probable that Bolingbroke was not altogether satisfied that it was calculated to assist his designs.

VOLTAIRE TO SWIFT

Friday [*June*] 16 [1727].SIR,²

I SEND you here enclosed two letters, one for Mr. de Morville, our Secretary of State, and the other for Mr. de Maisons, both desirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be so kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In case you resolve to go by Rouen, I will give you some letters for a good lady, who lives in her country castle just by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deserve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned English since I am in England. All will pay you all the respects, and procure all the pleasures they are capable of. They will give you hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requisite conveniences. Vouchsafe to acquaint me with your resolution; I shall certainly do my best endeavours to serve you, and to let my country know, that I have the inestimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the highest respect and esteem,

Your most humble obedient faithful servant,
VOLTAIRE.

Enclosure—

VOLTAIRE TO COMTE DE MORVILLE

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me suis contenté jusqu'icy d'admirer en silence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe; mais il n'est pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous est aussi tendrement attaché que je le suis, de demeurer plus long temps sans vous faire ses sinceres complimens.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuser l'honneur que me fait

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² Swift had no doubt been introduced to Voltaire, who was then in England, by Pope. He had evidently informed him of his intention of visiting France, and asked him for letters of introduction.

une de mes lettres. Je sais que sa réputation est parvenue jusqu' a vous, et que vous avez envie de la connoître. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous estimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de plusieurs ouvrages qui luy sont attribués. Eh ! qui est plus capable que vous, Monseigneur, de discerner les beautés d'un original à travers la foiblesse des plus mauvaises copies ? Je croi que vous ne serez pas fâché de dîner avec Monsieur Swift, et Monsieur le Président Henaut.¹ Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon sincère attachement à votre personne, la liberté que je prens de vous présenter un des hommes les plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et les plus capable de sentir toute l'étendue de vos grandes qualitez.

Je suis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond respect, et un attachement remply de la plus haute très estime, Monseigneur,

Votre très humble et très obeissant serviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

Addressed—Au Compte de Morville, Ministre et Secrétaire d'Etat, à Versailles.

DCLIII. [*Original*.²]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

Saturday, at Pope's [*June 17, 1727*].³

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you if I see you, and leave for you if I do not see you. There would not be common sense in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to stay there long enough to draw the sole pleasure and profit, which I propose you should have in the acquaintance I am

¹ The French dramatist, who was president of the Chamber of Inquests.

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ On the preceding Thursday the news of the death of George I on his way to Hanover had reached London, and on the same day, as subsequently appears, Swift had come there from Twickenham.

ready to give you there. Much less ought you to think of such an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you. To hanker after a Court is fit for men with blue ribbons, pompous titles, and overgrown estates. It is below either you or me: one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe.¹ But, without hankering, without assuming a suppliant dependent air, you may spend in England all the time you can be absent from Ireland, *et faire le guerre à l'oeil*. There has not been so much inactivity as you imagine, but I cannot answer for contingencies.² Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me just returning to Cranford³ from the Pall Mall. I shall be returned again to London on Monday evening.

DCLIV. [*Original*.⁴]

L'ABBE DES FONTAINES TO SWIFT

A Paris, le 4 *Juillet* [O.S. *June* 23], 1727.

J'AI l'honneur, Monsieur, de vous envoyer la seconde édition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en François.⁵ Je vous aurois envoyé la première, si je n'avois pas été obligé,

¹ It is believed by some authorities that Bolingbroke was confident of being restored by George I, not only to his seat in the House of Lords, but even to place and power, and saw in the death of that sovereign an end to all his cherished ambition (Lord Stanhope, *op. cit.*, ii, 164; Sichel, *op. cit.*, ii, 251), but to my mind this correspondence tends to show that he had centred his hopes in George II. In the present reflection, which refers to Bolingbroke's position on the death of Queen Anne, there is certainly no reference to current events.

² There is here clear indication that Bolingbroke and his friends had not given way to despair.

³ As has been mentioned, Bolingbroke was apparently occupying Cranford (*supra*, p. 341) while Dawley was undergoing repair. Lord Berkeley, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, was the only minister ultimately displaced on the death of George I.

⁴ In the British Museum. See Preface.

⁵ The writer, Peter François Guyet des Fontaines, whose edition of "Gulliver's Travels" remains the standard French version, was a member of the Jesuit Society and author of "Observations sur les

preface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurément malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est débité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la seconde édition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de Monsieur Carteret, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux memoires. Vous trouverez, Monsieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidele; mais tout ce qui plaît en Angleterre, n'a pas ici le meme agrément; soit parce que les moeurs sont differentes; soit parce que les allusions et les allegories, qui sont sensibles dans un pays, ne le sont pas dans un autre; soit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'est pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux François un livre, qui fut a leur usage: voila ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidele. J'ai même pris la liberté d'ajouter, selon que vôtre imagination echauffoit la mienne. C'est à vous seul, Monsieur, que je suis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui a été débitée icy avec une rapidité etonnante, et donc il y a déjà trois éditions. Je suis penetré d'une si grande estime pour vous, et je vous suis si obligé, qui si la suppression, que j'ai faite, ne vous satisfaisait pas entierement, je ferois volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer jusqu'au souvenir de cet endroit de la preface; au surplus, je vous supplie, Monsieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la justice, que je vous ai rendu dans la même preface.

On se flatte, Monsieur, qu'on aura bientôt l'honneur de vous posseder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience. On ne parle ici que de votre arrivée, et tout l'aris souhaite de vous voir. Ne deferez pas nôtre satisfaction: vous verrez un peuple, qui vous estime infinement. En attendant je vous demande, Monsieur, l'honneur de vôtre amitié, et vous prie d'être persuadé, que personne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'est avec plus de consideration et d'estime,

Vôtre tres humble, et très obeissant serviteur,

L'ABBE DES FONTAINES.

Mr. Arbuthnot¹ a bien voulu se charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

I HAVE received your last, with the enclosed print. I desire you will let Dr. Delany know, that I transcribed the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered, and added a whole state of the case,¹ and gave it to Mrs. Howard to give to the Prince from me, and to desire, that as Chancellor,² he would do what he thought most fit. I forgot to ask Mrs. Howard what was done in it, the next time I saw her, and the day I came to town came the news of the King's death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend;³ since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the King and Queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at Court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to France, when the news of the King's death arrived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey, but I was desired to delay it; and I then determined it a second time, when, upon some new incidents, I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to.

Here is a strange world, and our friend would reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a Chan-

¹ The Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, were then in conflict with Provost Baldwin, who had refused to elect to a junior fellowship a candidate supported by all but one of the board. Even Primate Boulter admits that the powers claimed by Baldwin were without precedent, but thought that they were "little enough to keep the College from being a seminary of Jacobitism" (see Stubbs, *op. cit.*, p. 166; Boulter's "Letters," i, 145).

² *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 338, n. 1.

³ *I.e.*, Stella.

whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein nobody shall be used the worse or better for being called Whig or Tory, and the King hath received both with great equality, showing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the King and Queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults—we have made our offers, if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the Ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the King must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people.

I writ long ago my thoughts to my Viceroy,² and he may proceed as he shall be advised; but if the Archbishop goes on to proceed to *sub poena contemptus*, &c., I would have an appeal at proper time, which I suppose must be to delegates, or the Crown, I know not which. However I will spend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value threepence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent in Ship Street³ takes care and inquires about my new agent.

¹ The chancellorship of Dublin University had necessarily become vacant by the accession of the holder to the throne. The successor to whom Swift alludes was Lord Scarborough.

² Sheridan had evidently asked Swift about his dispute with Archbishop King (*supra*, p. 390), and Swift refers him for an answer to his sub-dean.

³ *I.e.*, Worrall (*supra*, p. 319).

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

[June 1727.]

MADAM,

THE last time I had the honour to wait on you, I forgot to ask what you had done with the memorial I gave you for his then Royal Highness as Chancellor of the University of Dublin.²

I doubt his Majesty must act as Chancellor,³ I mean his Vice-Chancellor⁴ must act the next Commencement, which will be the 7th or 8th of July, which is a solemn time when degrees are given as his secretary, Mr. Molyneux,⁵ knows. But, after that, it is to be supposed that his Majesty will resign that office, and unless the Prince of Wales will accept it,⁶ I do believe, and am told that the Earl of Scarborough would be the fittest person on all accounts.⁷ In saying this I do not meddle out of my province, and it is a matter that should now be thought on. I am with the greatest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

DCLVII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I HAD yours of June 22nd. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ

¹ British Museum, Addit. MSS., 22625, f. 14.

² *Supra*, p. 399.

³ The words "or rather" are erased.

⁴ Bishop Stearne then held that position.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 362, n. 4.

⁶ The words "who I doubt is too young" are erased.

⁷ Pope was possibly responsible for this suggestion (*supra*, p. 358, n. 1). As regards the interests of the University, Lord Scarborough's only recommendation seems to have been that he was a first favourite with the King and might obtain advantages from the Crown for the foundation.

learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author. I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage. There is a word, *concaucus*, which you have not explained, nor the reason of it.² Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant.

I writ to Stella the day we heard the King was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea, I shall forget something. Worrall writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the Archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged,³ by which I will clude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again, just to see the Queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, because I like none of them.⁴ I have been this ten days inclined to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering; our friend understands it, but I grow cautious, am something better;

¹ A translation of the Satires of Persius was published by Sheridan in the following year. The volume, a dainty little duodecimo, was printed in Dublin by George Grierson "at the Two Bibles in Essex Street," and is a good specimen of the fine typographical work executed there at that time. It contains the text as well as the translation, accompanied by philological notes, and was dedicated by Sheridan to Edward, third Viscount Mountcashell, who had been his pupil (see for the inscription Sir Walter Scott's edition of the "Works," xvii, 213).

² There is no such word in Persius or elsewhere. It seems possible that it was some unsavoury jest in connection with the verb *concauo*.

³ *Supra*, p. 400.

⁴ The schemes had as their object the maintenance of an effective opposition. Parliament had reassembled on 27 June, and the changes which not only Swift and his friends, but also Walpole himself, had expected, were not apparent. During the fortnight that had elapsed since the accession of George II, that sovereign's favourite, Spencer Compton, the Speaker of the House of Commons, had shown his incapacity for the leading position which had been intended for him, and by a signal proof of the power to change stones into gold which George I had attributed to him, Walpole retained his ascendancy.

cider and champagne and fruit have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the King when he was Prince;¹ he and his secretary are discontented with the Provost, but they find he has law on his side. The King's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the Prince of Wales to be Chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses,² and send them to me, for we want some to make our poetical Miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to Lord Bathurst, in St. James's Square, London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Synge.³ Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me that it is in the Archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy, when I have the King's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer to defend the rights of the Dean. Pray ask Mr. Synge whether his finocchio⁴ be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, etc. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do and settle, before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr. Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the King had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers should have been sent unbound, but it is no great matter; two or three would have been enough.⁵ I see Mrs. Fad but seldom.⁶ I never trouble them but when I am sent for: she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that I never go to Court, which I mention because of a passage in Mrs. Dingley's letter; she speaks mighty good

¹ *Supra*, p. 399.

² *Supra*, p. 126.

³ *Supra*, p. 248.

⁴ *I.e.*, the sweet or dwarf fennel.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 389.

⁶ Some of Sheridan's relations (*supra*, p. 147) were apparently then

things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I will give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impossibilities.

DCLVIII. [*Original*.¹]

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

Twickenham, *July 9, 1727*,
between church and dinner-time.

MADAM,

MR. GAY, by your commands, as he says, showed me a letter to you from an unfortunate lady, one Mrs. Pratt,² whose case I know very well, and pity very much; but I wonder she would make any mention of me, who am almost a stranger to you, further than as your goodness led you a little to distinguish me. I have often told Mrs. Pratt, that I had not the least interest with the friend's friend's friend of anybody in power; on the contrary, I have been used like a dog for a dozen years, by every soul who was able to do it, and were but sweepers about a Court. I believe you will allow that I know Courts well enough to remember that a man must be got many degrees above the power of recommending himself, before he should presume to recommend another, even his nearest relation; and, for my own part, you may be secure that I will never venture to recommend a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic. But you know too well already how very injudicious the general tribe of wanters are. I told Mrs. Pratt, that if she had friends, it was best to solicit a pension; but it seems she had mentioned a place. I can only say, that when I was about Courts, the best lady there had some cousin, or near dependent, whom she would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of strangers. For I take the matter thus: that a pension may possibly be got by commiseration, but great personal favour is required for an employment.

There are, Madam, thousands in the world, who, if they saw your dog, Fop, use me kindly,¹ would, the next day, in a letter, tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and being assured that a word of mine to you would do anything, desire my interest to speak to you, to speak to the Speaker,² to speak to Sir Robert Walpole, to speak to the King, etc. Thus wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way. One place I humbly beg for myself, which is in your own gift, if it be not disposed of; I mean the perquisite of all the letters and petitions you receive, which, being generally of fair, large, strong paper, I can sell at good advantage to the band-box and trunk-makers, and I hope will annually make a pretty comfortable penny.

I hear, while I was at church, Mr. Pope writ to you upon the occasion of Mrs. Pratt's letter, but they will not show me what is writ; therefore I would not trust them, but resolved to justify myself, and they shall not see this.

I pray God grant you patience, and preserve your eyesight; but confine your memory to the service of your royal mistress, and the happiness of those who are your truest friends, and give you a double portion of your own spirit to distinguish them. I am, with the truest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

DCLIX. [*Original.*³]

ANDREW RAMSAY TO SWIFT

At Paris, *August 1* [O.S. *July 20*], 1727.

REVEREND SIR,⁴

MR. HOOKE having acquainted me with what goodness

¹ In the version of Molly Mog (*supra*, p. 312, n. 2) printed in Pope and Swift's "Miscellanies," there is a reference to Fop:

"The schoolboys delight in a play-day,
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
Fop is the delight of a lady,
But mine is in sweet Molly Mog."

ledgements. Nothing could flatter me more sensibly than your approbation. To acquire the esteem of persons of your merit, is the principal advantage I could wish for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myself with. I should be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way useful to you in this part of the world; where, I assure you, your reputation is as well established as in your own country. I am, with the utmost regard and esteem, Reverend Sir,

Your most humble, and most obliged, obedient servant,
A. RAMSAY.

DCLX. [*Draft.*²]

SWIFT TO L'ABBE DES FONTAINES

[*July, 1727.*]

IL y a plus d'un mois que j'ay recûe vôtre lettre du 4 de Juillet,³ Monsieur; mais l'exemplaire de la seconde edition de vôtre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ay lû la preface de la premiere; et vous me permettez de vous dire, que j'ay été fort surpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je ne suis pas né, vous ayez trouvé a propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de son auteur, qui a eu le malheur de deplaire a quelques uns de nos ministres, et que je n'ay jamais avoué. Cette plainte, que je fais de vôtre conduite a mon egard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre justice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges excessives aux ouvrages qu'ils traduisent, et s'imaginent peut-etre, que leur reputation depend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, qu'ils ont choisis. Mais vous avez senti vos forces, qui vous mettent au dessus de pareilles precautions. Capable

birth a Scotsman, but passed nearly all his life in France, where he was known as the Chevalier de Ramsay. He acted for a time as tutor to the Pretender's sons.

¹ Nathaniel Hooke published an English translation of "Les Voyages de Cyrus."

² In the British Museum. See Preface.

³ *Supra*, p. 397.

de corriger un mauvais livre, entreprise plus difficile, que celle d'en composer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint, de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous assurez etre plein de polisoneries, de sottises, de puerilites, etc. Nous convenons icy, que le goût des nations n'est pas toujours le meme. Mais nous sommes portes a croire, que le bon goût est le même par tout, ou il y a des gens d'esprit, de jugement et de scavoir. Si donc les livres du sieur Gulliver ne sont calcules que pour les isles Britanniques, ce voyageur doit passer pour un tres pitoyable ecrivain. Les memes vices et les memes folies regnent par tout; du moins, dans tous les pays civilisés de l'Europe: et l'auteur, que n'ecrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume, ou meme un siecle, merite si peu d'être traduit, qu'il ne merite pas d'être lû.

Les partisans de ce Gulliver, qui ne laissent pas d'être en fort grand nombre chez nous, soutiennent, que son livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas son merite de certaines modes ou manieres de penser et de parler, mais d'une suite d'observations sur les imperfections, les folies, et les vices de l'homme. Vous jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approuvent pas fort votre critique; et vous serez sans doute surpris de scavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaisseau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne sort jamais de son serieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, que ne se pique point d'avoir de l'esprit, et qui se contente de communiquer au public, dans une narration simple et naive, les aventures, qui lui sont arrivées, et les choses qu'il a vû, ou entendu dire pendant ses voyages.

Quant a l'article qui regarde my Lord Carteret, sans m'informer d'ou vous tirez vos memoires, je vous diray, que vous n'avez ecrit que la moitié de la verité; et que ce Drapier, ou réel ou supposé, a sauvé l'Irlande, en mettant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au depense du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Plusieurs accidens, qui sont arrivé, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de la France presentement, et je ne suis plus assez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver un autre occasion. Je scais, que j'ay perdu beaucoup, et je suis tres sensible a cette perte. L'unique consolation, qui me reste,

SWIFT TO MRS. DRELINCOURT

Twickenham, *August 7, 1727.*¹MADAM,²

TWO days ago I received a letter, signed M. Earberry, if I read it right, which name it seems belongs to the person recommended by your brother as a sufferer by the times, and desirous to help himself by the translation of an Italian book.³ I showed his letter to my friends here, who all agree that it is an original in its kind, beyond what we have anywhere met with, being a heap of strange insolence and scurrility, without the least provocation. What I desired you to tell him was, that I thought his observations were too long, and that, in my opinion, it would be better to enlarge his notes. When I met Miss Drelincourt on the Mall,⁴ I likewise said, that I could not decently give public encouragement to such a work where Mr. Pope was openly reflected on by name. As for a distressed person, and a clergyman that hath suffered for his opinion,

¹ As will be seen subsequently Swift had been in the interval, since his last letter was written, on a visit to Lord Oxford at Wimpole.

² The recipient was the widow of a former Dean of Armagh, whose memory is preserved in that city by generous benefactions as well as by a noble monument by Rysbrack which adorns the cathedral. Dean Drelincourt, who was the son of a well-known writer and pastor of the Reformed Church in France, had come to England amongst the refugees in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and owed his preferment, which he held for over thirty years, to the second Duke of Ormond, whose tutor he had been.

³ The Rev. Matthias Earberry, who contributed a number of pamphlets to the theological controversies of his day, does not appear to have published the translation to which Swift alludes. He had just completed an edition of a treatise "*De Statu Mortuorum et Resurgentium*," by Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charterhouse, which is designated by Sir Leslie Stephen ("*D. N. B.*," vii, 410) a catchpenny production of Curl's press. In the preface to it he observes that in a book with such a title "the world expects as plain and ample discoveries as of the Isle of Lilliput and the transactions of Lemuel Gulliver."

⁴ The allusion is evidently to a place of fashionable resort in Armagh. Miss Drelincourt was the Dean's only child. She married, twelve years later, the last Viscount Primrose, and the original of this

I should be very ready to contribute my mite, and have done it oftener than it was deserved from me; but this same Mr. Earberry would be countenanced as an author and a genius, whereof I am no judge, and therefore it would be more convenient for him to apply to others who are. But I think whoever he applies to for encouragement, he would not succeed the worse, if he thought fit to spare the method of threatening and ill language; although I have been so long out of the world, that, perhaps, I may be mistaken, and that these are the new arts of purchasing favour. For the same reason, let me add one thing more, that being wholly a stranger to the present way of writing, the objection I made to his observations may be altogether injudicious, for want of knowing the taste of the age, or of conversing with its productions. This you may please to tell the writer of the letter, and that I promise never to meddle with his liberty of understanding, although what he means is past mine. I am, with true respect, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

My humble service to Miss Drelincourt. I assure you she makes a good figure on the Mall, and I could, in conscience, do no less than distinguish her. I have desired Mr. Gay to show you the letter, writ to me by this Mr. Earberry, and I have writ a word or two at the bottom for you to read.

DCLXII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Twickenham, *August 12, 1727.*

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford from Cambridgeshire, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deafer than ever you

hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event, I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf fits use to continue five or six weeks, and I am resolved if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Lancelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her; it is the same with Pat Rolt.¹ If my disorder should keep me longer than my licence of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr. Worrall to renew it; it will not expire till the 6th or 7th of October, and I resolved to begin my journey September 15th. Mr. Worrall will see by the date of my licence what time the new one should commence; but he has seven weeks yet to consider: I only speak in time.

I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides Mr. Pope is too sickly and complaisant, therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The King and Queen come in two days to our neighbourhood;² and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my grievances, for I would rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder that will at last get the better of me; but I would rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yesterday. Since my dinner my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarines, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall, however, set out in the midst of September, as I designed. This is a long letter for an ill head: so adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

¹ *Supra*, p. 341.

² *I.e.*, to Richmond.

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

Twickenham, *August 14, 1727.*

MADAM,

I WISH I were a young Lord, and you were unmarried. I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life, and instead of a few pains in the face, I have a good substantial giddiness and headache. The best of it is, that although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my licence of absence, which I shall not renew, and then the Queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was Queen, but when I kissed her hand, and, although she were a thousand Queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords here, that I would write you a love-letter, which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year, but I would not show it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have, because I try your good sense and taste, more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you; and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably under it; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me be true, that talking with the Queen about me, her Majesty said, I was an odd sort of a man, but I forgive her; for it is an odd thing to speak freely to Princes.

I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know, and for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself. I am ever, with the truest respect and esteem, Madam,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

DCLXIV. [*Original*.¹]

MRS. HOWARD TO SWIFT

[*August 16, 1727.*]

I DID desire you to write me a love-letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I would rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your headache, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave England till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking; I dare not come to you. Believe nobody, that talks to you of the Queen, without you are sure the person likes both the Queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power, which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

Addressed—To the Rev. Dean Swift.

DCLXV. [*Original*.²]

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

Twickenham, *August 17, 1727.*

MADAM,

I WILL send three words in answer to your letter although I am like a great Minister, in a tottering condition. I chiefly valued myself upon my bad head and deaf ears; if those

as possible, and accordingly am putting myself into the apothecary's books, and swallowing the poisons he sends me by the Doctor's orders.

As great an enemy as I am to arbitrary power, I will obey your command with the utmost zeal and blindness, and when I can walk without staggering, and hear a musket let off, I will have the honour of attending you, being with the truest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

DCLXVI. [*Original.*¹]

MRS. HOWARD TO SWIFT

[*August 18, 1727.*]

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy because you have a bad head, and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under several years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? Or am I so stupid that I do not feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? Or do I mean, that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if poison or other methods do not enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word poison, give me leave to tell you, it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's.

DCLXVII. [*Original.*²]

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

Twickenham, *August 19, 1727.*

MADAM,

ABOUT two hours before you were born I got my giddiness, by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time.

miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read and sleep, there I got my deafness, and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together.¹ So much for the calamities wherein I have the honour to resemble you; and you see your sufferings are but children in comparison of mine; and yet, to show my philosophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron. You boast that your disorders never made you peevish. Where is the virtue when all the world was peevish on your account, and so took the office out of your hands? Whereas I bore the whole load myself, nobody caring threepence what I suffered, or whether I were hanged or at ease. I tell you my philosophy is twelve times greater than yours; for I can call witnesses that I bear half your pains, beside all my own, which are in themselves ten times greater. Thus have I most fully answered your queries.

I wish the poison were in my stomach, which may be very probable considering the many drugs I take, if I

¹ This account of the origin of Swift's ailment, which Dr. Bucknill has shown to be founded on a misapprehension (*supra*, p. 53, n. 2), is most remarkable for the circumstantial recital of dates. It seems quite possible that Swift recorded at the time the dates of the attacks to which he alludes, and was aware of Mrs. Howard's age and birthday. The year hitherto given as that of her birth, 1681, is shown to be incorrect by the fact that her parents were not married until three years later, and the year which Swift evidently believed to be the one, 1690, is more consistent with the statement that she was "very young" when married to her husband in 1706. But whatever her age may have been it is clear that the first attack of the malady which pursued Swift through life was the cause of his going to Ireland in the summer of 1690 (*supra*, vol. i, p. 3, n. 3), a journey which he says in his autobiography ("Prose Works," xi, 377) was made on the advice of physicians, and that the first time that the attacks of deafness were noticed was in the early part of the year 1694 before he went to Ireland for the second time (*supra*, vol. i, p. 12). On both occasions he was evidently with Sir William Temple, on the first at his house in East Sheen and on the second at Moor Park. Although an ambiguity in his autobiography has occasioned difference of opinion, there seems little room for doubt that Swift joined Sir William Temple at Moor Park, where in June, 1689, his Ode to Temple ("Poetical Works," i, 8) is dated, and that afterwards he accompanied him to East Sheen, where Temple resided then for some time (see Sir Henry Craik's "Life," i, 29).

remember to have mentioned that word in my letter, but ladies who have poison in their eyes, may be apt to mistake in reading. Oh! I have found it out; the word person I suppose was written like poison. Ask all the friends I write to, and they will attest this mistake to be but a trifle in my way of writing, and could easily prove it if they had any of my letters to show. I make nothing of mistaking untoward for Howard; wellpull for Walpole; slily for Ilay;¹ knights of a share, for knights of a shire; monster, for minister; in writing Speaker, I put an *n* for a *p*;² and a hundred such blunders, which cannot be helped, while I have a hundred oceans rolling in my ears, into which no sense has been poured this fortnight; and therefore if I write nonsense, I can assure you it is genuine, and not borrowed. Thus I write by your commands; and besides, I am bound in duty to be the last writer. But, deaf or giddy, heaving or steady, I shall ever be, with the truest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

DCLXVIII. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

Twickenham, August 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me,³ unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no par-

¹ The title then borne by the third Duke of Argyll. He became known as the King of Scotland owing to the extent Walpole relied on him in regard to the affairs of that country.

and I find his methods were the same, air and exercise, and at last ass's milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease, that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing.

I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. Worrall to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one, as he will see by the date, shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London, on the other side, toward the sea, and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury Plain, or in France; and therefore I desire Mr. Worrall may make this licence run like the former: "to Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health." Neither my health, nor grief will permit me to say more; your directions to Mr. Lancelot¹ at his house in New Bond Street, over against the Crown and Cushion, will reach me. Farewell.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater.

DCLXIX. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO THE REV. THOMAS SHERIDAN

London, *Sept.* 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Lancelot's house, where I desire

¹ *Supra*, p. 410.

all letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August 24th; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him, and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best, but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one.

I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitae*, but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend, makes life so indifferent to me, who by course of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over,¹ that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end, and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer.

ARCHBISHOP KING TO SWIFT

[September 8, 1727.]

EXTRACT of an order of the Trustees for Mrs. Steevens's Charity,¹ dated at St. Sepulchre's, August 22nd. Ordered that his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin be desired to write to the Dean of St. Patrick's about the papers delivered to him by Mr. Proby relative to the establishment of Dr. Steevens's Hospital.

In compliance with the above I send the copy I received this day. The Parliament being now near, and the Trustees having an intention to apply for a settlement by an Act, desire to have those papers which they conceive may be useful to them. Your assistance might likewise be of service and acceptable in particular to, Reverend Sir,

Your most humble servant and brother,
W. D[UBLIN].

Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

Addressed—To the Revd. Mr. Dean Swift at the lodging of John Gay, Esq., in Whitehall, London.

DCLXXI. [*Original*.²]

SWIFT TO THE REV. JOHN WORRAILL

London, September 12, 1727.

I HAVE not wrote to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not necessary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every post expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minime decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos, qui sinistre hoc interpre-*

¹ In King's Correspondence. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 204.

³ In the British Museum. See Preface.

tabuntur, si eveniat, quod Deus avertat, ut illic moriatur. I am in such a condition of health, that I cannot possible travel. Dr. Sheridan, to whom I wrote this last post, will be more particular, and spare my weak disordered head. Pray answer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. Dingley, and desire her to ask it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore two or three days before it expires, which will be the beginning of October—you will find by the date of the last—take out a new one for another half year; and let the same clause be in, of “leave to go to Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health,” for very probably, if this unfortunate event should happen of the loss of our friend, and I have no probability or hopes to expect better, I will go to France, if my health will permit me, to forget myself.

I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. Deacon,¹ or Alderman Pearson, come to pay rent, take it on account, unless they bring you their last acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me seventy-five pounds, and interest, upon his bond; so that you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am,

Sincerely yours, etc.

You need not trouble yourself to write, till you have business; for it is uncertain where I shall be.

Addressed—To the Reverend Mr. Worrall at his house in Big Sheep Street, Dublin.

DCLXXII. [*Original.*²]

SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD

London, *September 18, 1727.*

MADAM,

THIS cruel disorder of deafness attended with a continual giddiness still pursues me, and I have determined, since I have a home in Dublin, not inconvenient, to return thither before my health and the weather grow worse. It is one

comfort that I shall find you of a wonderful companion, though not an importunate one. I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall preserve a remembrance of them as long as I have any memory left.

I hope you will favour me so far as to present my most humble duty to the Queen and to tell her Majesty my sorrow, that my disorder was of such a nature as to make me incapable of attending her as she was pleased to permit me. I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her Majesty's favours. I pray God restore your health, and preserve it, and remove all afflictions from you. I shall be ever with the truest respect, Madam,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

DCLXXIII. [*Elwin.*]

ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

October 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl.¹ I cannot tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease, to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way

as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland which might occasion your so sudden departure:¹ for, the last time I saw you at Hammersmith,² you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it did so.

I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you: nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled!

Yours, etc.

DCLXXIV. [*Elwin.*]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin, *October 12, 1727.*

I HAVE been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune has made my home; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniences about me.³

¹ Swift had made no allusion to Pope regarding his anxiety about Stella, but Sheridan had written to Pope privately at the beginning of September telling him that "a particular friend of the Dean's" was "on the brink of another world," and that if Swift was to see her again, he ought to return without delay (*Elwin and Courthope, op. cit.*, vii, 97).

² It is possible that Swift had gone with his cousin to stay there for

I may be worse than I am, and have nowhere to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable, comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn,¹ if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it has pleased God that you are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see anybody, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us, who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which, however, I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred

pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.¹

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which nature gave him. I hope my Whitehall landlord² is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgement was nearer than ever it had been before." Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animum aequum tibi ipse parabis.*³ You see Horace wishes for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the Court till you do so too.

Yours, etc.

DCLXXV. [*Deane Swift.*]

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO SWIFT

Dover Street, *October 12, 1727.*

REVEREND SIR,

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were so much out of order when I went to the north; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your Deanery till the spring. I should be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troublesome distemper, your deafness.

I have seen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and staying out a whole opera. He would not see the coronation,⁴ although he might have seen it with little trouble.

¹ To Peter Walter, who

"sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold,"

Pope makes many allusions. He was the original of Peter Pounce in Fielding's "Joseph Andrews."

² *I.e.*, Gay.

³ *det salutem, det opes, animum aequum tibi ipse parabo* (Hor.,

age not to attend; which is no ill wish to their present Majesties, since Nottingham at fourscore could bear the fatigue very well.¹ I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we shall see you again early in the spring, which will be a very great pleasure to me. There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora: I should take it for a great favour if you would be so kind to lend me your copy of that book.² I think there are some corrections. If you think fit to do this, Mr. Clayton,³ who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it safe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again. I must not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true respect, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
OXFORD.

You forgot to send me the ballad. Mr. Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England; I have written to him to that purpose.

DCLXXVI. [*Elwin.*]

JOHN GAY AND ALEXANDER POPE TO SWIFT

GAY

October 22, 1727.

THOUGH you went away from us so unexpectedly, and

¹ Swift's old enemy Dismal had long retired from public life. He died three years later, having succeeded a few months before, on the death of a cousin, to the earldom of Winchelsea, in which the title borne by him for nearly fifty years became merged.

² It appears from Swift's reply that notes by Bishop Milles, who still held the see of Waterford (*supra*, vol. i, p. 79), had been inserted in his copy of the "Marmora Oxoniensia." Stratford had asked Lord Oxford to obtain the use of the notes for the new editor ("Portland Manuscripts," vii, 440).

³ *Supra*, p. 260.

in so clandestine a manner, yet, by several inquiries,¹ we have informed ourselves of everything that hath happened to you. To our great joy, you have told us, your deafness left you at the inn in Aldersgate Street:² no doubt, your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England. Our advices from Chester tell us, that you met Captain Lawson. The captain was a man of veracity, and set sail at the time he told you.³ I really wished you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day. Besides, as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabin. You would not then have had the plague of that little smoky room at Holyhead; but considering it was there you lost your giddiness, we have great reason to praise smoky rooms for the future, and prescribe them in like cases to our friends.⁴ The maid of the house writes us word, that, while you were there, you were busy for ten days together writing continually; and that, as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a scrap of paper left in this smoky room, it seemed as if the book you were writing was a most lamentable account of your travels; and really, had there been any wine in the house, the place would not have been so irksome.

We were further told, that you set out, were driven back

¹ As will be seen, extraordinarily minute details of Swift's journey had reached Twickenham, and the channel can have been none other than Sheridan, who had no doubt written again to Pope (*supra*, p. 421, n. 1) to tell him of Swift's safe arrival, and had mentioned the various particulars in order that Swift's English friends might pretend when writing to him to have been possessed of second sight.

² *Supra*, p. 422.

³ Swift had evidently been offered in Chester a passage to Dublin in the government yacht of which Lawson was the commander. The yacht was continually plying between the neighbouring port of Parkgate and Dublin, and so far as the exigencies of government business permitted, was always at the disposal of persons of position like Swift. But owing to his eagerness to reach Dublin at the earliest possible moment, Swift decided, unfortunately for himself, to go on to Holyhead, where, as the "Holyhead Journal" shows ("Prose Works," xi, 396), he was detained for more than a week by adverse winds.

⁴ Sheridan must have seen the "Holyhead Journal" (*ibid.*, p. 402):

again by a storm, and lay in the ship all night.¹ After the next setting sail, we were in great concern about you, because the weather grew very tempestuous, when to my great joy and surprise, I received a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which informed us, that, after many perils, you were safely landed there.² Had the oysters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreshment after your fatigue.³ We compassionated you in your travels through that country of desolation and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a most dreadful circumstance, to have lazy dull horses on a road where there are very bad or no inns. When you carry a sample of English apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them either from Goodrich or Devonshire.⁴ Pray who was the clergyman that met you at some distance from Dublin, because we could not learn his name?⁵ These are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every step of which we shared your anxieties, and all that we have now left to comfort us, is to hear that you are in good health. But why should we tell you what you know already?

The Queen's family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the

¹ "To prevent accidents and broken shins" ("Prose Works," xi, 402).

² In the county of Louth, sixty miles from Dublin.

³ It is curious to find that Carlingford Bay was no less celebrated then than now for these delicacies.

⁴ The homes of their respective ancestors. This is the first of a number of allusions to Goodrich in Swift's correspondence with his English friends which show that his connection with that place had been a frequent subject of conversation that summer, and have led to the conclusion that he had gone there on his way to London (*supra*, p. 386, n. 2). His object in doing so was to present a chalice, which had belonged to his grandfather, to the church, and his visit resulted in the erection of a monument to the memory of his progenitor, the design for which was shown to Mrs. Howard, and drew from Pope his well-known lines on Swift's ancestors. The chalice, which is still in use ("Notes and Queries," II, vi, 138), bears the following inscriptions. On the base: "Jonath. Swift, S. T. D. Decan. Eccles. S^{ti} Pat^{ri} Dublin hunc Calicem Eccles. de Goderidge sacrum voluit." Underneath the base: "Tho. Swift hujus Eccles. Vica^r notus in historiis ob ea quae fecit et passus est pro Car^o Imo ex hoc calice aegrotantibus propinavit. Eundem Calicē Jonat^h Swift, S. T. D. Decan. Eccles. S^{ti} Pat^{ri} Dublin Thomae ex filio nepos hujus Eccles. in perpetuum dedicavit."

youngest Princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting, and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes¹ the more correctly. I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

POPE

Gay is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleased; but I will not in the time of our Augustus. My poem²—which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers—my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguished age we lived in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air;
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.³

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem. Adieu.

¹ *I.e.*, in the "Beggars' Opera."

² *I.e.*, the "Dunciad."

³ "The Dunciad" was substituted in the "Dunciad":

Dublin, November 17, 1727.

I DEFERRED acknowledging the honour of your Lordship's letter¹ till I could do it by Mr. Clayton, and at the same time obey your commands of sending you the book of the Arundel marbles; the value of it consists only in the great number of amendments which were made by Doctor Milles, who it seems was very famous in that kind of literature, and I hope it will be of good use to the gentleman who undertakes the new edition.

I must now return my most humble thanks for your Lordship's great favours and civilities to me while I was last in England. My haste hither was occasioned merely by the despair of being under so long a disorder of giddiness and especially deafness, which made me as uneasy to my friends as to myself, and I think whoever is deaf is fit for nothing but a cloister. God be thanked my journey relieved me from both disorders, and here I am with very little use for my ears.

I cannot find there are any old Irish coins, at least not of any great antiquity, but long since the conquest by Henry the Second.² The coins found here underground are generally of the Saxon Kings, or some of the later Emperors. I shall see what can be done about an affair which Mr. Clayton hath begun, relating to the late Bishop Nicolson's papers.³ As to letters from learned men to him, I cannot hope much. He sent me one of his books, which contained a catalogue of writings proper for one who would write a history of Ireland, wherein I found he took many things very weakly upon trust, and referred the reader to papers which I found to contain nothing at all of the matter he mentions.⁴ I shall, by the help of some clergymen in

¹ In the possession of the Duke of Portland. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 160, n. 2.

² *Supra*, p. 423.

³ *Supra*, p. 286.

⁴ The death of Bishop Nicolson, whose devotion to antiquarian and historical research still keeps his name alive, has been already noticed (*supra*, p. 388, n. 5).

⁵ The reference is to Nicolson's "Irish Historical Library," which was published in 1724. Modern opinion confirms Swift's criticism.

the neighbourhood of the Bishop's son,¹ learn as much as I can about his father's papers, and, if they be of any use, purchase them.

I hope your Lordship and my Lady Oxford and Lady Marget are in good health, which I humbly pray to God you all may long enjoy, with a continuance of honour and happiness. I am with the greatest respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most obliged servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

DCLXXVIII. [*Copy.*"]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *November 23, 1727.*

SIR,

I HAVE yours of the 15th instant,² wherein you tell me that upon my last leaving Ireland, you supposed I would return no more, which was probable enough, for I was nine weeks very ill in England, both of giddiness and deafness which latter being an unconvertible disorder I thought it better to come to a place of my own, than be troublesome to my friends, or live in a lodging, and this hastened me over, and by a hard journey I recovered both my ailments. But if you imagined me to have any favour at Court you were much mistaken or misinformed. It is quite otherwise, at least among the Ministry. Neither did I ever go to Court, except when I was sent for and not always then. Besides my illness gave me too good an excuse the last two months.

As to politics; in England it is hard to keep out of them, and here it is a shame to be in them, unless by way of laughter and ridicule, for both which my taste is gone. I suppose there will be as much mischief as interest, folly, ambition and faction can bring about. But let those who

¹ Nicolson is said by Archbishop King, who accuses him of undue favour to his relations in the bestowal of patronage, to have given the best benefice in his diocese to his son (*Mant. op. cit.*, ii, 386).

² In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

³ Chetwode had probably thought it useless to write to Swift while

in it, and therefore like a true Irish tenant I shall consider no further.

I wish I had some retirement two or three miles from this town to amuse myself, as you do, with planting much, but not as you do, for I would build very little. But I cannot think of a remote journey in such a miserable country, such a climate, and such roads, and such uncertainty of health. I would never if possible be above an hour distant from home, nor be caught by a deafness and giddiness out of my own precincts, where I can do or not do, what I please; and see or not see, whom I please. But if I had a home a hundred miles off I never would see this town again, which I believe is the most disagreeable place in Europe, at least to any but those who have been accustomed to it from their youth, and in such a case I suppose a jail might be tolerable. But my best comfort is, that I lead here the life of a monk, as I have always done; I am vexed whenever I hear a knocking at the door, especially the raps of quality, and I see none but those who come on foot. This is too much at once. I am,

Your etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Mountmellick.

DCLXXIX. [*Elwin*.¹]

SWIFT TO JOHN GAY AND ALEXANDER POPE

Dublin, *November 23, 1727.*

TO GAY

I HAD your double letter some time ago,² whereof the first and greatest part is of your own head, and contains a very exact account of my journey from London to this place. Wherever you got it, or whatever familiar you dealt with, I did actually amuse myself with writing a journal of my

¹ By permission of Mr. John Murray. *Supra*, p. 148, n. 1.

² *Supra*, p. 424.

distresses and living at Holyhead, at least when it grew dark, for then I never read. I did miss my passage from Chester, which would have saved much time, weariness, and money. I wanted wine for four days of the eight I stayed there. I did set out, and was driven back, and all the other circumstances—Carlingford, bad horses, worse roads, and Welsh apples—are all true, and nothing but the devil could have informed you, for I kept no company, but travelled alone; or else it must be poetical conjuring, as Homer recites the dreams of those who were killed in their sleep.

I heard nothing of the Queen's family settling, nor ever hear one syllable of news any more than at Twickenham. Remember how I detested your three-halfpenny-worth of news at Whitehall, which made me think myself in a coffee-house. I entirely approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a firm enemy in the Ministry.¹ God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something, which, although much less than they ought, will be, as far as it is worth, better circumstantiated: and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life, as you so soon call it, might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a Court. A Minister is always seventy, and you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear in the world till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing.² Get a stronger fence about your thousand pounds, and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-

¹ Sir Robert Walpole had suspected Gay of being the author of a libel on him, and in Swift's belief would not forgive Gay even though aware of his innocence. In Elwin's opinion (*op. cit.*, vii, 106) there was no ground for such a supposition.

² The reference, Elwin says (*op. cit.*, vii, 105), is to Peter Birch, Archdeacon of Westminster. He is remarkable for having, like Sheridan, but with a different result, said "Sooner than the day is the evil thereof."

your friends will join the ranks, to make it succeed, because you are used by others so ill.

TO POPE

Scene: Twickenham-House. Just after dinner

I have known Courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant.¹ First, in the trite old maxim of a Minister's never forgiving those he has injured. Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping everything worth taking for those who can do service or disservice. I could go on to four-and-twentiethly; but with all the partiality of my inclination, I cannot acquit the characterised person. It is against my original fundamental maxims. I durst appeal to our friend at Dawley,² though I knew more than he because I was a subaltern, and have even deceived him to do more for some I did not over-much value, than the other who pretends to have so strong a regard for our friend. Neither will your *mutato nomine*, etc. satisfy me unless things are monstrously changed from what you taught me. For I was led to believe that the present unexpected situation or confirmation of things was brought about above two years ago by the intervention of that person whose character was drawn.³ But, if it be as you say, the fate of the Princess des Ursins⁴ ought to be remembered.

As to Ireland, the air of this house is good, and of the kingdom very good; but the best fruits fall short a little. All things to eat and drink, except very few, better than

¹ The portion of Pope's letter to which this paragraph is a reply has evidently been suppressed.

² *I.e.*, Bolingbroke.

³ *I.e.*, Mrs. Howard, whose character by Swift is dated 12 June, 1727 ("Prose Works," xi, 147).

⁴ Who for many years governed Philip V of Spain, but was dismissed from his Court with ignominy by his second wife.

in London, except you have four thousand a year. The ridings and coachings a hundred times better in winter. You may find about six rational, good, civil, learned, easy companions of the males; fewer of the females, but many civil, hospitable, and ready to admire and adore. About a dozen tolerable he companions without impertinence. No Pultencys, nor Dawleys, nor Arbuthnots. A very good apartment, good French wine and port; and, among the extravagant, hock, burgundy, rack-punch, etc.; but too dear for me. Only I hope to have cider from Goodrich. If you like this bill of fare, and air, and company, the sea, the town-gates, and the door of this house are open. You can have an eighteen-penny chicken for seven-pence. I will send Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford as far as Chester to conduct you; and thus I have answered your challenge. I repeated your civilities to Dr. Sheridan, who received them as he ought, and resolves to get you all sorts of those foolish wines your caprices are so fond of, and has a garden two miles off to amuse you with, but the inconveniency is, it will have very good fruit in it.¹ I desire you will present my most humble service to Sir Spencer Compton, or the Speaker, if he must be so,² and desire he will perform his promise of giving me three or four Marseilles figs and some of his most early grapes; and do you get them put into boxes with earth, and send them to Whitehall, and let them be kept cool, and I will send for them.

My humble service and kind remembrance to Mrs. Pope and to Patty Blount, and to Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurst, Dr. Arbuthnot and family, Mr. Lewis, and Mrs. Howard, who must remember my duty to the Queen, and to all others, without naming, but you are to name them in a particular manner, especially to Mr. Pulteney. Adieu. God bless you.

¹ The purchase of "the rotten house," to which this garden was attached, is one of Sheridan's chief follies as recorded in the "History of the Second Solomon" ("Prose Works," xi, 154). It was situated at Rathfarnham (*supra*, vol. i, p. 137, n. 1), which Swift pronounced, contrary to the general opinion at that time, and without reason, the

JOHN ARBUTHNOT TO SWIFT

London, *Nov.* 30, 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear Sir, with great pleasure, of your safe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the best expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the enclosed comes from, and I hope will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myself. Either you have not done me justice, or they have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curiosity wanted only to be gratified, I do not stand in need of a letter from yourself, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about Court, who can tell me everything that you do or say; so that you had best take care of your conduct. You see of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aside, I must ask you, if you have any interest, or do you think that I could have, or procure any, with my Lord Lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one Captain Innes, I think in Colonel Wilson's regiment and now in Limerick. He is an exceeding worthy man, but has stuck long in a low post, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I shall proceed in this matter.

I was yesterday with all your friends at St. James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hopes of preferment by favour, these he has laid aside. He had made a pretty good bargain, that is a Smithfield one, for a little place in the Custom House, which was to bring him in about a hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When everything was concluded, the man repented, and said, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am sure I should not live a week. I long to hear of the safe arrival of Dr. Delany. Pray, give my humble service to him.

As for news, it was wrote from Spain to me from my

yet the Ministry know nothing of it.¹ Nay, some of them told me, that the answer was rather surly. Lord Townshend is very ill; but I think, by the description of his case, it is not mortal.² I was with our friend at the backstairs³ yesterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, etc. The first part of the discourse was about you, Mr. Pope, Curll, and myself. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their service to you. If you had been so lucky as to have gone to Paris last summer, you would have health, honour, and diversion, in abundance; for I will promise, you would have recovered of the spleen. I shall add no more, but my kindest wishes, and that I am, with the greatest affection and respect,

Yours etc.

Addressed—To the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's,
Dublin.

DCLXXXI. [*Sheridan.*]

SWIFT TO MRS. MOORE

Deanery House, *December 7, 1727.*

DEAR MADAM,⁴

THOUGH I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world, that is more concerned for anything that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune. I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and, what is more, so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we

¹ It was not until the following March that the negotiations with Spain were brought to a successful conclusion.

² Lord Townshend did not retire from public life for three years, and lived for eleven.

³ *I.e.*, Mrs. Howard.

⁴ Mrs. Moore is mentioned by Delany ("Gleanings")

the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age;¹ so that according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished: common observation showing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents' indulgence, or soon taken out of the world, which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more, sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it, with the death of our most hopeful or useful children, with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments, with a general dislike of persons and things, and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach toward the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence,

¹ The eldest is said to have been a son by her first marriage. By her second, two children survived Mrs. Moore: John, and Mary, who

of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life!

I fear my present ill disposition both of health and mind has made me but a sorry comforter: however, it will show that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship, dear Madam,

Your most obedient, and humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

DCLXXXII. [*Copy.*¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Dublin, *December 12, 1727.*

SIR,

I THOUGHT to have seen your son, or to have spoken to his tutor.² But I am in a condition to see nobody; my old disorder of deafness being returned upon me, so that I am forced to keep at home and see no company; and this disorder seldom leaves me under two months.

I do not understand your son's fancy of leaving the University to study law under a teacher. I doubt he is weary of his studies, and wants to be in a new scene. I heard of a Fellow some years ago who followed that practice of reading law, but I believe it was to lads, who had never been at a University. I am ignorant of these schemes, and you must advise with some who are acquainted with them. I only know the old road of getting some good learning in a University, and when young men are well grounded, then going to the Inns of Court. This is all I can say in the matter, my head being too much confused by my present disorder. I am,

Your obedient, etc.

Addressed—To Knightley Chetwode, Esq., at his house at Woodbrooke, near Mountmellick.

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² *Supra*, p. 218.

In London, Maiden Lane, at the White Peruke,
Covent Garden, *December 14, 1727.*

SIR,²

YOU will be surprised in receiving an English essay from a French traveller. Pray, forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the rash attempt of writing in English.

You will see by the advertisement, that I have some designs upon you, and that I must mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the satisfaction of talking of you, as posterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to entreat you to make some use of your interest in Ireland, about some subscriptions for the *Henriade*; which is almost ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The subscriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the highest esteem, and the utmost gratitude, Sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,
VOLTAIRE.

DCLXXXIV. [*Copy.*]³

SWIFT TO BENJAMIN MOTTE

Dublin, *December 28, 1727.*

SIR,

I HAD yours of the 16th from Mr. Hyde, and desire that henceforth you will write directly to me, without scrupling to load me with the postage.⁴ My head is so confused with

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² *Supra*, p. 395.

³ In the Forster Collection. The letter is also printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," N. S., xliii, 150, and in Howard Williams's "English Letters and Letter Writers," 1st Ser., p. 207.

⁴ It is evident that Swift had seen Motte before leaving London and had left him no longer in doubt, if he had ever been so, as to the authorship of "Gulliver's Travels."

the returns of my deafness to a very great degree—which left me after a fortnight, and then returned with more violence—that I am in an ill way to answer a letter which requires some thinking.

As to having cuts in *Gulliver's Travels*, you will consider how much it will raise the price of the book. The world glutted itself with that book at first, and now it will go off but soberly; but I suppose will not be soon worn out. The part of the little men will bear cuts much better than that of the great. I have not the book by me, but will speak by memory. Gulliver in his carriage to the metropolis, his extinguishing the fire, the ladies in their coaches driving about his table, his rising up out of his carriage when he is fastened to his horse, his drawing the fleet, the troop upon his handkerchief, the army marching between his legs, his hat drawn by eight horses, seem the fittest to be represented, and perhaps two adventures may be sometimes put in one print.

It is difficult to do anything in the great men, because Gulliver makes so diminutive a figure, and he is but one in the whole kingdom. Among some cuts I bought in London, he is shown taken out of the bowl of cream; but the hand that holds him hides the whole body. He would appear best wedged in the marrow-bone up to the middle, or in the monkey's arms upon the roof, or left upon the ridge, and the footman on the ladder going to relieve him, or fighting with the rats on the farmer's bed, or in the spaniel's mouth, which being described as a small dog, he might look as large as a duck in one of ours. One of the best would be, I think, to see his chest just falling into the sea, while three eagles are quarrelling with one another; or the monkey hauling him out of his box. Mr. Wootton, the painter who draws landscapes and horses,¹ told Mr. Pope and me that the graver did wrong in not making the big folks bear something [large], and enormous in their shapes, for, as drawn by those gravers, they look only like common human creatures. Gulliver being alone, and so little, cannot make the contrast appear.

The Flying Island might be drawn at large as described in the book, and Gulliver drawing up into it, and some

remember it.

The Country of Horses, I think, would furnish many. Gulliver brought to be compared with the Yahoos; the family at dinner and he waiting; the grand council of horses, assembled, sitting, one of them standing with a hoof extended, as if he were speaking; the she-Yahoos embracing Gulliver in the river, who turns away his head in disgust; the Yahoos got into a tree, to infest him under it; the Yahoos drawing carriages, and driven by a horse with a whip in his hoof. I can think of no more, but Mr. Gay will advise you, and carry you to Mr. Wootton and some other skilful people.

As to the poetical volume of Miscellany,¹ I believe five parts in six, at least, are mine. Our two friends,² you know, have printed their works already, and we could expect nothing but slight loose papers. There is all the poetry I ever writ worth printing. Mr. Pope rejected some I sent him, for I desired him to be as severe as possible, and I will take his judgement. He writ to me, that he intended a pleasant discourse on the subject of poetry should be printed before the volume,³ and says that discourse is ready.⁴ . . . I am as weary with writing as I fear you will be with reading. I am,

Yours etc.

Addressed—Mr. Benjamin Motte, bookseller, at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet Street, London.

¹ *Supra*, p. 403.

² *I.e.*, Pope and Gay.

³ The essay *περί βιβλίου* which occupies the position indicated in the volume.

⁴ The letter has been torn, and all that remains of the lines that followed is: "not have let me suffer for my modesty, when I expected he could have done better. Others are more prudent and cannot be blamed."

SUPPLEMENTAL LETTERS

DCLXXXIVA. [*Copy.*¹]

SWIFT TO KNIGHTLEY CHETWODE

Thursday, nine at night.²

SIR,

YOU are to understand that I design to stay out a night being no very active rider, and it is very possible that may be inconvenient to you. I know not what to say, nor how far your civility carries you beyond your ease. In that case I should be under much constraint. But if the journey be what you are inclined to, and that you think Mr. Archdeacon Walls and me worth riding so far with, I will continue to have your mare ready saddled for myself³ between six and seven to-morrow morning at the Deanery House, which the Archdeacon tells me is directly in the way. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

DCLXXXIVB. [*Scott.*]

MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH TO SWIFT

[1720.]⁴

Is it possible that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only rallied when I told you the other night that I would pester you with letters. Did not I know you very well, I should think you knew but little of the world, to imagine that a woman would not keep her word whenever she promised

¹ In the Forster Collection. *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 241, n. 1.

² This letter was possibly written in 1724 (*supra*, p. 189).

³ Swift was evidently being mounted at the time by his friend.

⁴ The year, which is not given by Scott, is supplied from Hawkesworth's "Letters." See Appendix III.

without reading them, as it is for me to avoid reproving you, when you behave yourself wrong. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your own quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love darkness extremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all these fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which [it] is said never does. Now see what inconveniences you will bring both me and yourself into. Pray think calmly of it. Is it not better to come of yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world? For when I undertake anything, I do not love to do it by halves. But there is one thing falls out very luckily for you, which is, that of all the passions, revenge hurries me least, so that you have it yet in your power to turn all this fury into good humour, and depend upon it, and more, I assure you. Come at what time you please, you can never fail of being very well received.

DCLXXXIVc. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat who cannot read can possibly write so well.¹ You are mistaken. Send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place.² I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can, but my health, and the perpetual run of ill-weather hinders me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up, I

¹ This letter is certainly a reply to the preceding one.

² Vanessa was evidently residing in Dublin.

know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen people, beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same of them; but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it for one reason; guess. Adieu, for Dr. P[ratt]¹ is come in to see me.

Addressed—To Miss Hessy Vanhom.

DCLXXXIVD. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

Monday morning, ten o'clock.

I RECEIVED your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night; and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. I here send the paper you left me. This morning a woman who does business for me,² told me she heard I was in [love] with one, naming you, and twenty particulars, that little master and I visited you, and that the Archbishop did so, and that you had abundance of wit, etc.³ I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so, and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland, and I must beg you to be easy, if for some time I visit you seldom, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to, and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off.

DCLXXXIVE. [*Scott.*]

SWIFT TO MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

Thursday morning, ten [o'clock].

I WILL see you to-morrow if possible. You know it is not above five days since I saw you, and that I would ten

tell what to make of, but take him for some conjuror.
Adieu.

DCLXXXIVF. [*Scott.*]

MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH TO SWIFT

Celbridge, 1720.

YOU had heard from me before, but that my messenger was not to be had till to-day, and now I have only time to thank you for yours, because he was going about his business this moment, which is very happy for you, or you would have had a long letter full of spleen.¹ Never was human creature more distressed than I have been since I came. Poor Molkin has had two or three relapses, and is in so bad a way, that I fear she will never recover. Judge now what a way I am now in, absent from you, and loaded with melancholy on her score. I have been very ill with a stitch in my side, which is not very well yet.

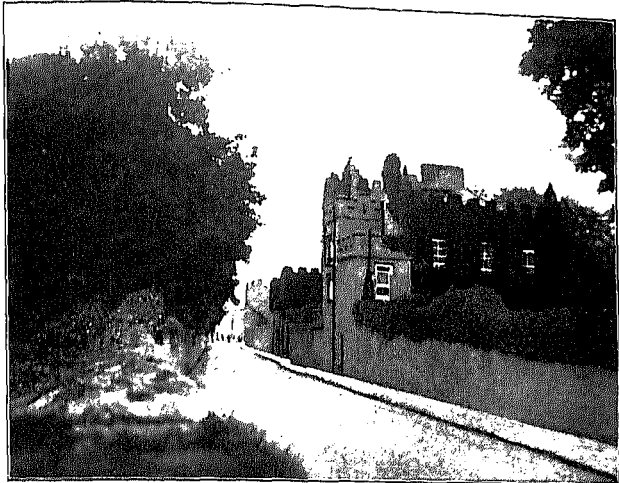
DCLXXXIVG. [*Scott.*]

MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH TO SWIFT

Celbridge, 1720.

BELIEVE me it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good-nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched, yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! how have you forgot me. You endeavour by severities to force me from you, nor can I blame you; for with the utmost

¹ This letter is possibly a draft of the answer to Swift's letter of July 22, 1720.



VANESSA'S HOUSE AT CELBRIDGE
From a photograph by Miss Irene Kathleen Falkiner



distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for —

Put my passion under the utmost restraint, send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change on you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell me tenderly. No, do not tell it, so that it may cause my present death, and do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

DCLXXXIVII. [*Scott.*]

MISS ESTHER VANHOMRIGH TO SWIFT

Celbridge, 1720.

TELL me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote last to you. No, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not at ease. I have worn on my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of —, who thinks not of me. How many letters must I send you before I shall receive an answer? Can you deny me in my misery the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect, and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses.

inclinations to do so great a charity. I firmly believe, could I know your thoughts, which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never anyone living thought like you, I should find you have often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven; but that would not spare you, for were I an enthusiast, still you would be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are at present everywhere; your dear image is always before mine eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

DCLXXXIV. [*Copy.*']

SWIFT TO THE REV. JAMES STOPFORD

DEAR JIM,²

Friday, past one.

I BLUNDERED this morning when I read your letter for I understood you had been ill and was well again, but here the lodges³ tell me you are in an ague, and what is worse have no creature to take care of you, for God sake have some understanding body about you, and do not rely on a College bedmaker. The money is ready as I told you; and Mrs. Johnson desires to know your directions upon it.⁴ I am, ever,

Yours,
J. S.

Addressed—To the Rev. Mr. Stopford at his lodgings in the College.

¹ In the Forster Collection
² D. 1. 1. 1.

DEAR DEAN,

Wednesday.

WHEN we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it you were sure I should have said twelve years ago.² If this be a rule, I am certain you are not Dean Swift; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to

Your real friend and humble servant,
E. HAMILTON.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dean Swift.

DCLXXXIV. [*Copy*.³]

SWIFT TO ALEXANDER POPE

Monday morning, past nine.⁴

THERE have been strange alterations in the scheme made by Lord Peterborough and Dr. Arbuthnot, and my Lord said he would give you notice of it. The Queen⁵ and some other affairs have altered their measures of which I suppose you will hear; and I think Wednesday is the day fixed, unless they vary again. I am in confusion, and must leave the matter so. I am weary of the town and of little business left in it, so that the kind lodging in your heart must

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

² The renewal of Swift's acquaintance with the Duchess of Hamilton (*supra*, vol. i, p. 354) was no doubt due to the fact that she was one of Pope's friends. This letter would appear to have been written in 1726.

³ In the Forster Collection.

⁴ No doubt written in June 1727.

⁵ There are two copies of this letter in the Forster Collection; in one the word appears as printed here, in the other as opera.

be large indeed if it holds me. Mine cannot hold the esteem and friendship I have to you. I am ever, etc., etc.

Addressed—To Alexander Pope, Esq.

Endorsed—A king a scarecrow of straw, yet protects the corn. A fine lady is like a cat; when young, the most gamesome and lively of all creatures; when old, the most melancholy.

DCLXXXIVM. [*Original*.¹]

• VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

Thursday.²

LORD B[ATHURST] is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power, that I have not left him one day since my return from London. Let me know how you are. Say something kind from me to Pope. Toss John Gay over the water to Richmond, if he is with you. Adieu.

Addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, at Mr. Pope's at Twickenham.

DCLXXXIVN. [*Sheridan*.]

SWIFT TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT

Twickenham Garret, Thursday
morning, at nine.

MADAM PATT,³

YOU are commanded by Mr. Pope to read that part of the enclosed which relates to Mr. Gay and yourself, and to send a direct answer to your humble servant by my humble servant the bearer. Being at an end of all my shoes and stockings, I am not able to wait on you to-day, after so

¹ In the British Museum. See Preface.

rainy a night and so suspicious a morning. Mrs. Pope is yours; but I, with the greatest respect, Madam,
Your most obedient and devoted servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray do not give a copy of this letter to Curll the bookseller.

DCLXXXIVo. [*Original.*]

VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE TO SWIFT

Cranford, Tuesday.²

I HAVE so severe a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly stir abroad. You will be ready to say, physician, cure thyself; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yesterday, fourteen ounces of blood; and such an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than steel and bitters, waters and drops. I wish John Gay success in his pursuit; but I think he has some qualities which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man, polished, civilized, learned man. A liberal education fits him for slavery; and the pains he has taken give him the noble pretension of dangling away in an ante-chamber, or of employing real talents to serve those who have none; or, which is worse than all the rest, of making his reason and his knowledge serve all the purposes of other men's follies and vices. You say [a] word to me about the public, of whom I think as seldom as possible. I consider myself as a man with some little satisfaction, and with some use; but I have no pleasure in thinking I am an Englishman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpose, to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quae proclivis ad erniciem, cum semel coepit, labitur. Plures enim discunt quemadmodum haec fiant, quam quemadmodum his resistatur.* dieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord is returned, y kindest services to him.

addressed—To the Reverend Dr. Swift Dean of St.
Bathurst

APPENDIX I

DR. SWIFT'S BILL

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD TREASURER, DEBTOR TO
DOCTOR JONATHAN SWIFT:

| | | | |
|---|-------|----|---|
| A Ptolomy, best Edition | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| A pair of Steel Snuffers | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| A Shakespear, the Folio Edition | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| A Table Book like Your Ldship's | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| A Bible | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| For a Dinner I lost by y ^r L ^d sh ^p 's dining abroad | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| | <hr/> | | |
| In all | 10 | 14 | 6 |

Endorsed —Doct^r Swift's Bill, Sept. 8, 1711.¹

APPENDIX II

SWIFT'S CORRESPONDENCE FROM 1714 TO 1726

How far the letters in existence represent Swift's actual correspondence, and to what circumstances the disappearance of other letters which are known to have been written are due, are questions that have often suggested themselves during the annotation. They have done so more especially in the case of the letters covering the first period of his residence in Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's, since the inquiry then has a direct bearing on the nature of the friendships formed by him in England, and an attempt has been made in regard to that time to analyse the information which is available on the subject.

The examination has shown that the greater number of the letters from his more prominent correspondents have been preserved. In the collection in the British Museum, which must

him with sedulous care. The letters from the Duchess of Ormond, some of those from Prior, and the notes sent to him during his two visits to Pope may be cited as instances that no letter from those whose friendship Swift really valued is likely to have been rejected on account of its slender interest, and there is no indication that a single letter is missing of those which he received from Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, the Duchess of Ormond, Prior, and the first Earl of Oxford, and not more than one or two of those which reached him from the second Earl of Oxford.

There are, however, two of Swift's English correspondents in the series of whose letters gaps are noticeable, namely Pope and Erasmus Lewis. In Pope's case the destruction of the few letters that are missing was no doubt due to the poet himself, who when his letters were returned to him for the purpose of publication, saw some reason of his own that a small number of them should not be perused by others, and in Lewis's case to that wily gentleman's warning to Swift not to expose his papers to the chance of seizure by the government.¹ As regards politics Swift's chief informants during the period more particularly under review were Lewis, Ford, and Barber, and judging by the letter from Barber, which has survived through its detention by the Irish executive,² they wrote with a freedom that was not consistent with safety to the recipient. Indeed, from the Duke of Ormond's reference to Swift's disinclination to hear news from England,³ a conjecture may be hazarded that Swift had on that ground conveyed his desire that the correspondence should cease.

In Swift's own opinion there was not one of his Irish friends entitled to rank with the least important of his English acquaintances. In the lists made by him of the distinguished persons whom he had met, the Duke of Ormond is the single individual connected even by descent with Ireland,⁴ and amongst the letters in the British Museum collection, there are not more than five or six dated from that country. But the only Irishman of contemporary eminence with whom Swift maintained constant communication was Archbishop King, and copies of all the letters addressed by him to Swift, with one exception, have been at one time or another obtained from his letter-books.

Turning to Swift's side of the correspondence the series of his letters is unbroken, or almost so, in the case of many of his more notable friends, and the first and second Earls of Oxford, Carteret,

¹ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 267.

² *Idem*.

³ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 277.

⁴ Scott's "Life," p. 359.

Pope, Gay, Atterbury, Mrs. Howard, Archbishop King, Addison, and Tickell are found amongst those who recognized that any letter from him was of more than ephemeral interest. It was probably through no fault of Bolingbroke, who can hardly have composed his own elaborate dissertations without an eye to posterity, that the greater number of Swift's letters to him are missing, but a casual disposition accounts for a similar circumstance in the case of Arbuthnot, and also no doubt in that of Prior, as the only three letters to him that remain owe their preservation to the second Earl of Oxford. The activities of the postal officials prevented some of Swift's letters reaching Erasmus Lewis and the Duchess of Ormond and such as did so were not improbably destroyed at once in order to preclude the possibility of their falling into the hands of political inquisitors.

Of the letters Swift sent to his Irish intimates, many examples have been saved. The series of those to Chetwode and Stopford is complete, and the care with which Sheridan and Walls cherished even a few lines from his pen, leaves the impression that not many letters which they received are missing.

The conclusion that Swift was not a frequent correspondent to which this note leads, is one that would not occur to the reader of the *Journal to Stella*, but it is sustained by the repeated and prolonged complaints in the letters of his friends as to his slowness in sending a reply, and by his lists of letters which show that his letter writing was spasmodic in its character, and that his custom was to dispatch a number of letters at the one time. In very few instances is a correspondence found to be initiated by him, and considering the want of encouragement on his part, it is not surprising that so few of his London friends, who were undoubtedly very numerous, commenced one with him.

APPENDIX III

VANESSA AND HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH SWIFT

ESTHER VANHOMRIGH was born towards the close of the year 1687 or the beginning of the year 1688. The licence for her parents' marriage was issued on 7 December 1686,¹ and as has been mentioned her enfranchisement was recorded in April 1688.²

day," but that conjunction seems to justify its application to her veracity. In their marriage licence, which is addressed to the Vicar of St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, her parents are described as Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, merchant of Dublin, and Hester Stone, spinster. As the licence was a special one dispensing with canonical hours and place, it is evident that her father was at the time in affluent circumstances. So far as is known he was the first of his name to settle in Ireland, and from the fact that he used sometimes the Dutch language in correspondence,¹ he was, no doubt, as stated by Swift's biographers, a native of Holland. His wife was a daughter of John Stone, a commissioner of the Irish revenue, and although it is alleged by Lord Orrery that she was of very mean extraction,² other members of her family besides her father appear to have come to Ireland to fill positions that required men of good standing and education.

At the time of Vanessa's birth the exodus from Ireland which took place under the rule of James II was in progress, but her father was not amongst those who left in its earlier stages. Three months after his marriage he is mentioned for the first time as one of the common council of Dublin, and before Vanessa was enfranchised he had become an alderman. According to the editor of the Records of Dublin, Vanhomrigh owed that office to the favour of James II, but this statement cannot be easily reconciled with the reason given for his removal from the aldermanic list soon after the arrival in Ireland of that sovereign, namely that "he had wilfully absented himself from the public business of the city and gone into England, whereby the affairs of the city are neglected as to his attendance here."³

There is, however, some uncertainty as to his movements after the Revolution. Under the month of October 1689 Luttrell notes in his Diary that "Mr. Vanhomrigh, alderman of Dublin, lately arrived in London from the English camp in Ireland," while in a further reference to him on the 6th of December, he speaks of his having come from Dublin. The last entry records Vanhomrigh's appointment as Commissary-General of Ireland, and before the date under which it is inserted, he had joined the Duke of Schomberg in his camp at Lisburn. They did not certainly meet then for the first time. In announcing Vanhomrigh's arrival, Schomberg writes as one who was no stranger to his abilities, and expresses doubt as to his capacity to transact the financial part of the Commissary's duties,⁴ a difficulty that was solved by

¹ "Prose Works," ii, 121.

² Clarke MSS. in Trinity College Library.

³ "Remarks," p. 105.

making the office a dual one, and nominating Sir William Robinson¹ to act with him.

The office was one that had proved the shipwreck of many reputations in Ireland, but Vanhomrigh seems to have been never found at fault. His management of the transports was in particular the subject of commendation,² and his success in that branch of his work strengthens a conclusion which has been drawn from an interest displayed by him in training boys for the sea, that he was himself a ship-owner.³ On the termination of the war he was returned to the Irish Parliament as one of the representatives of Londonderry, in the relief of which it is possible he had some share, and notwithstanding Schomberg's fears as to his sufficiency, he had proved so capable a financier as to be appointed one of the chief commissioners of the Irish revenue. The services which he had rendered in the campaign were not forgotten by William III, and on his visiting the English Court some years later special attention was shown to him.

Soon after his release from attendance on the army he had been restored to his place as an alderman of Dublin, and on being nominated to the mayoral chair in 1697 he used his influence to the advantage of that city, for, as the assembly roll relates, "by his application and the interest of his friends, without any charge or expense to this city, a collar of SS and a medal of very considerable value was procured from his sacred Majesty as a mark of his royal favour to this ancient corporation." It had been Vanhomrigh's hope that the collar would be ready for his inauguration, but it was not until some time afterwards that a grant of £770 was made for its purchase, and an order issued to Vanhomrigh's former colleague, Robinson, who was then Surveyor-General, to have, "with the advice and concurrence of the present Lord Mayor," a collar and medal made in England "by the most able and skilful workmen or artists in things of that kind." The medal, which is still worn by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, was executed by a member of the Roettier family, and is considered an exceptionally fine specimen of their art. On the obverse there is a bust of William III in armour, covered by a mantle which is fastened on his shoulder by a brooch, with the words "Gulielmus tertius, D. G. Mag. Brit. Fran. et Hib. Rex," and on the reverse there appears "Gulielmus III antiquam et fidelem Hiberniae metropolin hoc indulgentiae suae munere ornavit. Barth. Van Homrigh arm. urb. praetore. MDCXCVIII."⁴

The account of Vanhomrigh in Lord Orrery's "Remarks" leaves

¹ *Supra*, vol. i. p. 56.

² *Supra*, vol. i. p. 56.

character. An entertainment of splended splendour was given by him to celebrate the Peace of Ryswick, on his initiative an address was presented to the King, and the freedom of the city conferred on the Duke of Ormond, and through him important benefits were obtained for the corporation from Schonberg's successor, Godart Ginkell, Earl of Athlone, to whom he acted as agent. That he was also possessed of intellectual tastes may be gathered from his having been a member of the second philosophical society formed in Dublin,¹ and a friend of Archbishop King.

His death, which cannot have been other than a premature one, occurred on 29 December 1703. In his will, which was made two years before, he directs his estate to be divided into five parts and distributed in equal shares amongst his wife and four children. Besides these he mentions only Alderman John Pearson, a brewer of Dublin, and Peter Partinton, whom he appoints co-executors with his wife, and Dr. Molyneux, who was no doubt his medical attendant.² His children are named in the following order: Esther, Mary, Ginkell, and Bartholomew, but apparently not according to their seniority, as Ginkell, who was no doubt a godson of the Earl of Athlone, was baptized on 27 January 1693-4, and Mary on 7 September 1694; while Bartholomew, whose age was given in 1708 as fifteen, was probably older than either of them.

Vanhomrigh's accounts with the government as Commissary-General, an office which he held up to the time of his death, were not adjusted for several years. In closing them Robinson, who was then residing in London, gave assistance, and in Joshua Dawson's correspondence³ there are many letters from him complaining of responsibility which it was sought to throw upon him; and on one occasion of postage amounting to £2 16s. which he had been obliged to pay on one of Vanhomrigh's ledgers. Meantime Mrs. Vanhomrigh remained in Ireland, residing no doubt principally in her husband's Dublin house in St. Andrew's parish,⁴ and possibly sometimes in the one at Celbridge. But as soon as business arrangements permitted she removed to London, arriving there with her family, as her letter to Joshua Dawson shows, in the month of December 1707. In taking this step she was influenced by the expectation that the fortune left by her husband would en-

¹ *Supra*, vol. i, p. 375, n. 7.

² *Supra*, vol. i, p. 376.

³ *Supra*, vol. i, p. 178, n. 4.

⁴ It is to the vicar, Dr. Travers, that Mrs. Vanhomrigh alludes in her letter to Joshua Dawson (*supra*, vol. i, p. 390), although her writing admits of the reading Navors, which has been given.

letter to Dawson she remarks with a note of triumph that she had already seen several friends and acquaintances at her lodgings, and within a few months she sent her son Bartholomew to Oxford University, selecting Christ Church as his college.¹

There is reason to believe that Swift was amongst the acquaintances who waited upon Mrs. Vanhomrigh on her arrival in London. It is evident, from the "Decree for concluding the treaty between Dr. Swift and Mrs. Long," that he first met that lady with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and from his letter to Hunter,² that he had done so before Hunter set out in the summer of 1708 on the voyage to America, during which he was taken prisoner by the French.³ The Decree bears the date 1709, and has therefore been surmised in the annotation to have originated in the breach of friendship to which Swift alludes when writing to Hunter, but its contents show that it was drawn up when Swift first met "the Lady of the Toast," and as Swift is described in it as of Leicester Fields, where Sir Andrew Fountaine resided, its date is limited to the duration of Swift's visit to him, which began about the middle of the month of December 1707, and which may be concluded to have ended early in January when Fountaine left town.⁴ The Decree, which was found amongst Mrs. Long's papers, was not improbably Swift's composition, but purports to be issued by Ginkell Vanhomrigh, on the order of an arbitrator, who perhaps was Fountaine.

It is possible that Swift had known Mrs. Vanhomrigh in Dublin, or that he may have come across her on her journey from Ireland;⁵ but it seems more probable that he was brought as a great lion to her salon in London by some mutual friend. No one is more likely to have filled that position than Robinson, who became so frequent a visitor to Mrs. Vanhomrigh that the world married them,⁶ and who must have been of great assistance to her in forming her circle of friends; and Fountaine, who seems to have been a sort of link between the Vanhomrighs and Swift,⁷ may have been introduced at the same time.

There can be no doubt that Vanessa was from the first the attraction that drew Swift to the Vanhomrighs' house, as the interruption in his visits caused by Miss Long's contumacy is said to have been a grievance to her no less than to her mother. This fact is the more astonishing when it is seen that their acquaint-

¹ Foster's "Alumni Oxonienses," Early Series, p. 739.

² *Supra*, vol. i, p. 143.

³ Luttrell's Diary, vi, 152, 336. The writer in the "D. N. B.," xxviii, 299, is in error in stating that Hunter sailed in 1707.

⁵ *Supra*, p. 62.

ance commenced at a time when Stella was in London, and, as Swift's friends believed, the unchallenged object of his affections.¹ Although Swift seems to have been led to believe that Vanessa was two years younger than was the case, sufficient is known of her to show that she must have appeared old even for her actual age, and that to a man of Swift's experience the difficulty of maintaining a platonic friendship ought to have been very evident.

Of the progress of their friendship during the following year all that is known, from allusions at the time, is that Swift was wont to play ombre with the Vanhomrighs and Miss Long,² and that he knew the latter sufficiently well in the spring of 1709 to fall out with her. But evidence appears subsequently that Miss Long at least looked then upon Swift in the light of a suitor for Vanessa's hand. It was in consequence of what had passed at that time that Miss Long wrote more than two years later: "If Miss Hussy keeps company with the eldest Hatton, and is still a politician, she is not the girl I took her for." Want of means was, as Miss Long thought, the only obstacle to Swift's marriage to her cousin: "Sure Mr. St. John is not so altered but he will make returns," *i.e.*, reward Swift for writing the "Conduct of the Allies," which had then just been published.³ Swift cannot have been ignorant that such was the view taken by others of his friendship with Vanessa, and yet took no step to free himself from the entanglement when he left London in May 1709, indeed seems rather to have courted its continuance. It was he who opened a correspondence with the Vanhomrighs from Leicester by a letter sent to Mrs. Vanhomrigh on the 16th of that month. She sent him a reply ten days later, and before he left Leicester he wrote again to her on the 13th of June. His last letter would seem to have given an opening to Vanessa which she was quick to seize, and the receipt of letters from her on 1 July and on 26 November is noted.⁴

The correspondence was no doubt continued, for when Swift returned to London in September 1710 he dropped at once into an intimate friendship with the Vanhomrighs. It is probable that Stella was not told all the visits which he paid to them, but even the Journal to her reveals at first a fortnightly dinner with them, and very soon a weekly one. The only other male friends Swift mentions as dining with them were Fountaine and Ford, and, on one occasion, Dr. Coghill, who was probably a friend of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's husband.⁵ Their more important female friends were also the daughters of those who had official relations with Bartholomew Vanhomrigh—Lord Berkeley's daughter, Lady Betty

Germaine, the Duke of Ormond's daughters, Lady Ashburnham and Lady Betty Butler, and the second Duke of Schomberg's daughters, Lady Frederic Schomberg and Lady Mary Schomberg.¹

With the close of the year 1711 a further development in the friendship between Swift and Vanessa is observable in a resolution on her part to preserve his letters. The ordinary motive may have been the primary reason, but inasmuch as she appears soon to have begun to keep copies of her own letters to him, an idea that the correspondence might be useful if Swift proved recalcitrant was probably latent. Swift intended possibly the letter covering the one to Miss Long as a joke,² but it is not a matter for wonder that Vanessa regarded it seriously since Swift took the trouble to send with it a "starched letter" for the eyes of others. As Swift was generally lodging in London near the Vanhomrighs there was little opportunity for written communications, and the next letters of a compromising character which Vanessa received from Swift were doubtless those written from Windsor in the following summer.³ With these have been preserved two letters from her, but two others which preceded them and failed to draw from Swift a reply no longer exist. This fact tends to confirm the opinion expressed by me in the annotation that Vanessa's letters are printed from copies kept by her, and not from the originals. In almost every case such letters of hers as are forthcoming were sent at times when there was tension between her and Swift, while letters written to him when the prospect seemed to her brighter are lost.

It would appear from references in later letters that Vanessa had paid Swift visits during his sojourn at Chelsea in the summer of 1711, and at Kensington in the summer of 1712;⁴ and in his second letter from Windsor Swift threw out the idea of the Vanhomrighs' coming there, forgetting that he would be more under the observation of friends than in the former places. In her reply Vanessa said evidently something that displeased Swift, who began to invent any obstacles that he could consistently with his previous declarations, and in his next letter adopted a more guarded tone than in the first three that have been preserved. An allusion in it to his sending her money gives room for a suspicion that he may have then sometimes stopped her importunity by lending her the means of relieving herself from troublesome creditors, and that her more prosperous circumstances in Ireland may have increased Swift's difficulty in keeping her within bounds. On two

the designation Cadenus, *i.e.* Decanus, in the verses tends to show that the statement either was due to an error in calculation or was a subterfuge to conceal the time when the poem was actually written. On the other hand, the lines

Vanessa not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four,

would have been applicable in the autumn of 1712, but not in the autumn of 1713, and indicate that the former was the time when Swift learned that his lessons had

found the weakest part,
Aimed at the head, but reached the heart.

Until Swift went to Ireland in the following summer to be installed as Dean of St. Patrick's, there was no occasion for more letters. Although he then began by writing often to her, a note of extreme caution marks his letters, and after some weeks a desire to close the correspondence is evident.¹ From the reference in one of Vanessa's letters to the possibility of his enjoying in Ireland happiness inconsistent with her own, it seems probable that upon Swift's return to London, whether the declaration of her love was made then or not, a passionate scene took place. Whatever passed did not, however, prevent a renewal of his visits to her, and his departure for Letcombe in June 1714 evidently interrupted again constant intercourse. His letters thence are chilling, which may have been partly attributable to his own depression, and the last one after her appearance there would have silenced for ever any woman but Vanessa.

It was certainly contrary to Swift's wish that three months later Vanessa followed him to Ireland. In his letter from Philips-town he expresses contempt for her messages in a manner that leaves no doubt that his feelings towards her at the moment were those of aversion.² But by invoking his pity and artfully alluding to his value as an adviser in business, Vanessa appears to have drawn him once more to her side.³ During the next four years nothing is known, except what Deane Swift tells us,⁴ of what passed between them. He says: "For some time after Miss Vanhomrigh returned to Ireland she was frequently visited by Dr. Swift, whose delight was to see what progress she had made in literature, and particularly to re-examine her in those books which he had recommended to her perusal in former days. But the Doctor, observing that her passion for him rather increased than diminished, became from the year 1716 abundantly more sparing

in his visits, and by all the efforts and dissuasives in his power vainly endeavoured to estrange her thoughts from all romantic ideas. Among other dissuasives to Vanessa he ventured so far in the summer of the year 1716 as to pay her a visit in company with Mr. Dean Winter, who was her professed admirer, than which it is impossible that anything could have been more grating to the soul of this enamoured fair, as it was equal in appearance to a manifest resignation of all right and claim to her affections."

The estrangement, which Deane Swift says began two years after Vanessa's arrival in Ireland, coincides, as has been remarked in the annotation, with the time that the marriage ceremony with Stella is supposed to have taken place, and was succeeded, as appears from Archbishop King's letter, by an intention, either real or simulated, on the part of Vanessa of returning to London.¹ It is possible that the undated letter in which Swift refers to the report that he was in love with Vanessa, and that she was visited by Archbishop King, was also written then.² Although there did not seem evidence to justify an alteration in the order adopted by previous editors, the letter from Vanessa assigned to the year 1714³ is in my opinion a reply to that one from Swift, and if such be the case, and Swift's letter was written at the time suggested, considerable corroboration of Deane Swift's statements is to be found. "The little master," to whom Swift alludes in his letter, may have been the mysterious schoolboy "who was commonly reported to be the Dean's son by Mrs. Johnson,"⁴ or one of the sons of Colonel Henry Luttrell, either the future Earl of Carhampton or his elder brother, whose house near Celbridge is said to have been used by Swift as a *pied-à-terre* for the purpose of his visits to Vanessa at her country house.⁵ The supposition that it was one of the young Luttrells would, however, rather point to a later date than the year 1717 for the letter. It was in the autumn of that year that their father met his death at the hand of an assassin when entering his Dublin house, and it is hardly likely that in his lifetime his sons would have been used by Swift as a screen; also as the Correspondence has shown, Swift's visits to Celbridge did not begin until three years later.⁶

A large proportion of the correspondence between Swift and Vanessa falls within the last four years of her life. Not only are there fourteen letters arranged in chronological order, but also five or six more in the supplement are attributed to those years. They begin with the letter from Swift written in French in the spring of 1719, and conclude with the letters written by him from Loughgall in the summer of 1722. Those from Swift are

ment that often underlies what would otherwise be a severe reproof. Many allusions are made by him to his desire to preserve the secrecy of their intercourse, but as the letter just cited shows he was not always successful, and knowledge of Vanessa's arrival in Dublin, and rumours of Swift's visits to her must soon have reached Stella's ears. The two ladies were residing within a very short distance of each other, Swift's figure was conspicuous and familiar, and the place in which they were was according to him one "where everything is known in a week and magnified a hundred degrees."¹ The jealousy that such a discovery could not fail to arouse in Stella is a strong argument for the theory of the marriage ceremony with her, but the tone of Swift's later letters to Vanessa is an equally strong one against it.

The cause of the final rupture between Swift and Vanessa must remain a matter of doubt. According to Lord Orrery it was "a very tender epistle to Cadenus, insisting peremptorily upon as serious an answer, and an immediate acceptance, or absolute refusal of her, as his wife,"² and according to Sheridan it was "a short note to Stella, only requesting to know from her whether she was married to the Dean or not."³ But in regard to the last scene and the entire relations between them, too little attention has, it seems to me, been bestowed upon Delany's assertion that "she certainly gave herself up, as Ariadne did, to Bacchus from the day that she was deserted."⁴ Is it likely that a woman would have done so that had not previously displayed some tendency towards habits of intemperance, and may not Swift's conduct at least in some degree have been due to an effort to save her from them?

That a quarrel had taken place between them before her death cannot be questioned. Apart from the statements of Swift's biographers, Vanessa's will, which was executed on 1 May, 1723, affords ample evidence that she was at enmity with Swift. She leaves no remembrance to him and does not mention his friends Charles Ford, the faithful Glassheel,⁵ and Sir Andrew Fountaine, notwithstanding that nineteen persons, some of whom she had not seen for many years, are named in it. There is also reason to believe that some of the legatees were chosen to show her contempt for his opinion. Leaving aside for the moment the chief beneficiaries, Berkeley and Marshall, the list of friends to whom Vanessa bequeathed "twenty-five pounds sterling to buy a ring" is headed by the name of Erasmus Lewis, whose part in the drama had led Swift at one time to style him his "mortal enemy."⁶

¹ *Supra*, vol. ii, p. 224.

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To that of Lewis succeed the names of Francis Annesley,¹ and a friend of her brother, John Hookes of Gaunts, in Dorsetshire, who had not impossibly paid her attention, and of Archbishop King and Bishop Bolton, to whom Swift would certainly not have suggested her bequeathing mementoes.

As regards the extent of the acquaintance which led to the selection of Berkeley as one of the chief beneficiaries under her will, more than one account has been given, but a letter from Berkeley to Viscount Perceval written two days after her death, shows there was none. He says: "Something that will surprise your Lordship as much as it doth me ; Mrs. Hester Van Omry, a lady to whom I was a perfect stranger, having never in the whole course of my life, to my knowledge, exchanged one single word with her, died on Sunday night ; yesterday her will was opened, by which it appears that I am constituted executor, the advantage whereof is computed by those who understood her affairs to be worth £3000, and if a suit she had be carried, it will be considerably more. . . . I know not what your thoughts are on the long account I sent you from London to Bath of my Bermuda scheme, which is now stronger on my mind than ever, this providential event having made many things easy in my private affairs which were not otherwise before."² It is therefore clear that a reason other than personal regard must be sought for Vanessa's choice of Berkeley. He himself evidently associated the windfall with his schemes for the foundation of a university in the West Indies, and the conversion of the Indians, and probably correctly, not, however, because as he believed she sympathized with his projects, but because she had heard Swift in private treat them as subjects for ridicule, and thought her encouragement of them would mortify him.

Her selection of Robert Marshall, afterwards one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, as the other chief beneficiary under her will, was also made no doubt in the hope of annoying Swift. It has been said that Marshall was related to her, but a somewhat exhaustive search has failed to find the slightest foundation for the statement, and as she is careful to mention the relationship in the case of a legatee who was her cousin, she would have been certain to claim Marshall as a kinsman in her will, if he had been one. To my mind there can be no question that the clue to his place in her testamentary disposition is to be found in her knowledge of a certain William Marshall of the city of Dublin, who was left by her "fifteen pounds sterling to buy a ring" and who was doubtless a member of the same family. Marshall had been clerk to Swift's uncle William,

introduced to Vanessa by Swift in connection with her legal business, but had subsequently come into conflict with him, possibly at the time of the death of Swift's aunt.¹ In this way alone can the charge of "particular malice" which Swift brings against Robert Marshall be explained,² for the latter, who was not called to the bar until three weeks after Vanessa's death, was too young to have had direct dealings with Swift, and was probably only known to Vanessa as a young man of promise related to one whom Swift disliked.

That Swift dreaded disclosures as a consequence of his changed relations with Vanessa, and resolved on his journey to the south of Ireland to escape from the neighbourhood whence they would emanate, is the view taken by me in the annotation, and it is one that becomes more and more convincing as the letters are studied in conjunction with Vanessa's will.³ There is, it is true, no foundation for a statement that she directed in it the publication of "Cadenus and Vanessa" and her correspondence with Swift, but from the spirit that animated her in disposing of her property, every credence may be given to the statement that on her death-bed she enjoined their publication upon Marshall. Beyond the preface customary at that period that the testator was "of sound and disposing mind and memory," there is no direct reference in her will to her state of health, but a memento left to a physician indicates her need of medical aid, and admits the possibility that she was aware of the dangerous nature of her illness, and that the verbal direction to her executor was simultaneous with the execution of her last testament. Rumours of her intentions had in all probability reached Swift in the ten days that elapsed before he wrote to Cope, and account for the uncertainty as to the date of his departure from Dublin, which would be unintelligible if he had grounds to expect the disclosures in her lifetime.⁴

According to the younger Sheridan, after Vanessa's death, which as appears from Berkeley's letter occurred on 2 June, 1723, the correspondence and the poem were placed in a printer's hand, and "some progress made in the letters, when Dr. Sheridan, getting intelligence of it, and being greatly alarmed lest they might contain something injurious to his friend's character in his absence, applied so effectually to the executors, that the printed copy was cancelled, but the originals still remained in their hands; the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa was, however, sent abroad into the world, as being supposed to contain nothing prejudicial to either of their characters."⁵ So far as the latter statement is concerned

corroboration of its truth is to be found from other sources. It is implied by Swift, in his letter to Knightley Chetwode three years later, that a copy of the poem was shown to others by Marshall immediately after Vanessa's death,¹ and it was in the summer after that event that Stella is said to have replied, when someone remarked that Vanessa must have been an extraordinary woman to inspire so fine a poem, that "it was well-known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick."² But the poem was apparently not printed until about the time of Swift's visit to London in 1726, which, however, in spite of the synchronism was evidently, from the length of time it had been premeditated, not prompted by any wish to escape from Dublin newsmongers.

Whether the poem and letters were shown originally, or printed subsequently, with the object of injuring Swift's reputation is at least debatable. The impression made upon Swift's friends at the time was undoubtedly that neither the poem nor the letters disclosed anything to Swift's discredit. Berkeley is said by Delany, after a careful perusal of the letters "in order to fulfil the will of his benefactress," to have frequently expressed the opinion "that they contained nothing which would either do honour to her character or bring the least reflection upon Cadenus." "His letters," adds Delany, "contain nothing but civil compliments, excuses and apologies, and thanks for little presents, whereas hers indicated all the warmth and violence of the strongest love passion, but not the least hint of a criminal commerce between them in the letters of either."³ If therefore, as has been asserted, the original correspondence was destroyed by Berkeley, his action was evidently due no less to respect for Vanessa's memory than to a desire to shield Swift. Under these circumstances surely Marshall may have kept and shown copies of the poem and letters, as he seems to have done, without any base motive. It has been said that he reprinted Swift's lampoons upon Bettesworth,⁴ but these were not written until many years after Vanessa's death, and everything that is known with certainty enrolls Marshall amongst Swift's admirers rather than amongst his detractors. He was one of those who endeavoured after Swift's death to raise a monument to his memory,⁵ and he gave to the younger Sheridan in conversation the same assurance that Berkeley had given to Delany as to there being "no hint of any criminal amour" in the letters which passed between Swift and Vanessa.⁶

The correspondence between them, as we now know it, was first published in Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's "Works." In a

¹ *Swift*, p. 206.

² *Delany*, "Cadenus."

foreword to the following account of its genesis is given: "The originals of the letters are said to have been destroyed by Bishop Berkeley; but Judge Marshall, the other executor, preserved copies, from which several extracts have, at different times, found their way to the public. The following transcript was made some years since by my learned and most obliging friend, the Reverend Mr. Berwick, of Esker near Leixlip, well known to the literary world by the light which his labours have thrown upon many abstruse passages of ancient history. The internal evidence, and the high character of Mr. Berwick, are a sufficient warrant of the authenticity of these letters, although the editor is unable to state in whose hands the original copy of Marshall is now to be found." Although Sir Walter says that at different times extracts had previously "found their way to the public," knowledge of the correspondence had been hitherto confined to such portion of the correspondence as was issued in 1766 by John Hawkesworth.¹ Of the forty-four letters that are now comprised in the correspondence Hawkesworth published in whole or part eighteen and referred in a footnote to another. Some slight difference in arrangement and text gives room for the assumption that Sir Walter Scott and Hawkesworth did not print from the same copy, and more than one copy is said by Mason, when writing in 1820, to have existed in Ireland, although all trace of them has now disappeared.² In the portion of the correspondence published by Hawkesworth many personal allusions and references to friends are omitted, and these omissions may have been due to limitations prescribed by Marshall in whose lifetime Hawkesworth's volumes appeared.

A transcript of the correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and the Rev. Edward Berwick, whose name has been kept alive in Ireland by the distinguished positions to which his sons attained, is preserved in the Forster Collection, but throws little additional light on the history of Berwick's copy of the correspondence. His reply to Sir Walter's first letter is unfortunately not forthcoming, and in the subsequent letters there is no explanation of the origin of the copy. It was in 1809 that the correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Berwick opened, but it was not until January 1814, the eve of the publication of the first edition of Swift's "Works," under the editorship of Sir Walter, that Berwick sent his copy of the famous letters to him. In 1810 he had spoken of sending him one made from it, but eventually sent him "by the post in two covers" the original copy, and in a letter written after the publication of Sir Walter's first edition said that as all Vanessa's letters had been given from his manuscripts Sir Walter had had

making his final application for the copy of the letters to Berwick Sir Walter says : "Of course I will give none of them to the public unless you think it can be done without disadvantage to the Dean," but in his reply Berwick expresses no opinion on the point beyond granting Sir Walter permission to make whatever use of the copy of the letters he might think proper.

APPENDIX IV

SWIFT'S TRAVELS IN IRELAND 1714-1727.

1714. In October Swift went to Trim and thence passing through Philipstown to Woodbrooke.

1715. In May he was at Trim and thence went to Gaulstown and Woodbrooke, returning in June to Trim. In March he had expressed his intention of going to Connaught and half round Ireland.

1716. In February, May, October, and December he paid visits to Trim. In May he went thence to Martry and Gaulstown.

1717. The visit to Trim, which began in the previous December, extended to February. In the beginning of January he spent a few days with Ludlow at Ardsallagh. In March he went again to Trim, and thence to Clogher, Magheralin, and Loughgall, not returning to Dublin until June. In August he was again at Ardsallagh, and in December at Laracor.

1718. His movements during this year are known from his account-book. From 3 to 9 January he was at Ardsallagh, on the 10th in Dublin, and on the 22nd in Trim. From 1 to 5 April he was again at Ardsallagh, and from the 7th to the 18th at Laracor and Trim. From 2 to 19 June he was at Laracor, from 19 June to 12 July at Ardsallagh, from 14 to 19 July at Laracor, from 19 July to 16 August at Gaulstown, from 19 to 23 August at Trim, and from 23 to 28 August at Ardsallagh.

1719. In May he went to Trim and thence to Gaulstown and

in the north of Ireland, visiting during his tour Clogher, Lough-gall, and Quilca, and not returning to the Deanery until October.

1723. In April he was away from Dublin, the last and first stage being Wood Park. In June he set out on his southern journey, penetrating as far as Skull, and returning to Dublin in August by Clonfert.

1724. On 1 January he was at Quilca and possibly again in April.

1725. In April he went to Quilca and remained there until October.

1726. In the autumn he was "much in the country."